THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A[illegible]1728 *by* B[illegible]j. Franklin

FEB. 25, 1911

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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The Style Book

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THE STYLE BOOK for Spring is a Southern number; the above illustration, by Samuel Nelson Abbott, shows Mardi Gras revels. The cover of the book is by Edward Penfield. You'll see represented in its pages the kind of clothes you like to wear.

Book will be ready about March 1. Send six cents.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

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What is the Matter With Alaska?

By Rex Beach

A Cottage at Fairbanks

A Typical Alaskan Roadhouse Garden

WHAT is the matter with Alaska? It is generally agreed that she is sick, but no one seems to have diagnosed her ailment. Much has been written to prove her invalid condition; publishers have prescribed their own patent medicines; consultations have been held in Washington—which broke up when the doctors began to pull hair and gouge and accuse each other of unprofessional conduct—but no one has thought to ask the patient herself how she feels or exactly where the pain lies.

As a matter of fact there is nothing serious the matter with Alaska. The trouble lies with her self-appointed doctors. She suffers from overadvertising.

There is a certain industrious body of men in the theatrical profession who have never trod the boards and who never intend to, whose duty it is to sit at roll top desks and dream out advertising schemes. They are the ones who meet incoming steamships with brass bands, rob prima-donnas of diamonds, arrange milk baths for leading ladies, and marry chorus girls to dukes. They worship space, not truth; ten sticks of type are to them more sacred than the Ten Commandments. Whether Alaska's press agents have been unscrupulous or blindly enthusiastic matters little; she has been vastly overtouted. She has been boomed as a land overflowing with milk and honey, a land inlaid with gold and with billions in coal and minerals, from which we common people are kept by the strong-armed, hairy-chested trusts. Certain magazines are, in the main, responsible for this misconception; also certain individuals who have endeavored to serve their own political ends by wholesale exaggeration. The former are in need of sensations—the latter are quacks; neither have paid much attention to truth or to actual conditions. It is, perhaps, unchivalrous to liken anything so harsh and cold and tough as Alaska to a music-hall artist; yet she has been exploited in quite the same theatrical manner. She has seen her rhinestone bracelet described as a necklace of blue-white diamonds, her rabbit skins changed to sable and ermine, and her voice heralded as a thing of surpassing richness. Yet, when it came her time to go on and do her turn, the stagehands began to fight and she was forced to wait in the wings. She knew she was a headliner, for she had read all the advance stuff; but the audience was interested in the rough-and-tumble and forgot all about her. The operator in the balcony turned his spotlight on the commotion; and when it was all over the crowd decided it was time for them to go home. The next day the police closed the house.

It was a very bad opening, but she still believes she can sing if she gets a chance. Her press agents continue to enthuse over that diamond necklace, they have discovered a plot to steal her furs, they give her all the publicity the papers will stand—but she can't eat press notices; she wants work. She has enough pawn tickets now to paper a skating rink, but if she isn't booked before long she won't have sufficient wardrobe left to appear in when she does get a job.

Much has been said lately about the conditions and needs of Alaska; there has been, also, a certain amount of speculation as to who owns it—the corporations or the Government. Both claimants have been heard; in fact, everybody has been heard except the Alaskans themselves, but no decision has been rendered. I claim to be a "sour-dough" by temperament and experience if not now by actual residence; consequently I believe I know something about the country and its needs, just as I know something about the fellows who live there and their wants.

Comfortable gentlemen who have never been north of the Canadian border have decided that, first of all, Alaska needs a new form of government; but they are hung up over the question of whether it shall be territorial or commissional. As a matter of fact, Alaskans are so restless under present conditions that most of them don't care a tinker's hoot whether their officials are appointed from Washington or chosen by cutting the high card in the Bucket of Blood Saloon, at Fairbanks, so long as they get some land laws. That is what they need most—land laws and a settlement of the coal controversy; for the latter is the key to the whole situation and until it is disposed of they cannot develop their territory on a permanent basis. In addition to this they want capital and transportation, which in a way are synonymous. Neither of these is possible, however, until definite and lasting titles to the land are established.

When De Lesseps was digging at the Panama Canal the Paris office at one time sent him a shipload of snow-shovels. With equal judgment Congress has saddled Alaska with a set of hot-weather coal regulations that are quite as useless as were the snow-shovels at Colon. There are ample laws in Alaska to safeguard the life and liberty of the inhabitants and, on the whole, her form of government is probably as good as anything Congress could or would give her until she is ready for complete territorial government—which is not yet. But her land laws are in bad shape.

Alaska sends a delegate to Congress; but why she does so nobody seems quite to know, for he has no vote and is about as useful to his constituents as a tailfeather to a frog. Under the present inadequate, chaotic and conflicting land laws a large part of her development has ceased. Unless something is done quickly she will go broke, not in minerals, perhaps, but in men and in ambition, which are quite as valuable.

I said in starting that she has been overadvertised. I might better have said overguessed, for very little is known about her, up to date. This is no attempt to minimize her resources, which are even now considerable, although nothing like what some enthusiasts claim. I do intend, however, to show that under existing conditions she offers a most unattractive field both for the poor man and for the rich

Mail and Freight Sledges on the Valdez Summit

man, and until these conditions are improved neither men nor money will flow northward. She will require more capital and more men than any country we know of, yet opportunities for the prospector are not now what they were a few years ago; and the capitalist who would invest there under existing restrictions would certainly need to have his head thumbed by a phrenologist.

Let us begin with those resources of which we have heard so much and find out what they really are. Gold in large quantities has been coming from the placer fields for ten years, but the supply from proved camps is rapidly decreasing and, unless the Iditarod surpasses expectations, Alaska has certainly reached the maximum of her placer production for an indefinite period. So far, the production of quartz has been confined to the coast range of mountains and almost entirely to the southeastern part of the country, but after thirty years of lode mining there are in all of Alaska, which has an area one-fifth the size of the United States, but four—possibly five—gold quartz mines on a dividend-paying basis; and three of these are on Douglas Island. There are others that produce some ore and there are many prospects, for hope runs high in the Northland; but smelter checks are very rare.

Freight Transportation by Sledge

Copper is found in various sections of the country, but cheap prices for that metal have closed down all low-grade properties. There are but three high-grade copper mines along the entire coast—one is shipping considerable ore, another is shipping a little, the third is reported to be worked out and upon the verge of abandonment.

The completion of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway this year will afford transportation for a large copper-bearing district toward the interior, a section about which much has been written and more has been predicted as to richness and extent, but in which little ore has been developed. The Bonanza Mine, owned by the Alaska Syndicate—meaning the Morgan-Guggenheim combination—is the only one with sufficient ore in sight to ship.

Top-Heavy Finance in Alaska

IT IS worthy of note here that when the Guggenheims bought the Bonanza it was claimed that there were from twenty-five million dollars to sixty million dollars of copper ore blocked out and measured up; in consequence, this district was heralded as the coming source of the world's supply. As development has progressed, however, these figures, perhaps owing to the Alaska climate, have shrunk amazingly, until they now total but six million dollars. The Alaska Syndicate expects to reap a profit out of the Bonanza, over and above the mine expense, of about five million dollars; but, in order to do so, it is spending twenty million dollars for a railroad to haul the ore after it is mined. Now, though it is true that this road will serve the rest of the copper belt if it ever develops into a copper belt, and will also serve the Bering River coalfields if they are opened up on a shipping basis, nevertheless its construction represents such a topheavy investment that level-headed Alaskans have been badly frightened for some time lest the "Morgan-heims" get discouraged and quit, thus putting an end to the only railway project of consequence in the entire territory and seriously retarding the development of the country at large. No one seems to know precisely where or how they are going to get back that other fifteen million dollars after the Bonanza is worked out, and it is public gossip that, had George W. Perkins, Mr. Morgan's partner, gone to Alaska prior to the summer of 1909 and before so much money had been actually sunk in the enterprise, the syndicate would never have gone ahead with its twenty-million-dollar railroad, but would have closed down and waited at least for a settlement of the coal controversy.

One thing seems to be certain from all that can be ascertained—namely, that the "Morgan-heims" are not overdelighted with their railroad investment as it stands today, regardless of all we hear to the contrary; realizing, as they must, that it is certain to be many years before any Alaska trunk railway can pay for itself. The ultimate financial success of such a road will even then hinge upon many contingencies that no man is wise enough to forecast with any surety.

I have no doubt that even this plain statement of fact will shift me from the ranks of the muckrakers and gild me with Guggenheim gold; but, to an observer who is familiar with the real, not the magazine, resources of Alaska, the actual and not the theoretical conditions, it seems that the Morgan-Guggenheim outfit has been very neatly and very effectually promoted. No one who is posted seems to think they would do it all over again; and yet their investment promises to result in the one and only permanent improvement that Alaska will have for some time to come, the one and only means of transportation that will afford a medium for development.

To return to her inventory of resources—a workable deposit of gypsum has been opened up on Baranof Island and a marble quarry on Prince of Wales Island. Tin, zinc, lead and antimony are found, but not in quantities to pay.

The furs of Alaska amount to practically nothing and, broadly speaking, the timber is fit only for local use. The fish, however, are of great value and with proper husbanding will constitute a source of wealth for generations. The fisheries are and have been for years very well developed. Large areas of coal are found in all sections of the country, but only in the Bering River and Matanuska fields is it found in such location and of such grade as to make it of general commercial value. Surface showings indicate large veins in both of these fields, but no development work has been done and all estimates of tonnage are wild guesses.

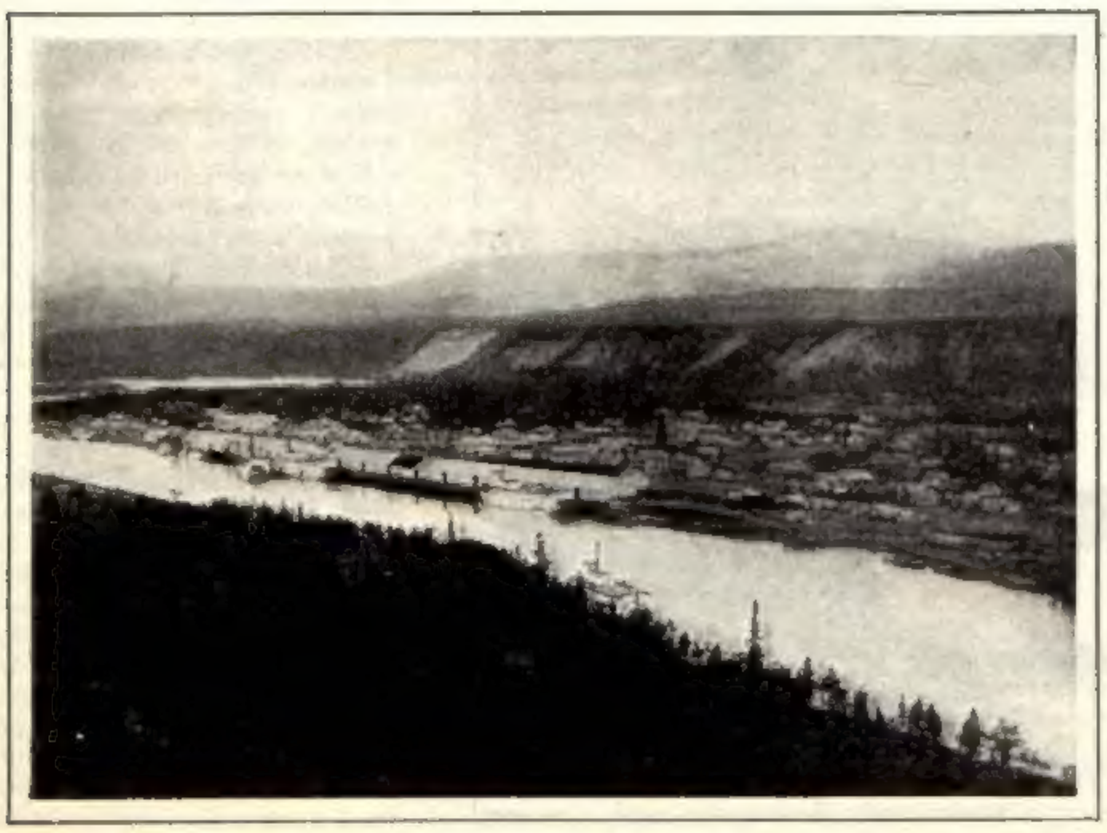
Engineers are agreed that the quality of the coal is such as to give it wide commercial use and the quantity is sufficient to justify the construction of railroads from tidewater, although the surface in both regions indicates extensive faulting, which will diminish the minable areas. More than nine hundred coal claims have been located in these two fields, but not one has been patented and no coal whatever can be mined until some of the claims are allowed to go to patent or until Congress provides another way of getting at the matter.

Farmers Without a Market

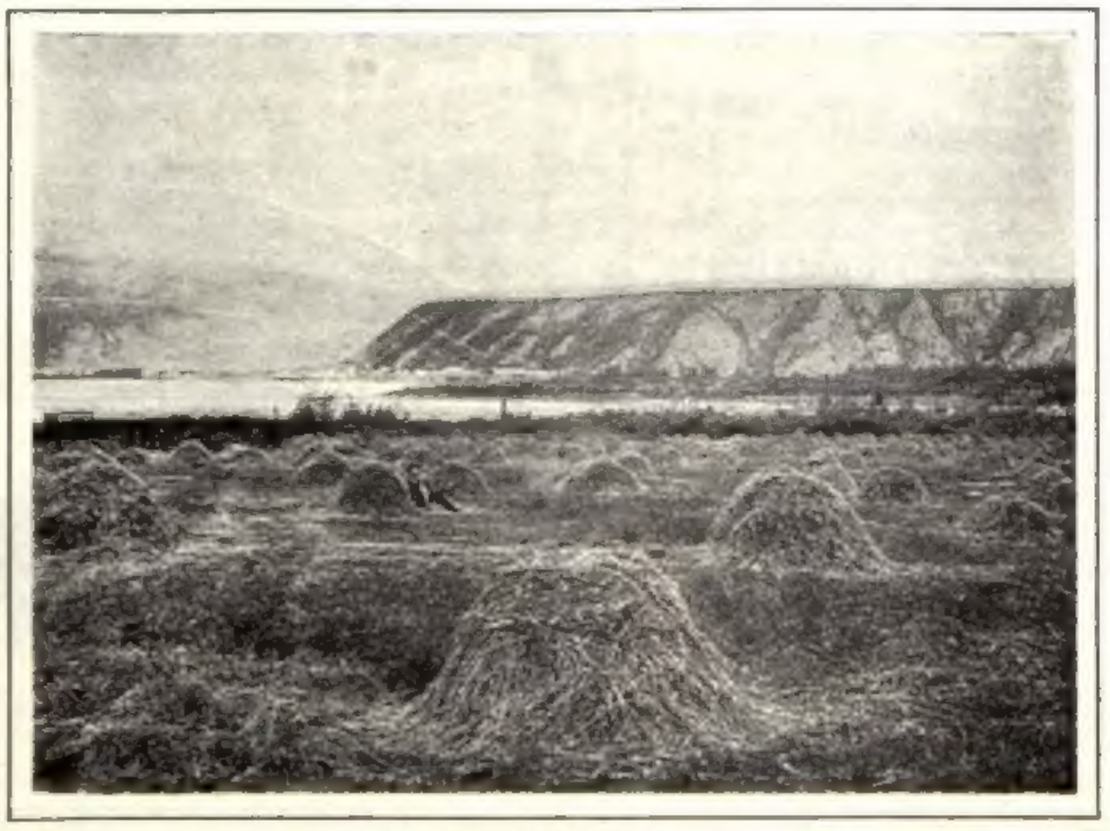
LET us take the one remaining resource, which is agriculture. In certain favored spots experimental stations have grown lovely lettuce, fat potatoes, crisp radishes and other nice, toothsome vegetables, together with some hay and certain grains; but in the whole length and breadth of the country, which, as we have said, is one-fifth that of the United States, there is not one threshing machine and not more than half a dozen mowing machines. Alaska offers a wide diversity of soil and climate, to be sure; but the population is so scattered that farming does not pay, and, even if transportation is provided and a permanent population grows up, it is extremely doubtful if she will ever be able to grow more than enough for her own consumption. I have heard it stoutly maintained that her agricultural possibilities are equal to or better than those of Norway and Sweden, but no sensible Alaskan believes it. He would dearly love to see farming put on a paying basis, but he is perfectly willing that somebody else should try it.

It seems reasonable to forecast that Alaska will never export enough produce to make farming pay, but with the building of roads and the settlement of her mineral areas she will develop a market of her own and thus make agriculture profitable to a limited extent. If it were undertaken now on a large scale, however, the farmers would have to eat their own fodder; not until the country's present needs are satisfied will these conditions change.

To summarize briefly: Her fisheries and her placer goldfields are producing their maximum; there are five



White Horse—Photographed at Midnight



A Typical Alaskan Hayfield

dividend-paying gold-quartz mines and two established copper mines, with a third about to be opened up; some gypsum and marble. Add to this her coal and her uncertain farming possibilities, and we have a very meager total.

It is rather a disappointing outlook in view of all we have read about Alaska's untold wealth, our heritage in her precious metals and our per-capita share in her many hidden treasures. As a matter of cold fact, the developed resources of the country are at present incapable of sustaining a larger population than she now possesses—some thirty-seven thousand white people; and when the placer mines are exhausted to the point where the individual miner cannot work his ground at a profit she will lose ten thousand of those thirty-seven. That may occur at any time, and once it comes to pass there will cease to be many opportunities for the poor man. Even now it is a country essentially for large capital, well-directed.

Whatever the resources may be in the future, it is certain that the tremendous exaggeration that now prevails can do nothing for the permanent and lasting benefit of the country. Unless the truth is known and capital is encouraged in every proper and legitimate way, we can look for very little advancement during this generation.

At present the crying need is for proper and efficient land laws and an immediate settlement of the coal dispute. President Taft advocates a commission government, but it will do no great good to appoint a body of six or a dozen men to supplant the present governor, unless they are given more power than he has. Unless they are clothed with authority to administer the public domain they will merely fill the place that is now occupied very successfully by one man. It is hardly to be expected that Congress will ever part with its authority over the public land; hence it is up to that august body to get busy on a proper code and let the actual form of government take care of itself.

In puncturing these iridescent bubbles I do not wish to give a wrong impression. Alaska is rich, but her riches are locked away securely and it will take long years of extensive and expensive development to get at them. The poor man will continue to delve with pick and shovel at the gold placers and his contribution to the total output will not be insignificant; but, so far as real, permanent and extensive values go, there are, so far, but three proved sources—namely, the fisheries, the lodes and the coalfields. The fisheries are well developed and are producing about ten million dollars a year; the lodes are yielding in a few places, as we have seen above, and show promise of increasing their production as the country grows; but the coal, which it is claimed contains the greatest value of all, is the one resource that will afford the country permanence. Under present conditions, not only the exploitation of the lode deposits but also the establishment of railroads depends largely upon the development of this fuel. No coal, however, can be mined until Congress or the Department of the Interior takes some action.

Before we inquire into the real commercial value of the Alaskan coal deposits let us first sketch a brief history of them and explain how they came to be tied up to the serious detriment of the country. To begin with, let us eliminate the vast deposits that are scattered over the interior, the practical value of which at present is absolutely nothing, and confine ourselves to the Bering River and Matanuska fields, which seem to contain the best qualities and are for various reasons the only ones possible of development. The former field is within about one hundred miles of a deep-water harbor; the latter, approximately two hundred miles. In extent they are much larger in the aggregate than the Pennsylvania fields and they contain both soft and hard coals—bituminous and anthracite—some of which is equal to the best found in Pennsylvania or Wales. It is the only coal fit for naval purposes found on the Pacific Coast.

In June, 1900, Congress, realizing that some coal regulations were necessary in Alaska, passed an act extending to that country the provisions of the United States laws. It was some time before the nature of this merry jest became apparent. The United States laws provided that none but subdivided, marked-out and plotted land could be taken up by a claimant. At that time there was not a land survey in the whole of Alaska and—the rest of Federal action in that bedeviled land has been of a piece with that grim and egregious folly. The next joke was nearly as humorous, for it provided that only tracts of one hundred and sixty acres could be located and took no account of the impossibility of attempting to work a tract of that size in the wilderness. That was as possible and profitable as truck gardening on a city lot in the Sahara.

Under this second act, passed in 1904, about fifty thousand acres were located, boundaries fixed, notices filed, surveys

(Continued on Page 40)

What They Invariably Consider a Few Fish in the West

THE EYE OF APOLLO

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

WHEN Flambeau applied his talents to the capturing of spoilers, instead of the capturing of spoil, it was not remarkable that he should meet with considerable success. He was even in the habit of lightly asserting that the trades of thief and detective were so like each other that he hardly knew the difference. In truth, however, from having been a highly unscrupulous bandit he became a particularly scrupulous inquirer and would touch no business except what was worthy of an old family solicitor. Hence his cases, though quaint and sometimes serious, were seldom squalid and sometimes brought him into intellectual atmospheres seldom associated with the police.

One of the strangest of such occurrences was that accident or violence, or whatever it was, that left—as some think—a faint fleck upon the splendor of the new religion now so fashionable in London and New York; I mean the religion founded by that remarkable man, Kalon, who called himself the Priest of the New Apollo. With the tenets and subsequent history of this gospel of Greek ideality we are not much concerned. It was one of the many new religions of the twentieth century that taught a superior innocence of sin and pain, and seemed devised not so much to lighten the troubles of the unfortunate as to complete the satisfaction of the lucky. Its principal symbols were the Sun and the Open Eye; its priests professed—as a type of their strength and knowledge—that they could gaze unblinking at the sun at noon. It was, they said, a morbid human superstition that such fires are not to be endured; the fountain of light cannot blind us. Kalon, the founder, is now a pope of whole prairies full of villages in Central America, with a church of many million souls; but these incidents occurred earlier in his career, when he was not so successful, though, perhaps, equally conspicuous.

After his first successes in Hampstead, Flambeau had moved into more ample offices in Westminster. The building was a new pile of flats within sight of the Abbey; the official machinery of the mansions was in the swiftest and most American style, but not fully completed; the service was still understaffed and only three tenants, including Flambeau, had managed to move into the flats. Outside, save for the remains of a scaffolding, the one conspicuous object was an enormous effigy of the human eye, surrounded by rays of gold, erected over the balcony and office of the Priest of the New Apollo.

Immediately under this modern and official Delphi were Flambeau's chambers, as modestly marked as those of an inquiry agent; immediately under them was the office of two women typewriters. The ground floor and the rest of the house were empty.

Flambeau was more interested in the quiet office below him than in the flamboyant temple above. He was a lucid Southerner, incapable of conceiving himself as anything but a Catholic; and new religions of a bright and pallid sort were not much in his line. But human nature was always in his line; especially when it was good-looking; moreover, the ladies downstairs were characters in their way. The office was kept by two sisters, both slight and dark, one of them tall and striking. She had a dark, eager and aquiline profile, and was one of those women whom one always thinks of in profile, as of the clean-cut edge of some weapon. She seemed to cleave her way through life. She had eyes of startling brilliancy, but it was the brilliancy of steel rather than of diamonds, and her straight, slim figure was a shade too stiff for its grace. Her younger sister was like her shortened shadow, a little grayer, paler and more insignificant. They both wore black. There are thousands of such curt, strenuous ladies in the offices of London; but the interest of these lay rather in their real than in their apparent position.

For Pauline Stacey, the elder, was actually the heiress of a crest and half a county as well as great wealth; she had been brought up in castles and grounds and gardens before a frigid fierceness, invented by the modern woman, had driven her to what she considered a harsher and a higher existence. She had not indeed surrendered her money; in that there would have been a romantic or monkish abandon quite alien to her masterful and prosaic utilitarianism. She held her wealth, she would say, for use upon practical social objects; part of it she had put into her business, the nucleus of a model typewriter emporium; part of it was distributed in various leagues and causes for the advancement of such work among women. How far Joan, her sister and partner, shared these positive plans and ideals no one could be very sure; but she followed her leader with a doglike affection, which was somehow more attractive, with its touch of tragedy, than the hard, high spirits of the elder. For Pauline Stacey had nothing to say to tragedy; she was understood to deny its existence.

Her rigid rapidity and cold impatience had amused Flambeau very much on the first occasion of his entering the flats. He had lingered outside the lift in the entrance hall, waiting for the lift-boy, who generally conducts strangers to the various floors; but this bright-eyed falcon of a girl had openly refused to endure such official delay. She said sharply that she knew all about the lift and was not dependent on boys—or on men either. Though her flat was only three floors above she managed in the few seconds of ascent to give Flambeau a great many of her fundamental views in an offhand manner; they were to the general effect that she was a modern working woman and loved modern working machinery. Her bright black eyes blazed with abstract anger against those who rebuke mechanic science and ask for the return of romance. Every one, she said, ought to be able to manage machines, just as she could manage the lift. Her fiery efficiency seemed almost to resent the fact that Flambeau opened the lift-door for her, and that gentleman went up to his own apartments smiling with somewhat mingled feelings at the memory of such spitfire self-dependence.

She certainly had a temper of a snappy, practical sort; the gestures of her thin, elegant hands were abrupt or even destructive. Once Flambeau entered her office on some typewriting business and found she had just flung a pair of spectacles, belonging to her sister, into the middle of the floor and stamped on them. She was already in the torrent of an ethical tirade about the "sickly medical notions" and the morbid admission of weakness implied in such an apparatus. She dared her sister to bring such

artificial, unhealthy rubbish into the place again. She asked if she was expected to wear wooden legs or false hair or glass eyes; and her eyes sparkled as she spoke, like the terrible crystal.

Flambeau, quite bewildered with this fanaticism, could not refrain from asking Miss Pauline—with direct French logic—why a pair of spectacles was a more morbid sign of weakness than a lift; and why, if science might help us in the one effort, it might not help us in the other.

"That is so different," said Pauline Stacey loftily. "Batteries and motors and all those things are marks of the force of man—yes, Mr. Flambeau, and the force of woman too! We shall take our turn at these great wheels that devour distance and defy time. This is high and splendid—that is really science. But these nasty props and plasters the doctors sell—why, they are just badges of poltroonery. Doctors just stick on legs and arms as if we were born cripples and sick slaves. But I was free-born, Mr. Flambeau! People only think they need these things because they have been trained in fear instead of being trained in power and courage, just as the silly nurses tell children not to stare at the sun; and so they can't do it without blinking. But I am above the sun; I am immortal; and I will open my eyes and stare at it whenever I choose."

"Your eyes," said Flambeau, with a foreign bow, "will dazzle the sun." He took pleasure in complimenting this strange, stiff beauty, partly because it threw her a little off her balance. But as he went upstairs to his floor he drew a deep breath and whistled, saying to himself, "So she has got into the hands of that conjurer upstairs with his Golden Eye." For, little as he knew or cared about the new religion of Kalon, he had heard that its great type of the real impotence of evil was this strength of the eye to meet the sun.

He soon discovered that the spiritual bond between the floors above and below him was close and increasing. The man who called himself Kalon was a magnificent creature, worthy in a physical sense to be the pontiff of Apollo. He was nearly as tall, even, as Flambeau and very much better looking, with a golden beard, strong blue eyes and a mane flung back like a lion's. In structure he was the blond beast of Nietzsche, but all this animal beauty was heightened, brightened and softened by actual intellect and spirituality. If he looked like one of the great Saxon kings he looked like one of the kings that were also saints. The cockney incongruity of his surroundings; the fact that he had an office halfway up a building in Victoria Street; that his clerk—a commonplace youth in cuffs and collars—sat in the outer room between him and the corridor; that his name was on a brass plate and the gilt emblem of his creed hung above the street, like the advertisement of an oculist—all this vulgarity could not take away from the man called Kalon the vivid impression and inspiration that came from his soul and body. When all was said and done, a man in the presence of this apparent quack did feel as if he were in the presence of a great man. Even in the loose jacket suit of linen that he wore as a workshop dress in his office, he was a fascinating and formidable figure; and when robed in the white vestments and crowned with the golden circlet in which he daily saluted the sun, he really looked so splendid that the laughter of the street people sometimes died suddenly on their lips. For three times in the day the new Priest of Apollo went out on his little balcony in the face of all Westminster to say some litany to his shining lord: once at daybreak and once at sunset and once at the shock of noon. And it was while the shock of noon still shook faintly from the towers of Parliament and parish church that Father Brown, the friend of Flambeau, first looked up and saw the White Priest of Apollo.

He had crossed Westminster Bridge with Flambeau, coming from the South London slum in which he was now officiating, in order to see his friend's new business apartments. Flambeau had seen quite enough of these daily salutations of the sun and plunged into the porch of the tall building without even looking for his clerical friend to follow. But Father Brown, whether from a professional interest in ritual or a strong individual interest in tomfoolery, stopped and stared up at the balcony of the sun-worshiper, just as he might have stopped and stared up at a Punch and Judy. Kalon the Prophet was already erect, with argent garments and uplifted hands, and the sound of his strangely penetrating voice could be heard all the way down the busy street uttering his solar litany. He was already in the middle of it; his eyes were fixed upon the flaming sun; it is doubtful if he saw anything or any one on this earth; it is substantially certain that he did not see a stunted, round-faced priest who in the crowd below looked up at him with blinking eyes. That was perhaps the most startling difference between even these two far-divided men. Father Brown could not look at anything without blinking; but the Priest of Apollo could look on the sun at noon without a blink.

"You Must Have Followed Everything Closely to Have Traced the Crime"

"O Sun!" cried the Prophet. "O Star that art too great to be allowed among the stars! O Fountain that flowest quietly in that secret spot that is called space! White Father of all white, unwearied things, white summits and white flowers and white foam! Father, who art more innocent than all thy most innocent and quiet children; primal purity, into the peace of which ——"

A rush and crash like the reversed rush of a rocket was cloven with a strident and incessant yelling. Ten people rushed into the gate of the mansions as five people rushed out; and for an instant they all deafened each other. The sense of some utterly abrupt horror seemed for a moment to fill the whole street with bad news—bad news that was all the worse because no one knew what it was. Two figures remained for a moment still after the crash of commotion—the comely Priest of Apollo on the balcony above and the ugly priest of Christ far below him.

At last the tall figure and titanic energy of Flambeau appeared in the doorway of the mansions and dominated the mob. Talking at the top of his voice like a fog-horn, he told somebody or anybody to go for a surgeon; and as he turned back into the dark and thronged entrance his friend, Father Brown, slipped in insignificantly after him. Even as he ducked and dived through the crowd, he could still hear the magnificent melody and monotony of the Priest of Apollo still calling on the happy god who is the friend of fountains and flowers.

Father Brown found Flambeau and some six other people standing round the inclosed space into which the lift commonly descended. But the lift had not descended. Something else had descended—something that ought to have come by a lift.

For the last four minutes Flambeau had looked down on it, had seen the bruised and bleeding figure of the most beautiful woman in Westminster. He had never had the slightest doubt that it was Pauline Stacey; and, though he had sent for a doctor, he had not the slightest doubt that she was dead.

He could not remember for certain whether he had liked her or disliked her; there was so much both to like and dislike. But she had been a person to him; and the unbearable pathos of points of manners and habit stabbed him with all the small daggers of bereavement. He remembered her pretty face and priggish speeches with a sudden secret realization which is all the dreadfulness of death. In an instant, like a bolt from the blue, like a thunderbolt from nowhere, that beautiful and defiant body had been dashed down the open well of the lift to death at the bottom. Was it suicide? With so insolent an optimist, it seemed impossible. Was it murder? But who was there in those hardly inhabited flats to murder anybody? In a rush of raucous words, which he meant to be strong and suddenly found weak, he asked where was that fellow Kalon. A voice habitually heavy, quiet and full, assured him that Kalon for the last fifteen minutes had been away up on his balcony worshiping his god. When Flambeau heard the voice and felt the hand of Father Brown on his arm he turned his swarthy face and said abruptly:

"Then, if he has been up there all the time, who can have done it?"

"Perhaps," said the little priest faintly, "we might go upstairs and find out."

Leaving the body of the slain heiress in charge of the surgeons, Flambeau dashed up the stairs to the typewriting office, found it utterly empty and then dashed up to his own. Having entered that, he abruptly turned with a new and white face to his friend.

"Her sister," he said, with an unpleasant seriousness—"Her sister seems to have gone out for a walk."

Father Brown nodded. "Or she may have gone up to the office of that sun-man," he said. "If I were you I should just verify that; and then let us all talk it over in your office. No," he added suddenly, as if remembering something—"shall I ever get over that stupidity of mine?—Of course, in their office, downstairs."

Flambeau stared, but he allowed the little father to go downstairs to the empty flat of the Staceys, where that impenetrable pastor took a large red-leather chair in the very entrance, from which he could see the stairs and landings, and waited. He did not wait very long. In about four minutes three figures descended the stairs, alike only in their solemnity. The first was Joan Stacey, the sister of the dead woman. Evidently she had been upstairs in the temporary temple of Apollo. The second was the Priest of Apollo himself, his litany finished, sweeping down the empty stairs in utter magnificence. Something in his white robes, beard and hair had really the look of Doré's Christ Leaving the Pretorium. The third was Flambeau, black-browed and much bewildered.

Miss Joan Stacey, dark, with a drawn face and hair prematurely touched with gray, walked straight to her own desk and set out her papers with a practical flap. The mere action rallied every one else to sanity. If Miss Joan Stacey was a criminal she was a cool one. Father Brown regarded her for some time with an odd little smile and then, without taking his eyes off her, addressed himself to somebody else.

"Prophet," he said, presumably addressing Kalon, "I wish you would tell me a lot about your religion."

"I shall be proud to do it," said Kalon, inclining his head. "But I am not sure that I understand."

"Why, it's like this," said Father Brown, in his frankly doubtful way: "We are taught that if a man has really bad first principles that must be partly his fault; but, for all that, we can make some difference between a man who insults his quite clear conscience and a man with a conscience more or less clouded with theories. Now do you really think that murder is wrong at all?"

"Is this an accusation?" asked Kalon very quietly, after a long pause.

"No," answered Brown, equally gently; "it is the speech for the defense."

In the long and startled stillness of the room, the Prophet of Apollo slowly rose; and, really, it was like the rising of the sun. He filled that room with his light and life in such a manner that a man felt he could as easily have filled Salisbury Plain. His robed form seemed to hang the whole room with classic draperies; his epic gesture seemed to extend it into grander perspectives, till the little black figure of the modern cleric seemed to be the exception and the intrusion—a round, black blot upon some splendor of Hellas.

"We meet at last, Caiaphas," said the Prophet. "Your church and mine are the only realities on this earth. I adore the sun and you the darkening of the sun; you are the priest of the dying and I of the living God. Your present work of suspicion and slander is worthy of your coat and creed. All your church is but a plack police; you are only spies and detectives, seeking to tear from men confessions of guilt, whether by treachery or torture. You would convict men of crime; I would convict them of innocence. You would convince them of sin; I would convince them of virtue.

"Reader of the books of evil, one more word before I blow away your baseless nightmares forever: Not even faintly could you understand how little I really care whether you can tie this to my name or no. The things you call disgrace and horrible hanging are to me no more than an ogre in a child's toy-book to a man once grown up. You said you were offering the speech for the defense. I care so little for the cloudland of this life that I will offer you the speech for the prosecution. There is but one thing

that can be said against me in this matter and I will say it myself. The woman who is dead was my love and my bride; not after such manner as your tin chapels call lawful, but by a law purer and sterner than you will ever understand. She and I walked another world from yours, and trod palaces of crystal while you were plodding through tunnels and corridors of brick. Well, I know that policemen, theological and otherwise, always fancy that where there has been love there must soon be hatred; so there you have the first point made for the prosecution. But the second point is stronger; I do not grudge it you. Not only is it true that Pauline loved me, but it is also true tha' this very morning, before she died, she wrote at that table a will leaving me and my new church half a million. Come—where are the handcuffs? Do you suppose I care what foolish things you do with me? Going to penal servitude will only be like waiting for her at a wayside station! Being hanged will only be like going to her in a headlong car."

He spoke with the brain-shaking authority of an orator, and Flambeau and Joan Stacey stared at him in an amazed admiration. Father Brown's face seemed to express nothing but extreme distress; he looked at the ground with one wrinkle of pain across his forehead. The Prophet of the Sun resumed, with an arresting gesture:

"In a few words I have put before you the whole case against me; the only possible case against me. In fewer words still I will blow it to pieces so that not a trace of it remains. As to whether I have committed this crime, the truth is in one sentence: I could not have committed this crime. Pauline Stacey fell from this floor to the ground at five minutes past twelve. A hundred people will go into the witness-box and say that I was standing out upon the balcony of my own rooms above from just before the stroke of noon to a quarter past—the usual period of my public prayers. My clerk—a respectable youth from Clapham, with no sort of connection with me—will swear that he sat in my outer office all the morning and that no communication passed through. He will swear that I arrived full ten minutes before the hour, fifteen minutes before any whisper of the accident, and that I did not leave the office on the balcony all that time. No one ever had so complete an alibi. I could subpœna half of Westminster. I think you had better put the handcuffs away again. The case is at an end.

"But, last of all, that no breath of this idiotic suspicion may remain in the air, I will tell you the whole truth that you want to know. I believe I do know how my unhappy friend came to her death. You can, if you choose, blame me for it—or my faith and philosophy, at least; but you certainly cannot lock me up. It is well known to all students of the higher truths that certain adepts and illuminati have in history attained the power of levitation—that is, of being self-sustained upon the empty air. It is but a part of that general conquest of matter which is the main element in our creed. Poor Pauline was of an impulsive and ambitious temper; I think, to tell the truth, she thought herself somewhat deeper in the mysteries than she was; and she has often said to me, as we went down in the lift together, that if one's will were strong enough one could float down as harmlessly as a feather. I solemnly and sincerely believe that in some ecstasy of noble thoughts she attempted the miracle. Her will or faith must have failed her at the crucial instant and the lower law of matter had its horrible revenge. There is the whole story, gentlemen; very sad and, as you think, very presumptuous and wicked; but certainly not criminal or in any way connected with me. In the shorthand of the police courts, you had better call it suicide. I shall always call it heroic failure in the slow advance of science and the scaling of Heaven."

It was the first time Flambeau had ever seen Father Brown apparently vanquished. He still sat looking at the ground with a painful and corrugated brow, as if in shame; and it was impossible to avoid the feeling which the prophet's winged words had fanned—that here was a sullen, professional suspecter of men, overwhelmed by a prouder and purer spirit of natural liberty and health. At last he said, blinking as if in bodily distress: "Well, if that is so, sir, you need do no more than take the testamentary paper you spoke of and go. I wonder where the poor lady left it."

"It will be over there on her desk by the door, I think," said Kalon, with that massive innocence of manner that seemed to acquit him wholly. "She told me specially she would write it this morning and I actually saw her writing as I went up in the lift to my own room."

"Was her door open then?" asked the priest with his eye on a corner of the mat.

"Yes," said Kalon calmly.

"Ah! it has been open ever since," said the priest.

"There is a paper over here," said the grim Miss Joan in a somewhat singular voice. She had passed over to her sister's desk by the doorway and was holding a piece of blue foolscap in her hand; there was a sour smile on her face that seemed unfit for such a scene or occasion and Flambeau looked at her with a darkening brow.

Kalon the Prophet stood away from the paper with that royal unconsciousness that had carried him through; but Flambeau took it out of the lady's hand and read it with the utmost amazement. It did, indeed, begin in the formal manner of a will; but after the words, "I give and bequeath all of which I die possessed ——" the writing abruptly stopped with a sort of scratch and there was no trace of the name of any legatee. Flambeau in wonder handed this truncated testament to his clerical friend, who glanced at it and silently gave it to the Priest of Apollo.

An instant afterward that pontiff in his splendid sweeping draperies had crossed the room in two great strides and was towering over Joan Stacey, his blue eyes starting from his head.

"What monkey tricks have you been playing here!" he cried. "That's not all Pauline wrote."

They were startled to hear him speak in quite a new voice, with a harsh shrillness in it; all his grandeur and good English had fallen from him like a cloak.

"That is the only thing on her desk," said Joan; and she confronted him steadily with the same smile of evil favor.

Of a sudden the man broke out into blasphemies and cataracts of incredulous words; there was something shocking about the dropping of his mask—as of a man's real face falling off.

"See here!" he cried when he was breathless with cursing, "I may be an adventurer, but you're a murderess. Yes, gentlemen; here's your death explained—and without any levitation. The poor girl is writing a will in my favor; her cursed sister comes in, struggles for the pen, drags her to the well and throws her down before she can finish it. We shall want the handcuffs after all."

"As you have truly remarked," replied Joan, with great calm, "your clerk is a very respectable young man, who knows the nature of an oath. And he will swear in any court that I was up in your office arranging some typewriting work for five minutes before and five minutes after my sister fell. Mr. Flambeau will tell you that he found me there."

"Why, then," cried Flambeau, "she was alone when she fell and it was suicide!"

"She was alone when she fell," said Father Brown, "but it was not suicide. No, nor levitation either."

"Then how did she die?" asked Flambeau impatiently.

"She was murdered."

"But she was all alone," objected the detective.

"She was murdered when she was all alone," answered the priest.

All the rest stared at him, but he remained sitting in the same old dejected attitude, with a wrinkle in his round forehead and an appearance of impersonal shame and sorrow; his voice was colorless and sad.

"What I want to know," cried Kalon, with an oath, "is when the police are coming for this bloody and wicked sister. She's killed her flesh and blood; she's robbed me of half a million that was just as sacredly mine as ——"

"Come, come, Prophet!" interrupted Flambeau, with a kind of sneer. "Remember that all this world is a cloudland."

The hierophant of the sun-god made an effort to climb back on to his pedestal. "It is not the mere money," he cried, "though that would equip the cause throughout the world. It is also my beloved one's wishes. To Pauline all this was holy. In Pauline's eyes ——"

Father Brown suddenly sprang erect, so that his chair fell over flat behind him. He was quite pale, yet he seemed fired with a hope. His eyes shone.

"That's it!" he cried in a clear voice. "That's the way to begin. In Pauline's eyes ——"

The tall prophet retreated before the tiny priest in an almost mad disorder. "What do you mean? How dare you?" he cried repeatedly.

"In Pauline's eyes," repeated the priest, his own shining more and more. "Go on!—in God's name, go on! The foulest crime the fiends ever prompted feels lighter after confession; and I implore you to confess. Go on; go on! In Pauline's eyes ——"

"Let me go, you devil!" thundered Kalon, struggling

(Concluded on Page 30)

"Being Hanged Will Only be Like Going to Her in a Headlong Car"

A WOMAN WINS

By Anne S. Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

How She Made Good at a Man's Job

"I Had Half the Sunday-School Buying Stock"

I RETURNED to my office after two weeks' absence and found that the "best judgment" of my force had led to some very good business, some amusing experiences and a few squalls. The completing of the copy for the railroad booklets and the new contracts secured while on the road required some weeks of close writing. As the spring advanced I was often interrupted by men applying for work. The financial panic had seized the East more tightly than it had the West; hundreds of men were squeezed out and came seeking a new field. Many who applied to me had had excellent experience and I was sorry not to be able to take them into the office; but, though our office force was kept busy I did not think conditions would warrant an increase in the staff. I tried a few of these men on the outside as solicitors, but almost invariably they haggled over terms and wanted to collect their pay before the first week was half up. Finally I grew tired of bothering with them.

An amusing incident occurred about this time. One of these solicitors—a very enthusiastic Irishman—had been trying to impress a business man with the popularity of the Gale Advertising Company and became much annoyed over the business man's remark that he had never heard of the company or of Miss Gale, its president.

"Never heard of the Gale Advertising Company!" my solicitor exclaimed, with as much surprise as though the man had said he'd never heard of George Washington. "Why, I bet there isn't another business man in this town that doesn't know all about the Gale Advertising Company! Miss Gale is known to every progressive firm in the Northwest."

The Irish Solicitor's Bet

THE man smiled rather cynically. At that the Irishman pulled out of his pocket a magazine that contained one of my business articles and a thumbnail half tone of my photograph. He cut out the tiny picture, pasted it on one of the man's business envelopes and wrote to the left of it the one word "To ——" That was all. Inside he put a scrap of paper asking me to hold the envelope for him.

"Now," he said, "I'll bet you this contract I'm after that this letter goes straight to Miss Gale by the first delivery; and with nothing but her photograph to identify it by either." He dropped it in the mail chute and the man took him up.

Sure enough, the letter was delivered at my office in the first delivery the following morning. The mail clerks had recognized the picture. It made a good story for the reporters—the incident showed the efficiency of the postal clerks—and it was published, the envelope, with its eccentric address, being reproduced in full. The result was another bit of publicity for the company and the contract for the Irishman.

A man strayed in one day—a floating wreck from one of the New York insurance investigations. He was a pitiable object—his nerve force all gone. He showed me his papers and I could see that he was the remnant of a once finely equipped business man.

"You take it from me," he kept saying. "You stop in time. See what I am; take it from me." The insurance company had given him a year in a sanatorium and then turned him adrift. He had a brother in New York who had later paid the doctor and hospital bills, but had got tired.

I tried to get the man work, but he was beyond doing anything in an office. He could not have completed a business interview even if he could have succeeded in getting the ear of a business man.

I was so sorry for the poor old young man that I hadn't the heart to be severe with him; yet he was an awful nuisance—hanging about the office. One day an idea popped into my head.

"Did you ever live on a farm?" I asked.

"I grew up on a Connecticut farm," he answered, "and I wish to Heaven I'd stayed there."

"Why not go on a farm now?"

At that he laughed bitterly. "I'd be glad enough to, but the old home went long ago. My brother and I abandoned it when father and mother died and we went to the city to work. We sold it a few years ago for a song; some writer chap's got it now. Gee! but I wish we'd kept it—wouldn't I hike there in double-quick!"

I was thinking of the pretty forty acres of Government land in a fertile, well-settled valley that I had investigated on my Oregon trip. Fifty dollars would build a shack he could live in and the neighbors would help him—trust Westerners every day in the week, Sunday and overtime included, to help a man that's down! I told him about it, and explained that he could file on it and go there and live. As he got stronger, I suggested, he could put in a garden. If he should make his will in his brother's favor, as security, his brother would certainly be willing to stake him. As I talked over the plan a light grew in the man's dull eyes and he awakened to new hope. I knew how hard it was for him to hold to an idea long; so, before he left, I had him dictate a letter to his brother, laying the plan before him. I wrote a note to be inclosed, vouching for the practicability of the plan. He went out with something akin to interest showing in his tired eyes.

The brother came through with the funds. He wrote that if this was really a means of getting my friend on his feet he didn't mind helping—but he'd be hanged if he would go down in his jeans again for doctors. My man jubilantly set off with a letter to the rancher who had told me of the forty and became a homesteader. Eventually, I might add, he became a man again.

This transaction gave me an idea. The fee for locating people on land was anywhere from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, according to the value of the claim. After this, as men came in from the East looking for work I probed them on the ranch question. I found that many were glad to go on homesteads, though they dreaded the idea of going into an isolated, lonely place—their families must have churches, schools, neighbors. Whenever I found a man of this kind, I at once told him I could locate him on a good ranch in a settled district. We would talk the matter over, and he would deposit the locating fee in my bank and go and look at the land. If it suited him the fee was mine; if it didn't the fee was returned to him. In this way I cleared a nice sum that spring "on the side," as the men say.

At last the booklets were finished, printed and in use. Though I was more than pleased with the reception they received, I was especially glad that they met the favor of Mr. Jordon. I liked him and I wanted him to give me all his extra work in future.

I had now been in business two years. Nelda gave me a statement and I found that I had cleared on an average, above the running expenses of the office, six hundred dollars a month. My fees for locating homesteaders had run up to eight hundred dollars. My personal expenses had never exceeded fifty dollars a month, and I had had some improvements made on my house. The bank showed a balance of twelve thousand seven hundred dollars to my credit.

I was very tired; and I decided that I would abandon the idea of getting rich and retire. I had enough now to follow my original idea—to live in seclusion and write. This was really, through all the glamour of campaign-making, the deep-seated purpose of my life. The question arose, however, What should I do with the business?

Secretly, I wanted the company to die and the clients to scatter; yet it seemed a foolish thing to kill it. There would come plenty of offers if the news got around that I wanted to sell; and, also, the company would begin to disintegrate; I must therefore keep my plans to myself.

The Advice the Doctor Gave

MY NERVES had never wholly ceased their throbbing and now I made them the excuse for my decision to close the office. It seemed such an unbusinesslike thing to do that it was almost impossible, while in the business atmosphere, just plainly to face the fact that I wanted to return to my long-postponed dream. Even after laying it to nerves, I couldn't muster up the courage to put my decision into effect. I wanted some wise, superior, authoritative person to tell me I must stop; some one, like a father or a brother, who would come down hard and say: "Now you've just got to quit and rest—and do the work you've always wanted to do." For once I could not take the initiative.

At last I thought of a doctor as a good substitute for parental authority; one always obeyed a doctor and modern doctors were always prescribing rest. I knew one—a casual sort of a friend. I got up at once and went to see him. When I entered his door I was trembling all over; the idea of unlocking my real inner self to another unnerved me.

I told him that I was dead tired; that I had given out.

We talked for a while; he asked a few perfunctory questions, tried my heart and said: "There's nothing the matter with you; you are as sound as a dot."

"But my nerves, doctor—can't you see I am all unstrung? That office is wearing me out—don't you think I ought to close it?"

"Close it!" he exclaimed. "Why, you must be crazy! Anything wrong with business?"

I assured him business was at its best, but I wanted to erase business from my globe; I wanted to put it out of existence.

"All you need is a vacation," he said. "You'd be mighty foolish to give up. I'll fix you up a little nerve-quieter; then you take a week or so in the mountains or by the sea

He Offered Me Fifty Thousand Dollars for My Holdings

and you'll come back in shipshape order. It's worse than folly to talk of giving up that business; shelve the work on your assistants a while and get away."

I left his office discouraged. I knew that if I could once get into another atmosphere—an atmosphere of writers and dreamers of other than business dreams—I could wrench myself loose. But in the atmosphere of money-making in which I was living where every mind would have the same turn, it was almost impossible thus are we bound by the thoughts about us. I decided to go to the ocean and stay till my mind was fully and finally made up.

When I got back to my office I found an old gentleman waiting to see me. He had thin white hair and a thin cadaverous face and the haunted look of one who has hoped many years and hoped in vain. He explained that he was promoting a mining venture, and he wanted my advice about some advertising. He went into the matter quite fully, telling me his plans, the location of the mine and the prospects for the stockholders. As he talked I began to wonder if there could be anything in the thing. His eagerness aroused my sympathy, made me want to believe in his scheme. So I agreed to investigate and, if possible, to handle his work.

I had always fought shy of mining ventures; money raised through advertising to be used to work a mine seldom works the mine; ninety cents out of every dollar generally goes to pay the running expenses of officers and selling agents; the promoters live on the stock sold.

I looked up this company, however, and found that the officers and directors were men of high standing in the community. I made inquiry about the location of the mine and found it was in the heart of a famous placer belt. I visited the old gentleman at his office and saw that the office was small and that there was no attempt at a splurge. Everything pointed toward this being a sound proposition. I agreed to handle the business and signed a contract that could be terminated at any time. I wasn't willing to tie myself up with new contracts for any definite length of time just this one campaign—and then to the woods!

A Sentimental Venture

WE GOT down to business. The old gentleman confided to me that he had no money wherewith to push the advertising and that the officers were not now willing to put up the needed capital. He thought, however, that this was the time to advertise. He knew of a number of mining companies that were very soon going after the public hard, and he wanted to be in with the others at the start. Could I suggest how it might be done—without capital?

Had he been a young man I should have dropped the matter then and there; but he was old and pathetic, and his heart was set on making a success of his mine.

I told him that I believed if he should go to the owner of the most conservative newspaper in town and lay his proposition before him he would be able to get advertising space in exchange for stock. I knew the papers almost never did this, but I relied on the man's pathetic appeal. His burning eyes looking out of a shell of a face surrounded by thin, wispy white hair must impress the stoniest heart—and the owner of the most conservative paper was an old-time Westerner who had a name for standing by the early pioneers. The old gentleman wanted me to undertake the mission; but I knew that I should receive a flat turndown—his personality was his argument. I urged him to make the attempt. If he got this paper, I explained, the others would fall into line. They might not care a hang about the stock, but they could not afford to have the most conservative paper carrying business not in their columns—they would all follow if we got the bell-wether on our side.

Filled with new faith and enthusiasm, he set out to put his case to the conservative editor. I returned to my office to get ready for him; for I felt confident he would win out—and he did. He called to see me in high glee a couple of hours later; he was to have generous advertising space for a year in exchange for stock.

Then we set about securing like terms with the other publications. In less than a week I had contracts in my office with ten leading papers and not a cent of cash was in the transaction.

I went to work on the campaign. I got the United States geological report and a mining map and marked off our claims. I obtained from the public library old records of the output of gold in the past years from this very section; and I started correspondence with every old-time miner of that region whose name I could get and asked for statements of gold he had seen taken out in the past and his opinion of the mine's prospects for the future. I accumulated tables of statistics on the gold output of America and the cost of taking a dollar's worth of gold out of the ground with modern machinery; I bought mining periodicals; I read the history of gold mining. I visited the region and watched men panning gold out of the streams, where the laziest of them earned three dollars a day; and I did some panning on my own account. I filled my mind—and a large notebook—with facts and figures on mining; then I was ready to begin writing the advertisements.

One test I always applied to every advertisement of every nature: "What's its special pull?" In the handling of every commodity you have a competitor; and the person who reads your advertisement will likewise read his. If he is interested in mining, for instance, he will read the advertising of all the mining companies in the paper and he will invest where the pull is strongest. It isn't enough to put the proposition in plain, straight English; you must play up the salient features with such startling strength as to cause them to make a deeper impression on the reader than those of the other fellows' propositions. Imagine the reader's mind to be a thing of physical material and the advertisement a die, with the strong points raised. The depth of the impression will be in proportion to the depth of these points. This is clumsy, but it illustrates.

"I Need Facts, Not Wine"

I had facts, figures, proofs; but in each advertisement I must inject some special pull. The other companies now advertising used flaming headlines and made cocksure promises. It happened that their mines were located in Alaska or Mexico, or some other remote place. I therefore made a drive for ours on its being a home mine and a home company. It was right here in our own state; the stockholders could go and investigate it at any time. There was nothing hidden or distant about it; there was no bad weather to encounter—no closed seasons and terrible passes. The officers were their fellow citizens; the other stockholders, their neighbors. I did not exaggerate the prospect of returns. I gave a businesslike estimate of what returns should be and reproduced facsimile letters from old-time miners, giving their estimates. I was short on bombast and long on facts. I still think it was excellent advertising—some of the best we ever did. And it brought results. Inquiries began coming in almost from the first announcement. New stock salesmen were employed and the old gentleman's office became busy.

Day by day the stock selling increased. At the end of the first month I received a check for my work and the old gentleman expressed his huge satisfaction. He knew that if this just kept up he would have his machinery ready to begin dredging by spring. The purpose of the stock selling was to buy new, improved machinery that would catch all the finer particles of dust lost by the old processes. All thought of a vacation for me was abandoned; the old gentleman became panicky at the very mention of my leaving town. I must stay on the job and see him through.

My nerves were throbbing away at a terrific pace. I argued with them. I told them that if they would just hold out till the old gentleman's campaign was ended they would never be harnessed to business again.

Two months went by.

Some of the other mining companies were getting into trouble; one of the fearless weeklies had gone after their extravagant statements and demanded proof. Two of the companies were put out of business when this weekly showed that they had no mine of any known value and were doing nothing toward development. The man who had been doing their advertising was sore and began digging into other companies, trying to get his revenge by proving that they were all working a buncombe game. I grew uneasy for my company and called on Mr. Stuart, of the weekly; he asked me what I knew about my company. I told him I knew enough to know it was all right and that the old gentleman at its head was sincere. He smiled cynically. I dared him to find a single overstatement in my copy; I took him a stack of it and together we went through column after column.

"I feel more like putting you out of business since reading these statements than before," he said at length. "You have not misrepresented in words, but the impression given the public is one of absolute reliability. It's the most dangerous kind of advertising; it convinces the thinking business man. This other only catches unthinking fools; no one who knows a picayune about mines would pay the slightest attention to all that rot. But the mining man—I know something about mines myself, as most Westerners do—who reads your stuff would be convinced, because it is all true if the mines are what you claim. However, I don't believe your old man will make good."

I asked him on what he based his skepticism.

"See here," he said. "You've got moneyed men on your list of officers. If the gold has been proved there, as you state, and you own the mines and the only problem is to raise a few hundred thousand dollars with which to buy modern machinery—don't you suppose those officers would go down in their own pockets and dig up? Would they share all that proved wealth with small stockholders for the sake of a measly two or three hundred thousand dollars?"

She Corners Her Quarry

IT CERTAINLY sounded reasonable. I sat thinking; I wondered if I had been instrumental in making people invest in a worthless enterprise. It was pretty dirty work if I had.

I called on the treasurer of the company, who was one of the leading bankers. He smiled queerly when I mentioned his office in the company. He complimented my advertising matter and the way the thing was going. I asked him if he was willing to be responsible for the company's debts.

"I'll tell you how it is, Miss Gale," he said confidentially. "I haven't a cent in that company. The old man was so insistent—so sure he had a good thing—and I felt sorry for him, don't you know?—as one will; so I consented to his using my name as treasurer. But it was clearly understood that I was not to be liable for any of the company's acts. My stock was a gift."

I called on each of the other officers, all of whom gave a like accounting of their connection with the company. Each had allowed his name to be used "to help the old man along," and with the distinct understanding that they were not in any way liable.

A paper company! Were the mines also only paper? It was all up to the old gentleman now. If he were honest, if he really owned the mines and meant to work them, well and good—but I must know. I went directly to his office and told him just what I had found out; and about the weekly editor's skepticism. I watched his face as I told him these things and my confidence went way down. When I had finished he fumbled nervously at the lock of a cabinet and took out a bottle of wine and a glass.

"You look tired, Miss Gale," he said in a kind voice. "You need a little stimulant."

I pushed the wine away; I had no particular objection to the wine as wine, but it could not help me. "I need facts," I said, "not wine. When do you begin operations? What measures have you taken to purchase machinery? Let me see the papers showing the company's ownership of these claims."

He moved about restively and his eyes did not meet mine.

"I demand those things," I said, fixing his eyes.

"I was just starting over to your office," he said at last, "on another matter. You've done so well with the mining campaign, we want you to take up an oil proposition; we—several of us—have been busy forming an oil company. We shall let the gold mining rest for a while—till this flurry

blows over—and lay stress on the oil lands. There's quite a stir now—about oil. These are new properties, recently acquired."

"Acquired—with the money taken in from selling stock in the gold mine—money you promised the stockholders to invest in mining machinery. How about it?"

His eyes roved here and there; at last he came out with the truth. "You see we only hold leases on that mining land and the heaviest leases are about to expire—it would take quite a sum to hold them. The oil wells are now a better proposition. It takes less money to handle oil, and the public is now more interested in oil."

"And these people who have invested with you—you transfer their holdings to the oil concern?"

"Now, Miss Gale, aren't you going a little too far? Your province is to advertise our properties."

"My business is to know what I am advertising, and for once I see I haven't attended to my business. It seems that I have been working day and night for three months, all steam up, inducing honest, level-headed business men to invest in mines that are only under lease and to put up money for machinery that you had no intention of buying. I want to know what these investors are going to get out of it?"

"If they are such level-headed business men couldn't you leave it to them?"

"No; because I wrote the copy that induced them to buy."

"I wish, Miss Gale," he said, with a troubled sigh, "that you would follow the example of my directors. I have kept my word with them—never made them liable for any of the company's bills; and I've kept my word with you—paid you cash for writing our advertisements. That should satisfy you, as the other arrangement does them. It's business."

"Then I'm no business woman; all I understand is common honesty; and I insist on it from you toward these stockholders."

He sighed deeply. "Miss Gale," he said wearily, "it is usually a mistake—sooner or later—to deal with a woman in business. There are so many things the feminine brain can't seem to grasp."

The End of the Mining Venture

I LEFT him and started back to the office. On the way I met Mr. Cady, the advertising manager of the flamboyant mining companies recently closed down through the investigations of Mr. Stuart. He was striding along, puffing out his fat cheeks and telling his woes to every one who cared to listen. He wore a missionary button on his coat lapel and was superintendent of one of the largest Sunday-schools in town. He stopped me.

"How is it," he asked, "that you keep your stand-in with Stuart? You've about the only mining company he hasn't tried to ruin."

"Well," I said, "I guess he must have thought my company was honest; I certainly did."

"Why," he blustered, "do you mean to say mine ain't honest?"

"I don't know anything about them, Mr. Cady." I was tired of the subject and anxious to get away.

"Say," he continued, walking along with me; "have you heard how Works, the president of my two companies, served me? Dirtiest trick one man ever served another; and I'd been a friend to him, too, if ever a man had a friend. When he struck this town there was a warrant out for his arrest in his home state, and I knew it—some dishonest speculating he'd got mixed up in. Blamed if the papers hadn't got hold of the whole thing and had the stuff set up, when I found out about it and induced them to kill it—made a contract with each one for a thousand dollars a month. You see, he had engaged me at three hundred dollars a month as his advertising man. I smoothed his way in this town, stood back of him like a brother—for he's clever all right, great on promotion work—and introduced him to all the church people. Why, I had half the Sunday-school buying stock. And here comes all this racket of Stuart's—and the exposures. And what does Works do? He sneaks off in the night with the whole cheese—owing me six hundred dollars—the lowlived scoundrel!"

"What about the stockholders?"

"Eh? What's that? Oh, them! Well, you see, it did look pretty good—you never can tell about a mine, you know; but you get your money out first—that's the only way!" And lifting his hat he puffed across the street to tell his troubles to another acquaintance.

I closed my connection with the pathetic old gentleman and handled no more mining copy. And it wasn't a present of a beautifully engraved certificate of mining and oil stock that sealed my lips as to findings in his case; it was my inability to do anything about it. I was powerless. No paper would have published a statement from me concerning the matter. All I could do was to keep clear of such entanglements in the future.

The mining campaign had been responsible for keeping me in business that winter, and now once more I began to plan my escape. I had too much on my hands to consider closing the office before Christmas; just as soon as the holiday rush was over, I told myself, the end would come and I should get a rest.

It was during the lull that comes always between the Christmas shopping and January sales that Mr. MacGregor, the Scotch real-estate agent, called. He had a chance to get an old ranch on the ridge adjoining my place—one hundred and sixty acres that had been tied up by will for a number of years.

The owner wanted fifteen thousand dollars cash and it was a bargain at that. The Scotchman hadn't the money to handle it, but he considered it such a good investment that he was willing to borrow six thousand dollars on his home and go in on the deal—if he could find some one else to put up the rest.

I knew the place well; I had often admired it—an unbroken green slope, with groups of monarch firs here and there, lying high and sightly above the town. Often in my walks I had cut across it; and often I had rested under the old firs and thought what pleasant days the homesteader and his wife must have had there. Their only child, a son, had been in New York several years, studying to be an

I Was Up With the Sun and Away Fishing All Day

artist; and growing restive, no doubt, over the terms of the will, which would not permit him to sell the place until a given time had expired.

It was a tremendous temptation. Cash in the bank seemed, since our failures, more or less in jeopardy. As the Scotchman talked I grew more interested. A ranch can always make a good living and, rightly handled in the West, a tremendous income. The title was a straight patent from the Government to the present owner's father. I knew the place—I had no need to look at it further. There was just one drawback—I wanted to own it alone.

"If your man will take twelve thousand dollars cash," I said, "I'll take it."

The Scotchman jumped. "You have that much cash lying idle?"

"Yes—I want an investment for that amount."

He looked a little crestfallen; then he scratched his head in his funny, puzzled way and at last he laughed. "You always beat me out, Miss Gale," he said. "I really wanted a share in that ranch; and it's worth fifteen thousand dollars—that price ain't a bit too high."

"Perhaps not; but cash comes high these days. I don't object to you as a partner, Mr. MacGregor, but I have an inborn fear of partners—so often I have an idea about things and a partner would never see it my way. If I had a partner I'd be checked at some turn that might mean a great loss to me."

We talked a while longer; then he left. Two days later he returned with word that the owner would split the difference—take thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. It ended by my paying over twelve thousand five hundred dollars cash and giving him a mortgage for the rest.

After the transaction was completed I came to earth and thought what a great goose I had been. Here I was, tied fast to business again; for that last thousand must be paid off. It might mean merely another two or three months and it might mean longer. Even then I should be land-poor; I couldn't handle the ranch without money, so I would be compelled to keep on until I had capital sufficient to stock it.

Once more the nerves were lectured into submission, the old dream was nailed down and I faced the necessity of more advertising.

The spring railroad work was in progress, but it was less time-consuming this year, as I knew the field. The store-work was keeping up and the other regular clients going along as usual. There would be little real-estate advertising this season, as people were still holding fast to their money. Those who were fortunate enough to have got it out of the banks that had failed hid it away or put it into safe bonds. The natural impulse should have been to put it into land, but they were fearful of letting go of the coin. Many quaint hiding places were resorted to. One old-timer, with a thousand acres spreading about him, drew all his money—one hundred thousand dollars—from the bank in twenty-dollar gold pieces and rammed it down into lead pipes, which he soldered over and drove into the ground here and there about his ranch. No one besides himself knew where his gold was planted.

I had no reason for uneasiness about business; I could meet my indebtedness easily enough. But I was never sure from month to month about my nerves—some mornings they fairly sang, so incessant was the throbbing. I slept out-of-doors, took long walks and resorted to every possible device for quieting them, but the trouble grew. Always I feared a day when I could not force myself to go through another hour's work. In my childhood my mother's beautiful home had been lost through a mortgage of a few hundred dollars—an amount so small that nobody had considered it worth bothering about. However, when the pinch comes, if you haven't the cash, the property goes. I had a horror of mortgages equal to my horror of partners; and, tired as I was, I could not rest until this one was paid off.

Finding a New Client

I LOOKED about for a new client—some one who would spend several thousand dollars in a short time and give me quick work and rapid results. The thought of dragging along through the spring and summer was unbearable. I wanted to close the office—I knew my mind now—and I would close it just as soon as the mortgage was met and I had enough cash on hand to work the ranch.

I watched the papers to see who was advertising and I went down one street and up another, watching the firms and alert for a suggestion. On an off street I passed a beautiful, large piano store. The firm was a new one, just starting, and looked very attractive—only it was away from the main avenues of trade, over toward the wholesale district.

I wondered how the firm would build up business so far off the beaten track and how people would take to piano buying, now that they were just recovering from the money depression and holding so fast to their dollars. However, the main fact was that they had the dollars. Could anything induce them to let go? All through the winter the demand had been for land and mine and bond investments—safe places to put cash. Weren't the women, at least, tired of hearing nothing but money, money, money, and how to save it? They knew their men had it; a lot of the women had money of their own. Didn't many of them want pianos or piano players? Wouldn't something with a luxury-appeal come in well now? A sewing machine or a washing machine—that was different. There is nothing so very seductive about utilities when one has thought only of utilities for months. But pleasure—music—wasn't that just the element needed right now to arouse them out of their dull lethargy? So many of our well-to-do people lead dull lives; something very attractive must be sprung—something that would make slumbering desires catch fire.

Thus communing with myself I came to the conclusion that now was the time to spring the brightness and lightness of music on the people. This new firm, off the main street, was certainly the one to do it, because it was new and because the low-rent location gave an excuse for low prices. I made inquiries and found that the firm had plenty of money back of it; it was handling some very good makes as well as a lot of pianos gotten up to sell cheap. I took a musical friend to the store to try these pianos and found that they were satisfactory.

The whole thing looked hopeful; I began searching for an idea for a rousing, quick-selling campaign. The name was new; and though the firm had had a few announcements in the papers, it might almost be called unadvertised. It had no slogan, no store phrases or vocabulary; it had established no individuality.

(Continued on Page 36)

From the Season's New Plays

By JOHN CORBIN

Miss Janet Beecher, in The Concert, at the Belasco Theater

THE success of The Gamblers is remarkable for many things, but for nothing more than for the evidence it gives of the debt that our native stage owes to Mr. Charles Klein. Alone and unaided he has scattered the myth of the tired business man. It used to be the momentous dictum of the Broadway manager that when folks come uptown of an evening they want to leave the world of affairs below Fourteenth Street. By day they engage in the gigantic drama of creating railways and wrecking them, of making trusts and busting them. Wherefore, to quote the prototype of managerial wisdom, one Polonius, "it must follow, as the night the day," that when the business man goes to the theater he has a mind only for jests and jingles. "He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps." By the same logic women, being daily occupied in the affairs of love, marriage and society, would find nothing more abhorrent than heart interest.

The failure of The District Attorney, Mr. Klein's first momentous venture in the new field, was long used as a club to subdue those paradoxical souls who maintain that the duty of the drama, and its one great opportunity of success, is to deal in the matter that night or day is of keenest and most vital interest to the public—"to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." But Mr. Klein came back with The Lion and the Mouse. He has had failures since, though fewer than most playwrights; but he has always come back. Holmes once lamented that he did not dare to be as funny as he could. Mr. Klein has the courage always to be serious, and as yet no one has been quite undone by the fact. Indeed he has now a whole school of imitators. He has had the courage of his convictions with such success that, to vary a saying of Whistler's, his imitators now have the courage of his convictions.

An Anti-Muckraking Play

IN THE Gamblers, as he himself lately remarked, he has done the reverse of what he did in The Lion and the Mouse. There he revealed the crimes and iniquities of the modern money power. Now he shows that many acts in business life, which are technically criminal, are the result of circumstances which from the human viewpoint may extenuate them. The Gamblers is anti-muckraking.

In all probability the case of Charles W. Morse, who is now languishing in a Federal prison, furnished his point of departure. Wilbur Emerson is the manager of a system of banks that is opposed by the great banking system of Wall Street. In the heat of his fight against these overlords he has turned defeat into victory by making illegal loans. He has not really endangered the funds of depositors and in another day he will be able to put his affairs again on a basis of legality. But at the last hour an ambitious district attorney, bent on making political capital, has brought upon Emerson a visit from the bank examiner. He is in danger of the Federal law. The heart interest arises from the fact that Emerson has had a lifelong and wholly honorable love for Mrs. Darwin, wife of the man who is now on his trail. It is unusual, to say the least, to find a play in which the villain is a Federal officer prosecuting an obvious crime. It is subversive of all tradition to find a hero who is a confessed criminal and in love with another man's wife. But such are the facts of this play; and Mr. Klein's address and skill have never been more amply evident than in the manner in which he wins the sympathies of his audience. Emerson is for the moment "in" wrong; but he faces the situation with unflinching courage and loyalty.

The crucial scene of the play is the one where Emerson enters Darwin's house at midnight to steal the incriminating papers. He is surprised in his burglary by Mrs. Darwin, who gains possession of the documents. Presently Darwin returns. In a scene of intense humanity and dramatic power the truth of the whole situation is laid bare—Emerson's crime and his hitherto unspoken love for Mrs. Darwin; Darwin's cruelty both as prosecuting attorney and as husband. Twisting the evidence of the situation against his wife Darwin brings action for divorce. Emerson faces the certainty of a term in prison, but is comforted by the assurance that on his release he will find the woman he loves prepared to marry him.

Much of the dialogue is "highfalutin" and verges on the absurd. Mr. Klein has never quite mastered the art of making his people speak the vernacular. And certain details of the action are preposterous. The opening act takes place at a fashionable ball in New York, which is in full swing at nine o'clock and is an "assured success" before the curtain. It is not a little disquieting, moreover, to find that the prosecuting attorney, who is represented as absolutely clairvoyant in reading the inner thoughts of his victims, should be so easily convinced that his loyal wife is unfaithful. Similar absurdities in detail have marred most of Mr. Klein's plays. But the heart of his drama is sound. More than this, the play is of even texture throughout. In The Lion and the Mouse the intense drama of the central acts was marred by a childishly frivolous first act and a futile, inconsequent conclusion. Every scene in The Gamblers is sincere and convincing, and the interest mounts steadily, logically, until the final curtain.

J. Rufus Wallingford Again

AS THE criminal hero Mr. George Nash lives up to his high achievements in The Witching Hour and The Harvest Moon. He is as expert in his art as he is personally virile and imposing. The part of Mrs. Darwin has brought forward a young actress of the highest qualities. Miss Jane Cowl has hitherto been known only in small parts in the productions of David Belasco. She has an admirable stage presence, with luminous dark eyes and a voice of extraordinary intensity, color and power. But more than all this, perhaps, is the unfailing naturalness and restraint with which she moves through the heightened scenes of the play. The final moment, in which for the first time Mrs. Darwin confesses her love for Emerson, owes quite as much of its power to her charm of sincerity as to the playwright. Altogether it is a performance of very great actual achievement and of the highest promise.

As a recognition of his success in dramatizing the Get-rich-quick Wallingford stories Mr. George M. Cohan was lately made the guest of honor at the annual dinner of the American Dramatists' Club. This was apparently at the instance of Mr. Augustus Thomas, president of the club, who spoke in the most generous and comradely praise both of the author and of the piece. The compliment was as graceful as it was richly deserved. Nothing could be more provincial and otherwise more unfortunate than the tendency we have so often shown to look down on or altogether neglect our native talents in painting, literature, or the drama, until they have won recognition abroad. But not the least of Mr. Cohan's triumphs was that with such material he had made a popular play of any sort, good or bad. One of the speakers at the dinner, Mr. Eugene Presbrey, confessed that he had been asked to make the dramatization and had refused, considering the task impossible. Others of those present if they had been as frank might have told a similar story. The opportunity had been widely hawked about on Broadway before Mr. Cohan seized it to his own great advantage and to that of the public.

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will remember that, as created by Mr. George Randolph Chester, Wallingford was a crook dyed in the wool—remorseless in trimming his victims, prodigal in spending his loot, wine-sodden, sensual and, with all his great abilities, an irreclaimable criminal. In the book that Mr. Chester made of the stories stress was laid on his wife's horror at his crimes and his own equal distress over the idea that their child would have to face life as the son of a jailbird. Yet no hope was held out of his reformation. In Mr. Chester's portrait there was poignant truth and unswerving sincerity. It was this fidelity to the natural history of the crook that balked Mr. Cohan's predecessors in the project of making a stage play.

Mr. Cohan did not untie the Gordian knot; he severed it. The cruelty of Wallingford's swindles is almost lost sight of in the ridiculous eagerness of his "boob" victims. The pathetic figure of Mrs. Wallingford is replaced by a clever and upright stenographer with whom the crook is in love. And the end of the play shows the reformation not only of the hero but also of his jackal, Blackie Daw. The pill is not sugar-coated. It has ceased to be a pill. And somehow the effect is neither untrue nor immoral. The tragi-comedy of character has become an irresponsible farce.

Mr. Cohan's Carpet Slippers

WITH a sure selective instinct Mr Cohan has centered his play in a single one of the stories—that in which Wallingford and Blackie Daw descend upon the dead-and-alive town of Battlesburg, make as if to parallel the railway with a trolley line, set about building a gigantic manufacturing plant, boom real estate, and by such means unlock the hoarded capital of the citizens. The climax comes in that wonderful scene of Mr. Chester's invention in which the crooks, on the eve of their richest get-away, wake up to realize that the project is legitimate—that the boom values they have created are real. Even the promotion of the covered carpet tack, the story of which has been interwoven with the greater venture, turns out to be a genuine moneymaker. In spite of themselves they are honest, and they discover that honesty is the best policy. They marry and remain in Battlesburg to reap millions and to bring solid prosperity to their intended victims.

What the story has lost in inner meaning the play has gained in vivacity and charm. In a recent article in these pages Mr. Cohan wrote of the difficulty of living down the fact that he began life as a vaudeville dancer. In his very modest and amusing speech before his fellow dramatists he spoke of the labor that his first unmusical play cost him, and described himself as wearing out his carpet-slippers in the effort to get his characters on and off without song and dance. In the success of the play the steps by which he rose to fame may perhaps be forgotten. Yet the light heart of the born dancer is there if not the light feet, the gayety if not the voice of popular song. Every scene is alive and briskly vital. The dialogue is full of snap and go, of pointed, telling observation.

Everywhere the play reveals a genius in creating humorous stage effect. The stenographer asks to see the covered carpet tack. Inwardly afraid of the test of her common-sense, Wallingford shows it, forcing the usual glib patter of flimflam. She pays no attention to him but

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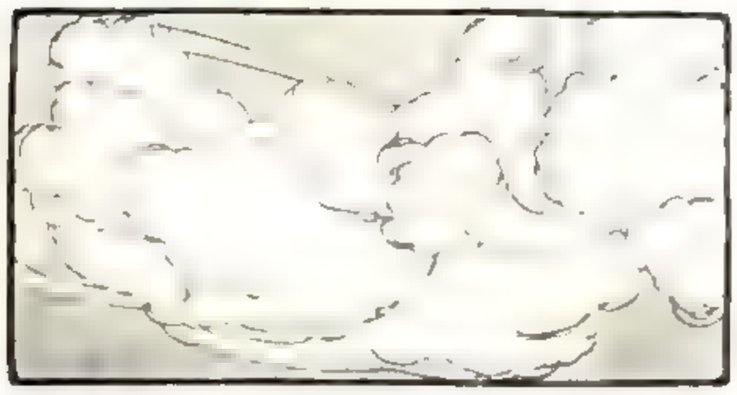
Leo Ditrichstein, in The Concert, at the Belasco Theater

Commerce and the Campus

By CHARLES WHITING WILLIAMS

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON



IF SOME experienced trust-builder should conceive the idea of consolidating under one management every university, college and professional school in the land, let us see how the plan would work out in dollars and dividends and stock certificates. Suppose, for example, the American Higher Education Company were to be incorporated in some state that needed the fees and asked no questions? We should see a very Titan of trusts! Last year the six hundred and six colleges, universities and technological schools valued their "plants," consisting of grounds, buildings and equipment, at the huge though conservative figure of four hundred and twenty-four million dollars. In addition to this their bankers certified to the imposing item of two hundred and thirty-four million nine hundred and twenty thousand dollars as the total of income-bearing funds on hand. It would be very interesting to try to determine, on the basis of some not very remote financial negotiations, just how much stock of our imaginary corporation might legitimately be issued against this grand total of six hundred and fifty-nine million dollars in property and securities. In this determination perhaps the year's income would be helpful. This, including gifts—about seventeen millions—interest, appropriations and students' fees, was eighty-four million dollars. During the same period the professional schools of the country added about fifty million dollars to the summary of assets and something like five millions to the year's "turnover." Normal schools in the aggregate added nine millions to the last item. The year's income for the whole organization was, therefore, almost a round one hundred million dollars.

But that is not all. Studying in the hundreds of subsidiary collegiate, university, professional and normal schools, there was last year an immense class of over four hundred thousand young men and women. Each member of this class probably spent an average of five months on the campus. Of this we must disregard the financial value as too difficult to estimate; but in dollars and cents each class member probably spent an average of two hundred and fifty dollars—this in addition to the amount paid by the student as tuition and already counted in the budget of the institutions. Tuition, by the way, in endowed or tax-supported institutions, is always less than the student's cost to the school—sometimes hardly a quarter of it; every college student being thus a beneficiary of the endowers or the taxpayers. To that budget of one hundred millions, therefore, must be added this other item of four hundred thousand times two hundred and fifty dollars—one hundred million dollars: a total of two hundred million dollars as the complete bill rendered by higher education in return for its mental and moral wares. The payment of this current account consumed the interest at four per cent of a stupendous though imaginary bond worth five billion dollars! It is worth noticing, in passing, that this is in addition to the four hundred million dollars disbursed by the public schools, involving another "four per cent" worth ten billions.

Academic Methods of Bookkeeping

TWENTY-FIVE years ago one hundred and fifteen million dollars represented the six hundred and fifty-nine millions of assets mentioned; while about ten millions stood for the eighty-four millions of today's annual income. Thirty years ago there was no great university. The period is much shorter during which any extensive use has been made of business system. Indeed, it is scarcely a decade ago that the campus tabooed anything resembling commercial organization and method, or at least looked upon its entrance with deep distrust.

You are stumbling incredulously over the "decade"! Well, it is exactly eleven years ago that in one institution—one representative of a large class—the whole field of out-of-classroom work, except the care of the endowment and of the students' grades, was done by the Faculty in addition to heavy teaching. The answering of inquiries from prospective students, which now takes most of the time of the secretary and several assistants, was then divided informally and more or less unequally among the different professors. Each was given by the printing committee a number of catalogs and envelopes; an inquiry from a prospective student meant simply the mailing of a catalog by the teacher to whom the letter or postal was assigned. Particular questions, if any, were laboriously answered by longhand letters, but usually the catalog was quite unaccompanied, while the inquiry was likely to be both unrecorded and forgotten.

Even when a particular responsibility was given to a non-teaching officer, the low appreciation of anything smacking of business often caused an almost shameful inefficiency—according to present standards—even though the work was entirely commercial and only indirectly educational. Many of those who have been in college work for, say, two decades, will be able to recall the treasurer who kept track of the college income and outgo on the backs of envelopes in his weekday coat pocket! If he were asked by a Faculty member for a few general but unusual financial facts, the chances were that he not too gently suggested that such matters were not properly the concern of the Faculty.

If this seems exaggerated, reference can be made to the fact that within the last five years the board of trustees of a highly successful and respectable eastern college had to be urgently petitioned by its alumni before it consented to issue its first public treasurer's report.

Of the whole great load caused by the absence of any machinery the president bore the largest part—all the larger and heavier because the overworked man's cerebral convolutions were the nearest approach to anything like a card catalog.

The tremendous growth of the appreciation of higher education in America has been doing away with such unorganized conditions. These became unthinkable in connection with such responsibilities as are involved in the colossal figures already given. Nor are these figures made colossal only by virtue of adding the assets and the budgets of a multitude of institutions. Last year the total expenses of Harvard, Yale and Columbia were a shade less than five and a half million dollars, while their receipts from all sources—tuitions, fund dividends and gifts—were almost exactly fourteen million dollars—an amount which looks small only when it is given as the price of a single battleship. One well-known institution now distributes annually, in free tuition and scholarship prizes alone, one hundred thousand dollars! Another secured last year in its employment bureau for self-supporting students a total of work worth over two hundred thousand dollars. Unfortunately the realization of the necessity of new methods as caused by this growth has often come only after the scandalous breaking down of the older ways of doing things under the heavier load of doubled or trebled or quadrupled equipment, endowment and attendance. These breakdowns were in many cases the "benevolent disasters" which led to the immediate installation of modern systems operated by efficient business managers.

Shipshape Grows; Slipshod Stands Still

TRUE to his training, the business man nosed immediately for facts; and then constructed his system to secure and to disclose the facts automatically—and, as automatically, to compel adaptation of practice to them. He got results: his institution grew in what has been too exclusively—though more or less naturally in a time of rapid growth—the test of institutional success: students and endowments. He was apparently able to demonstrate the certainty of large returns to the two indispensable classes of college backers—the philanthropic investors of dollars and the ambitious investors of the precious years of youth. More and more evident it became to all trustees and presidents that the College of Shipshape grew while the University of Slipshod stood still.

After that the spread of the spirit of commercial method was rapid. As the foundation of it all came the adoption of the very keystone of organization—assignment of responsibility. A line was drawn between the duties of teaching and administering. The professor no longer had to carry home his quota of catalogs and stamped envelopes. The president or the secretary was responsible for the securing of students. His publicity campaign may not have included any advertising in magazine or periodical: that is not yet considered entirely good form in the academic world—and with reason; though that is another story. But in all probability there are now so many catalogs, annual reports, departmental announcements and other kinds of bulletins that no postage stamps require sticking; money is saved by sending them all by the pound as second-class matter.

Much of this goes to the high schools or preparatories with which the wise university builds up a close relation. In the case of many colleges the secretary shows appreciation by sending back to the different preparatory schools the marks made by their representatives during the Freshman year. In many cases, also, the relation with the preparatory school is kept alive by the annual visitor or "inspector," sent out by the university for that purpose. In addition to such methods, one of the largest of American institutions has a very elaborate system by which it makes great use of its graduates and former students in securing the favorable decision of those who write for information. By all, it is superfluous to say, the athletic, oratorical and debate teams and the musical clubs are counted upon to fire the imagination of the high-school youth and to cause the desired choice of his future colors. Probably the influence of these is greatly overestimated by officers and Faculty, as well as by students.

That is only a guess, however. To know would require the facts as to which have most to do with the choice of college—the father and mother or the boy and girl.

Only recently I asked a father where he planned to send his sons. His response was probably all too true. "I find that is a matter outside my jurisdiction." His boys had gone to a prosperous "prep" school where the representatives of the fraternities of one of the larger institutions had already inspected the most likely of the youths and marked them for their own. An invitation to visit the college and the "frat" house at the psychological moment of a football game had clinched matters quite beyond the possibility of a mere father's wish. Such service on the part of fraternities is not aimed at or directed by the college officers, but in some cases it is one of the most effective of all the recruiting agencies. The news-bureau is another of these agencies.

All of these things are now likely to be in charge of the secretary, whether bearing that name or not—in addition, of course, to a great many other duties. These include, perhaps, such matters as the relation of the institution to its former students through the securing of records of its graduates and the issuing of the university reports to them; the conduct of the election of alumni trustees; the making and keeping of Faculty and student records; possibly the purchase of all office supplies—if not done by a regular purchasing agent; and so on. All in all, he is a pretty indispensable officer. He represents, too, the working combination of the commercial and the educational parts of the college's activities. For instance, at one school he regularly utilizes past experience for forecasting in the spring the fall attendance from the size of the continuing classes and the number of inquiries from prospective students. In a series of years almost exactly the same percentage of loss has been found to occur annually in the size of the Freshman class when it becomes Sophomore. Another percentage of loss holds surprisingly true, regularly, of the transition of the Sophomore class to Juniors, and so on. Similarly a certain number out of one hundred spring inquirers is practically certain to be wearing the Freshman distinction at the first football game. These experience tables are highly valuable, for through them an increase of numbers can be provided for in advance—additional teachers can be secured in the summer and the crowding of students in the classroom thus avoided.

Buying Cows and Chalk

WHEN the Freshman's studies have been selected and the tuition paid he becomes a matter of attention, first to the teacher and then to the deans. These latter are of two kinds—disciplinary and administrative. The first is responsible for the student's conduct and general personal welfare. The second is the superintendent of one particular department of the university—the college of liberal arts, the technical school or the school of medicine. These officers of both kinds require a good deal of system for keeping track of absences from classes, regulating departmental expenditures, arranging new courses or new equipment, and so forth.

As the lieutenants of these deans, there is often a large body of advisory officers, or, as in some places, a "Freshman Faculty." These are particularly charged with the responsibility of helping the younger students. The Freshman at Harvard, for instance, receives soon after registration a note from an instructor asking him to call and expressing the wish to be useful in every possible connection, from the choice of his studies to the selection of his boarding house. All this is arranged through the machinery of the dean's office. Just now there is a very healthful endeavor on the part of the largest institutions to reëstablish, by means of systematic organization, the close relations between student and teacher, which came about naturally in the earlier and smaller and simpler college situation.

In order to free such officers as well as the teachers from the purely mechanical details of college maintenance, these are all given over to one often called the superintendent of buildings and grounds. In many an administration building he is almost as much of an all-round expert as the president himself. His general duties include the upkeep of the whole physical plant, with—in many places—the oversight of a young army of janitors, carpenters, firemen, electricians, plumbers and others; but he may at any moment be asked to draw up plans for a powerful central heating plant or an artistic water tower—he is required to be a tactful, esthetic and idealistic engineer! In some schools he is expected also to give his personal O. K. to every piece of equipment of any kind purchased by the whole institution. That means chalk for the college department one moment and cows for the agricultural school the next; and perhaps, as the one who attends also to the selling of the milk, he must see that these two articles do not get mixed. In his office a large index often keeps track of every article bought, with its later use and its present condition and location.

Higher Education and Lower Deficits

THE alert superintendent of buildings and grounds nowadays keeps comparative charts showing the coal consumed by different boilers, or perhaps by the same boiler under different firemen. At Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, the mean temperature of the thirty days preceding is obtained every month by telephone from the weather department. This is compared with the tables showing the consumption of coal during other months of the same average temperature in other years and for the month just ended, as reported by the fireman. If the result shows an amount burned out of proportion to the needs the efficiency of the furnace or the fireman is investigated carefully. The same method can be applied to the conservation of electric light after the manner of the Boston illuminating company, which sends the customer who complains of excessive charges a card showing that, according to the weather bureau, the sun shone an extraordinarily small number of hours that month, "as witness the following comparative figures." Yale's bill for light, heat and water last year was sixty thousand dollars.

This same study of experience is being pursued by other officers in other connections—as, for instance, by the overseer of the big dormitories or of the boarding halls. These involve large sums. The Chicago University commons served last year six hundred and fifty thousand meals at an expense of about one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. Dormitory rents received from students approximated fifty thousand dollars. Just as the metropolitan leasing company knows by experience exactly how many cents to allow for the janitoring or the elevator service of the new building a cubic foot, so the present-day college manager knows how much of the year's income from "dorm" or dining hall will require to be spent for dishes, food, service, heat and light; or, if he does not yet know, he is fast setting up the machinery by which he will know. It is because of this that some educational boarding houses on a large scale have become famous for the remarkable "value received" they are able to offer. It is also because of the failure at this point under older methods that some universities have discovered very serious losses in connections that were supposed to be a source of profit. It was, perhaps also, such a study of experience that enabled President Eliot to name with almost supernatural correctness the cost of operating buildings that existed only in his brain. On the edge of Boston stand five of the most beautiful and most costly edifices adorning any university quadrangle—the Harvard Medical School, with buildings and endowments worth five million dollars. When completed the upkeep expense of these buildings was found for the first year's operation to be within—I think it was—two hundred and fifty dollars of the cost as first estimated, years before, by Doctor Eliot.

It need hardly be said that the care of university funds enjoys a chief share in all this advance and is now generally on a basis as far removed as the poles from the older ways—methods is too strong a word. In some cases the securities and moneys are kept entirely by a bank or trust company; the bursar on the campus simply collects tuitions or rents and disburses on vouchers. More frequently the treasurer or auditor is under bond and responsible for the care of the capital and the collection and distribution of the income. In that case he usually shares this responsibility with a finance or investment committee consisting of those trustees most noted for their financial acumen and probity. In the case of some institutions these men handle a capital comparable to that of a fair-sized insurance company or of several banks. Furthermore, a return of four and a half to five per cent is generally obtained. The productive capital of Harvard, Columbia, Chicago and Leland Stanford Universities was only a little less than ninety million dollars. In December this item was increased to one hundred millions. It is significant to note in this connection that astonishingly seldom has any breath of scandal ever intimated the selfish use by any such committee of the huge funds thus necessarily intrusted to it.

Perhaps the test that should first of all be made of any and every college or university today is what might be called "the budget test." Every good institution of higher education now rigorously regulates its expenditures by a budget. This is worked over carefully the preceding year, when opportunity is given to all the departments to present their probable prospective needs. It estimates as carefully as possible the income of the following year and on that basis distributes the expenditures to the different departments as fairly as possible. In the most business-like institutions the business manager, or treasurer, or controller finds on his desk every thirtieth day the comparison of all expenditures to date, with the earlier estimate and with the actual experience of the corresponding month of the preceding year. If the head of the department of geology is approaching the end of his appropriation, and has not learned his condition from his voucher stubs, he is reminded of it in definite terms. The treasurer is the banker; the department head is the depositor; only a special vote of the trustees or their local committee can extend the depositor's credit beyond the limit of the original appropriation assigned him. It is no secret that the president of a great university in the Middle West has devoted the major part of his new energies simply to the immense task of putting the finances upon the budget basis. As a result, the large deficits of an earlier day are now past.

The Test of the Efficient College

THE wisest possible expenditure is just beginning to be secured by another recent importation from the commercial world—the analysis of the year's whole expenditure and its division into such portions as instruction, administration, upkeep of plant, extension and miscellaneous. The tendency resulting from the introduction of business-like organization, it has been noted, is for the less desirable expense channels of administration, upkeep and extension to increase faster than that of instruction. This tendency the annual analysis lessens, for every college wishes to show the largest possible percentage in instruction.

Another test of the efficient college is the fullness of the treasurer's report. This has come only after a struggle, but the battle for "sweetness and light" in this connection has been won decisively. Not long ago a Western capitalist of philanthropic tendencies was asked by a small college to become a trustee. He replied that he would accept only if the school would agree to have its financial methods investigated by an accounting firm and to embody the firm's suggestions in all respects. As a result, one is surprised, on picking up the publications of this little-known institution, to find its treasurer's report one of the best in the land. This business man's attitude is that of an increasing number of philanthropists.

This brings up the whole problem of securing the funds. Generally this is one of the chiefest responsibilities—too often easily the chiefest—of the president. More recently the feeling has been growing that the prime business of a college president is education, not the financial promotion of an educational project. At a few institutions, therefore,

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THE FAILURES

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"You Can Never Work Where I'm City Editor. Understand? I Have No Room for Your Kind"

I CAN tell it now, for the world has wagged on since the story "broke." Moreover, other and better stories are "breaking" every day and this one has been crowded out and forgotten. Even if Wicks should read it, he will forget it the next minute. Wicks is the city editor. I call him Wicks because it isn't his real name; and he has forgotten that Miss Bannister is dead and that he helped her solve the riddle of existence. The Hungry Boy, hungry no longer, is back in New York; and occasionally there drifts in to Wicks a rumor that he has made good.

With success will come forgetfulness to the Hungry Boy. It came to Miss Bannister years ago; and, now that the rains have obliterated the simple epitaph on a wooden headboard in the Potter's Field, Miss Bannister is also forgotten. As for Wicks, he is still the city editor and his entire attention is taken up seeing to it that his paper isn't scooped.

Wicks cracked the bull whip of authority on a morning newspaper in San Francisco. He was the biggest man on the paper and he weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He had the brain of a prophet, the heart of a gladiator and a temper not unlike that of a purblind rattler. He was hated by his inferiors, respected by his equals and beloved of the managing editor. He was brutally frank, eminently just and held a good news story to be of greater import than the ultimate salvation of his own immortal soul. He drew seventy-five a week as city editor, which was fifteen a week better than the best in town. I mention this merely to prove that Wicks was a wonder.

No, Wicks was not popular; but he would fight like a fiend for his paper. If you worked under Wicks, and possessed half the brains and some of the virtues of a real man, you could get along with him. Also you could figure always on a square deal. Two things he demanded of his reporters—the truth and pure English. Ergo, life with Wicks was one continuous battle for his ideals. In the end, he grew so that the best efforts of his best men failed to elicit a grudging compliment.

Perhaps the trouble with Wicks was most aptly expressed by Madame De Guigne—Hattie McSorley—the day Wicks fired her, after telling her that her society column gave him the "papsylals"—whatever they are supposed to be. Hattie agreed with Wicks, because she hated the work anyhow; and, moreover, she was engaged to an insurance man who was working up a nice business. She laughed and shook hands with Wicks; and then, being a woman, she gave Wicks the greatest compliment of his existence: She told him he reminded her of curdled cream in an otherwise excellent cup of coffee.

Wicks never forgot that remark. Years after, when Hattie's insurance man left her to realize on his own policy, Wicks sent for her and gave her a job as librarian. However, let us to the story:

Nobody ever knew why Wicks hired Miss Bannister. She simply came up to his desk, asked for a job and got it. The Hungry Boy was watching Wicks furtively at the time and noted that Wicks didn't even look at Miss Bannister. To be just a trifle brutal, the Hungry Boy didn't blame Wicks for keeping his glance on the copy he was reading at the time. Freaks are, as a rule, interesting—except always the literary "freak," who is usually a bore. Miss Bannister was of that type of literati. She was past forty, thin and ill-nourished, with sparse blonde hair and dreary, hopeless eyes. She had never been beautiful and to the casual observer she conveyed the impression that at any moment she might fall to pieces—buttons missing, shirtwaist bulging at the side; collar up under her ear, her ancient hat tilted over one eye. It was patent, even to the Hungry Boy, that she possessed but one suit—and that, a musty brown, was the one she wore. It was sadly spotted up one side, mute evidence of too close proximity to a street sprinkler followed by a dust storm. In short, she was a mussy, dejected person.

Wicks put her on as a "sob sister," which is to state that she was expected to deliver each day a story of a crippled newsboy snatching an old lady from death in front of a trolley car, but perishing himself in the attempt; of an Italian emigrant stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving family; of the waitress who was too proud to accept a tip, such was her conception of the dignity of labor; of the mother who lay dead in bed while her three-year-old baby tried in vain to awaken her. Wicks always demanded at least three tears a week from a sob sister. He knew what the public liked and he was there to see that the public got what it wanted.

So Miss Bannister went to work; and at the end of a week even the Hungry Boy knew she couldn't sob worth a cent. Wicks glanced darkly over her copy and wagged his head portentously. He complained to the news editor that Miss Bannister couldn't "dig." The news editor thought she wrote "good stuff" occasionally, but Wicks reiterated that she couldn't "dig," which is to state that she let the news get away from her.

The Hungry Boy suspected that she was shy on carfare and telephone money. He knew from bitter experience how hard it is to get over the ground on foot. When one is a stranger and broke, the first week on a newspaper is terribly hard, particularly for a woman. Of course, after payday it's different; but when the woman is tired and weak and unhappy it's twice as hard. Miss Bannister impressed the Hungry Boy as one who lived in a cellar and subsisted on crackers and tea, with occasionally an apple. He felt that she was bucking an uphill game; and so, being of an imaginative turn of mind, he was able to give her a few good stories each week. They were fair sob material and helped out wonderfully. In addition to this service, the Hungry Boy loaned Miss Bannister a dollar one Saturday night, which was very decent of him in view of the fact that he was a cub and earned but ten dollars a week—and this particular dollar was the very last of the ten.

You will ask: Who was the Hungry Boy? But I will not answer. Of course he had a name; but the memory of those lean years is sacred to the Hungry Boy and his heart is still brittle enough to want to cling to this nomenclature of his years in Vagabondia. All of his stuff is signed now, for the name means money—and, as I said before, he is hungry no longer.

So, why write of the Hungry Boy as he is when he must be written of as he was? Else there is no story. Suffice he was a youth of twenty-two and could do a little of many things and none of them well, although the news editor once remarked that there was hope for him as a reporter after he had attained his growth. His English was singularly pure for a reporter, however, and he had a fondness for adjectives. Wicks suspected that the Hungry Boy would write poetry if given half a chance; and, as everybody knows, poetry has ruined more good newspaper men than drink.

Lest there be those who may imagine that this unfortunate youth derived his sobriquet through the too apparent cravings of an abnormal and never-satisfied appetite, I hasten to set at rest forever all such suspicions. It was not what he ate—which, at times, was little enough—but what he looked that earned him his name. Like yon Cassius, he had "a lean and hungry look." It is possible that, like the majority of ten-dollar-a-week men, this youth was a disciple of quantity rather than quality. His opportunities for gaining a decision over a T-bone were few and far between.

When he first came to work on the paper he was hollow-eyed and cadaverous. Wicks stood him for three days and then tendered a loan until payday. To his surprise, the offer was declined. Years later the Hungry Boy confessed to Wicks that had the offer been made sooner he would have been spared the alternative of purloining Roget's Thesaurus, Robinson on Homonyms and Synonyms, the Penal Code and a World Atlas. Wicks remembered missing them from the library. He raised a terrible row at the time and quite frightened the Hungry Boy. In three days the ghost would perambulate and he had hoped to redeem

Before Him, on a Shabby, Dirty Bed, Miss Bannister was Lying

them before they were missed. Of course he returned them later; but, had Wicks at the time remotely suspected the Hungry Boy of such originality, he would have abused him, threatened to fire him and ended by raising his salary and endeavoring to make a man of him.

Perhaps I have given the reader reason to suspect that this is to be a newspaper story. It is. And now, having arranged the cast of characters, the curtain rises on Act I.

It was a cold, rainy night in December the twenty-second of December, to be quite exact. There is no soft music; so, instead, it must be cold and rainy. Wicks had just come into the local room, after eating his dinner, and the clock was just striking eight. It is worthy of remark that the entrance of Wicks into the local room and the striking of the clock at the hour of eight had been synonymous for ten years. He crossed over to his desk, removed his coat and cuffs, rolled up his sleeves and took up the burden of his existence.

For nearly an hour there was little activity in the local room, save for the rattle of three or four typewriters and the frequent ringing of the telephone on the city editor's desk. Occasionally, when a copy boy emerged from the telegraph room, the clatter from the telegraph instruments filled the local room for a moment, to be crowded out again as the door closed. Under the blazing blue mercury lights Wicks' eyes burned red and baleful, his lips and ears a horrid green. Mercury lights in a local room distort things strangely; and as Wicks sat huddled over his desk, scanning copy, he resembled nothing so much as a gargoyle with a grouch

The Hungry Boy, being a cub—or more properly a scrub, for he had now passed his six months of probation and with a little encouragement would have injected himself into the class of real newspaper men—sat swinging his lean legs from the top of the city editor's desk. He was a general utility man, reserved for unimportant details. When the Hungry Boy wrote a story it would be run with a small head on an inside page, tucked away with the births and deaths and marriage licenses. In all his life he had never brought in a scoop, or even a sensational story, and he had never had a story on the front page. Nightly his stuff was slashed to pieces or rewritten by somebody who could write. Suddenly the Hungry Boy saw Wicks kick back his chair, stand erect, clench his fists and raise both arms over his head. Then the arms descended viciously. Wicks' face was distorted in a demoniac grimace of disgust which, under the peculiar influence of the mercury lights, caused him to resemble greatly the popular conception of the late Mr. Hyde.

"O-o-w-w! W-o-w-w! W-o-o-w!" snarled Wicks. His malevolent glance wandered around the room until it rested on Miss Bannister. She was chewing the end of her pencil the while she searched her torpid brain for a new and original thought.

The Hungry Boy was glad that he wasn't the offender this time. There was that in Wicks' face that would have announced to a chimpanzee that enough is sometimes sufficient. He was convinced of this when Wicks strode across the room, headed straight for Miss Bannister. He knew the signs. When Wicks fired a reporter he never called him over to his desk—not Mr. Wicks. Like most small men, Wicks rushed into conflict or grappled with a difficulty as joyously as an Irish terrier at a rat-killing contest. He always carried the fight into the enemy's camp. He paused now opposite Miss Bannister and the Hungry Boy, listening with mouth and ears and eyes agape, heard him pronounce sentence.

"Miss Bannister," said Wicks briskly, "you've been on this paper nearly three months and in all that time you haven't turned in a sheet of clean copy. You don't seem to understand what's wanted. You can't dig. Now the sad thing about the newspaper business is that one must find it all out for oneself. Nobody has any time to teach the other fellow anything and I certainly haven't any time to educate you.

"It's the unwritten law of this office that any reporter that lets anything good get by, without at least getting some of the tail feathers, gets fired. You're supposed to cover the Associated Charities, and yet we've been scooped twice this week on good human-interest stuff. I'm sorry to have to let you go, but I must have real reporters on this paper. I'll give you an order on the business office for your salary; so you won't have to wait until payday "

That was all. Wicks was just, if a little hardhearted, and never discharged a reporter without stating his reasons; but he was the court of last resort and there was no appeal from his decisions. Moreover, it is the written law of the Fourth Estate that when one is "canned," one puts on one's hat and departs—smiling, if possible. It is bad form to ask questions.

It did not occur to Wicks that Miss Bannister would dare to question the finality of his decision. Having delivered the message, he turned sternly to his own desk and sat down. Within two minutes, which was exactly the length of time it took for the situation to dawn on Miss Bannister, Wicks would have been in a fair way of forgetting he had ever seen her, unless, indeed, somebody should call up on the 'phone and ask about her.

As I have already stated, the "sob sister" was a freak. More than once she had wept over her own stuff. She thought it was great. So presently she gathered herself together, walked over to Wicks' desk and told him so! She told him he didn't know good writing when he saw it.

Wicks looked up, a sardonic grin wreathing his alert countenance, and reminded Miss Bannister of a homely adage, to wit: A difference of opinion was always responsible for horse-trades; whereat Miss Bannister started to explain and presently to plead. Goodness knows she was replete with excuses, but out of the pathos of it all the one damning fact stood out like a crow on a dead limb. She was incompetent. Wicks knew it, every man on the copy desk knew it, even the Hungry Boy knew it; but Miss Bannister refused to believe it. She was dead timber and she had to be dropped—so dropped she was. Only, for the first time in all his life as a city editor, Wicks condescended to argue the question, which he should not have done, because one should never argue with a woman.

Finding argument useless, Wicks took refuge in anger. Then, feeling ashamed of himself, he commenced to plead with his tormentor.

"Miss Bannister," he said, "for your own sake get out of this business. You don't belong here. It's a man's game and you cannot do the work. Get a job somewhere else. Wait on table or take in washing; do something, but don't work on a newspaper at fifteen a week when ——"

No use. Miss Bannister was a freak—the kind that would prefer to starve in a garret on the chance of selling a few weak verses or an impossible story than secure a position as a domestic, eat three square meals a day and rest in a clean, comfortable bed at night.

In the end Wicks jumped up, bounded into his coat, seized his hat and fled into the composing room. Miss Bannister followed, so Wicks sprang into the elevator, shot down into the press room and swore horribly. They were running off the color sheets for the next Sunday's paper; so nobody heard him.

When he returned, fifteen minutes later, Miss Bannister sat at her table. She had at length swallowed the bitter dose. Wicks watched her furtively as she sat there digging her pencil aimlessly into a pad of copy paper.

In a newspaper office nothing can be of surpassing interest for more than an hour. Hence it is not surprising that within half an hour Wicks had forgotten Miss Bannister. To Wicks it was an episode to the Hungry Boy, who had seen it all, it was a tragedy. He understood. As for Miss Bannister, she continued to sit at her table; and there was a blank look on her face, as if her thought faculties suddenly had been suspended. Her faded eyes never blurred with a single tear; her nebulous lower lip did not quiver once. Only she kept staring at Wicks without malice, or resentment, or self-pity, or indeed anything save a dull sort of curiosity. The blow had fallen, but apparently she had not yet begun to suffer.

At about half after ten she rose a little sadly and walked from the room. She said goodby to no one and no one cared.

"Poor old girl!" thought the Hungry Boy—and just then Wicks called his name sharply. It would not do to trifle with Wicks in his present humor, so the Hungry Boy approached him on the jump.

"I'm glad to see you're acquiring that newspaper trot," said Wicks savagely. "There's a Tong war broke out in Chinatown and two Chinks are dying at the Harbor Hospital. Hop to it "

The Hungry Boy "hopped to it," and as he hopped from it he wondered why Wicks had detailed him on such an important story. He did not know that he had been the only man available when the story "broke." Hence he was feeling a little pleased with himself when he reported back.

"Well?" snapped Wicks.

The Hungry Boy glowed with the consciousness of a front-page story at last.

"I have a rattling good sto ——" he began.

"Write it," said Wicks.

The Hungry Boy stared.

"Early copy—seven hundred and fifty words. We'll be overset again tonight," continued Wicks, "and don't spend your time prancing around for a lead, like a young pup over a gopher-hole."

"Seven hundred and fifty words?" repeated the Hungry Boy. He was disappointed. He felt that the story was worth a column and a half, with a two-column head.

Wicks smiled the familiar smile. He understood.

"Cut out the bunk," he admonished. "Be brief."

The Hungry Boy was angry to the core of his being. He cast upon Wicks a glance that would have wilted anybody but a city editor. As for Wicks, that worthy appeared just a little bit thoughtful, as the Hungry Boy jumped for a typewriter and fell to on his story.

"It appears," growled Wicks, "that I'm getting to be as popular around this office as a deceased dogfish. I wonder if I'm too hard on these incompetents."

He cogitated for several minutes, then turned to his typewriter and wrote out the following notice, which he pasted on the editorial bulletin board:

NOTICE

A bonus of five dollars will be paid each week to the reporter bringing in the best exclusive story for that week independent of a tip from the office. Effective immediately.

E. WICKS, City Editor.

"There," said Wicks as he backed away and surveyed the product of a great idea; "I bet that will get the young pups to digging."

At eleven forty-five the Hungry Boy turned in his story. It contained twelve hundred words and he protested that it was impossible to tell the story in less.

Wicks glanced at the lead, peeped into the body of the second sheet, swore as he reached the third and at the fourth called over the City Hall man, who was trying to wheedle the sporting editor out of a fight ticket.

"Take this junk," said Wicks brutally, "prune it down to seven hundred and fifty words and make a story out of

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"You've Been On This Paper Nearly Three Months and You Haven't Turned in a Sheet of Clean Copy"

W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

X

LUCIEN MAVIS had been one of my father's younger friends; I, in turn, had grown up to be one of his. He was a sort of connecting link between generations. Most of the old crowd—my father's—were dead or at Nauheim which is the last station but one—and Lucien had gradually turned to my crowd for company and recreation. Shortly after Lucy's birth—Lucy Anna Mavis; a mighty pretty name, I think—Mrs. Mavis died of pneumonia and Lucien's coal-black hair turned a cindery gray. Otherwise he didn't show either his grief or his new sense of responsibility. Lucy's babyhood was a great joke to my father and mother.. Mother used to come home and tell my sister Joan and me about it. "There's a night nurse," mother would say, "and a day nurse and an old family nurse to watch them. Mr. Mavis has bought a little farm in Westchester, and the dairy's all tiles, and the milkmen wear white suits and rubber gloves; and that's all so that Lucyanna"—so we called her in the family—"can be sure of having wholesome milk. And Mr. Mavis buys toys for her almost every day, though she's too young to know the difference between a toy and the man in the moon."

All through her childhood Lucy was watched with frenzied solicitude and had all sorts of unnecessary things done for her. Mother to the contrary notwithstanding, Lucy grew up strong and not so spoiled as to annoy her elders. She was naturally happy and inquisitive. When she got to be fourteen Lucien put her at school in a convent in Tours. This sudden change from a decadent Athenian life to one altogether Spartan seems hard to account for. It had, however, been the mother's death-bed wish. Lucien felt that he had no choice in the matter. He did what he could. He offered to put open fireplaces in all the girls' rooms, rugs on the floor and any quantity of modern plumbing and electric lights, and an indirect system of hot-water heating—but the Mother Superior laughed at him. She took him to a balcony overlooking the schoolroom and showed him all the schoolgirls, young and old, and called attention to their bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

"The twins," she said, "those two sisters in the front row—one is standing up to tell what she knows of geography—were delicate when they came. Now, however, they are as plump as two snails."

Lucien said something about teeth.

"But in Tours," said the Mother Superior, "we have an American dentist. My dear sir, people can do without heat, without fixed bathtubs, without rugs, but how the world has gotten along—since the days of miracles—without American dentists is more than I can say."

In the end Lucien confided Lucyanna to the good Sisters and, though he himself was of no particular faith, sent them down some gross of especially expensive patent candles to burn on their altars and a check with which they were to put their old brokendown orangery in order; and he sent a box of dolls, with open-and-shut eyes and vanity clothes, for some of the very little girls. He has told me that the fact of leaving Lucyanna alone in a far land—he had his business to get back to—aged him ten years.

I must say the sight of her rejuvenated me. The sight of her also rejuvenated Challis. We were terribly proud of her; terribly proud of the hit she was making in London; anticipatorily proud of the furor she would create in New York.

"They don't know, back home," said Challis, "what we've got for 'em—the poor, ignorant, brawling, groveling cusses!—they don't know. But you and I—we'll be on the inside; we'll be the showmen."

"Really," I said, "I don't see where you come in. First place, I discovered her; and, second place, I've told her in confidence that you are not a man to be trusted."

Challis winked his other eye, whichever that is.

"Ware Le Renard subtil," he said. "Lucyanna doesn't have to be told what's plated and what's hallmarked."

"All the dukes," said I, "and even the humble earls want in; but I've taken pains to let 'em know where Lucien stands in the business world—showy—very, very showy—but not solid."

"He's the kind of American," said Challis, "who spends two hundred thousand a year all his life, dies and leaves behind a life-insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars and not another damned asset."

These words of Challis' were curiously prophetic.

We got to the country place at last and gave a tremendous housewarming. Lucyanna and Lady Rose came, and

"She Had Turned Those Eyes on Oggie"

quantities of gay people—and two or three of more sober pursuits. We had tennis tournaments and golf tournaments and fly-casting competitions—and, as Challis said, "filled our faces with hothouse fruit." The great new dramatist came down and wrote a little one-act farce for Lucy with ink on the white paneling of a breakfast room; and we decided to play the farce among the Lebanon cedars by the lily pond—and then, bang, came a cable for poor little Lucyanna to say that her father was very ill indeed, and that she must come home to him at once.

Lady Rose and I took her to Liverpool. The last thing I said to her was this

"New York's a desert now, Lucy. I've taken the liberty of cabling Oggie Brown to meet you. If you need any chores done he'll do 'em; and if he won't I'll cable Dum Dum and Dum Dum'll break Oggie's neck."

We'd all written her steamer letters, and sent baskets of fruit and boxes of candy to the steamer, and all the new books and magazines, and done everything we could to make her comfortable.

At last the big ship pulled up stakes—or whatever it is that big ships do when they get a move on—and Lady Rose and I stood in the drizzle waving; and Lady Rose was sniffling. She controlled herself with a snort and repeated some lines of verse that sounded sort of familiar:

"Say, do you know fair Ines?
She's gone into the West
To dazzle where the sun goes down
And rob the world of rest."

"I don't know what's to become of her," said I, "if her father dies. I doubt if there'll be any money."

Lady Rose turned to me sharply.

"Haven't you got enough for two?"

"Plenty," I said dismally.

"And you haven't done anything about it?"

"Yes," I said; "but she hasn't."

Two days later I had a cable from Oggie saying that Lucien was dead and that Oggie was in charge.

XI

I CAN'T be expected to give the exact details of Lucyanna's landing in New York, her being met by Oggie, her learning without a word spoken that her poor father was dead, and of her being perfectly calm and collected about

[illegible] not to embarrass Oggie until she got alone by herself. From the first, it seems, Oggie thought and did invaluable things. For instance, just when Lucyanna had been long enough with her grief, he caused Mrs. Dum Dum to arrive from Newport. Mrs. Dum Dum has almost as big a heart as her husband; and she knows all about deaths that hurt, and having children, and making people comfortable, and saying the right thing. And she's still too young and pretty to be another man's wife. She captured Lucy bag, baggage and heart—slipped her on board Dum Dum's yacht and carried her off to Newport.

Oggie followed in a day or two to talk over affairs—and he kept on following. Sometimes he managed to be with Lucy twice a week, to get her signature to papers and to learn her will in this and that. A clerk could have done the work as well, but that is neither here nor there.

In September the Sparkses moved to their place on Long Island, taking Lucy with them. She made a few ineffectual and halfhearted efforts to bring her long "graft," as she called it, to an end; but when Dum Dum likes a guest, that guest, unless physically stronger than Dum Dum, stays on and on. Meanwhile the straightening out of Lucy's father's affairs went on and showed more and more conclusively that Challis' dire prophecy about them was going to be realized. The estate's debts ate up practically everything except a life-insurance policy of fifty thousand dollars and a few ragtag ends of stock blocks, most of them worthless.

On the first of October, Chal and I having returned from England, the directors of W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, met at the Rest House to receive the general manager's report on the affairs of the company. These were booming. What the exact figures were I don't rightly remember, because during the next few days some biggish checks came in and the first royalties for Oggie's book of short stories, On the Ragged Edge. But I do remember that the figures really astonished me at the time. It almost seemed as if figures must be lying—and it's well known that they can't. More interesting than the figures was the total change in our relation with Oggie. A few short months before he had been under almost ridiculously big obligations to us. Now it looked as if we were going to be put under ridiculously big obligations to him. My hundred shares in him, which I had regarded as rather more than less of a joke, began to look potentially like the most valuable hundred shares of stock I possessed in the world. And I've got some good ones. Always have had, thank Heaven!

Oggie had done a giant's work, thanks to regular hours and a spirit of obligation. On the Ragged Edge, issued in July, had been selling like sixty ever since. The novel that had failed him so was beginning to go. Among other things he had to report the acceptance of a play by Belasco, some goodish law fees and no end of work in sight. We were able to declare a dividend of ten per cent on the company's capital stock and to feel ultra conservative in doing so. It seemed a little hard that Oggie should have only a fifth say as to the disposition of his own earnings and that he should only have a fifth of these. But Dum Dum very curtly said: "No; it wasn't in the least hard." And Oggie himself agreed with him. Oggie said:

"If you hadn't helped me there wouldn't have been any earnings. I'm not such a fool as to think that the law business that has come my way is entirely owing to my own efforts. Dum Dum's land suit was the company's first business. Since then the company has done business for others of the company's directors or for their friends. It's only recently that genuine outside work has begun to come our way. As a matter of fact, I'm a lucky dog to have a fifth interest in myself. I intend to get rich out of it. Rich!"

He thumped his right fist into the palm of his left hand and laughed; and then, with a mocking smile, "Mr. President," said he, "and gentlemen, have you any personal orders for me? Are you satisfied with the fashion of my hair? I am using Tiger's Tooth Paste; should I switch to some other dentrifice?"

We voted that hereafter the general manager of the company should be his own judge in matters relating to his toilet. Belden, of course, voting two shares, made a minority report of protest. Then Oggie turned serious and told us of a block of lots in the Bronx that he had smelled out and that were going begging. He wished the company to buy these and hold them. There was a great dispute about

it, but Oggie, sharpened by regular hours and habits, talked to us in a way there was no gainsaying; and the first thing we knew, Belden still protesting, we had decided to add real estate to the company's established specialties of law and literature.

Belden, with tears in his eyes, warned us that, first thing we knew, Oggie would make us go in for bell glasses and Russian dancing.

XII

LUCYANNA, of course, was in very deep mourning, but her father had had his ideas about mourning and she had hers. It is only people who are still savage at heart who make a great hullabaloo about death and, if that death has hurt them, do everything in their power to hurt themselves still further. Tearing the hair out in handfuls and howling oneself hoarse is the oriental idea. Ours is to give up things that we like to do and try to make ourselves remember instead of trying to make ourselves forget. I know a man who gave up smoking for a year because his wife died. His wife had never disapproved of his smoking and sometimes smoked a cigarette herself. That man was an ass. And why a year? Why not a year and three days? People will give up tennis, riding, all forms of pleasurable exercising, for a stated interval—six months, say; and these forms of biting one's nose off to spite one's face are called "respect for the dead." When I make a forehand drive to Dum Dum's backhand corner do I insult the memory of my dead uncle?

Lucyanna loved games of all kinds and, as house parties aren't functions, the Dum Dums kept inviting people to their house who could amuse her. There was always some member of the Rest House about somewhere, often three or four, and a young girl or two of Lucyanna's age. Because the autumn was long and lovely there was always something doing out-of-doors—tennis and riding, golf and clay-pigeon shooting, and even expeditions after chestnuts. Cramped as is the Dum Dums' style by their great wealth and vast collection of servants, still, corn may be popped at their fires or marshmallows roasted.

Time was never allowed to drag; Lucyanna was never given the chance to brood upon her grief or her financial troubles. And if you think her poor dead father felt dreadfully insulted, I don't.

All Dum Dum's Rest House friends were her friends. Singly, by twos and threes, and even all together, we raved about her, though Oggie was sometimes curiously silent when her name came up. She gave everybody a chance. It wasn't hard to get her alone or to get her to talk in her gentle way about serious things; but it wasn't until nearly Christmas that she began to realize how dreadfully poor she was.

One fine, frosty Sunday morning she and I went for a walk. Apropos of nothing, she turned to me with a plaintive look and said:

"I wanted to give Dum and Mrs. Dum something really beautiful for Christmas and Oggie says I just mustn't. He says I can't afford to give anybody anything—ever. I thought fifty thousand dollars was oceans of money, but it seems as if it really isn't anything."

"Is fifty thousand all you've really cleared up, Lucy?" I asked.

"Just about," she said.

"What have you put it in?"

"Nothing," she said. "Oggie says it isn't a good time to buy either stocks or bonds; and they are falling off, aren't they?"

"You bet they are," I said; "but Oggie isn't J. P. Morgan."

"Isn't he?" she said. "I thought he was."

"The market may go lower," I said. "Personally I doubt it, but it may; so, if you've constituted Oggie your definite business adviser, why, take his advice of course and hold off."

"Do you," she said, "happen to know of anything good?"

"You wouldn't listen to me."

"Oh, yes, I would."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then, Lucyanna," said I, "spend your poor old legacy on Christmas presents, if you like, and leave the rest to me."

She leaned against the stem of a young oak to which the red, shriveled leaves still clung, and she looked at me with a great reproach.

"How could you!" she said; "after I'd gotten over the wretchedness of saying no to you once! Oh, how could you? Now I've got to feel mean and unhappy about it all over again!"

"Oh, Lucy!" I said; "no man of heart is to be put off with one 'No.'"

"Do I count so little?" she said. "If you had your name put up for a club, and were—weren't elected, you wouldn't try again, would you?"

"You've chosen a humiliating parallel for us both," I said. "I didn't apply for membership just now, but for ownership. It's different. And you didn't throw me down thinking I'm a blackguard and a bounder, which is why men don't get into clubs, but because you don't love me. If you loved me you'd elect me to ownership, no matter what I am. You don't. You won't. And there's an end. Your two 'Noes' are enough—a right and a left, and down goes Cock Robin. Come, let's walk it off. We're both feeling wretched about it. Wouldn't do for fond lovers to show up looking pale and wan!"

We walked a mile or more, very briskly and hardly exchanging a word; but I did a lot of thinking. When we came to the top of a long hill, from which you could see the Sound across forests of naked trees, we stopped to admire the view; and presently I said:

"Lucyanna, as a matter of fact, I do happen to know of something extremely good."

XIII

"THERE'S a company I'm interested in," said I, "actively interested in. It's a small concern, but it's going to be big. Personally I want to get out, because I've been planning a two-years' hunting trip, all over everywhere, and I don't want to leave any loose ends behind. This little company hasn't been going much more than a year; but already it's paid handsome dividends and has enough assets, cash on hand and cash in the sinking fund, to bring all the stockholders out more than even in case the company should have to wind up its affairs." Of course Oggie might die! "Now I own a fifth interest and if you say the word I'll turn that over to you at par."

"Are you awfully sure it's good?" she asked.

"It's a splendid chance to make big money," I said, "and no risk whatever to what you put in—that much is certain."

"I'm tremendously obliged," she said. "Will it take all I've got?"

"No," I said. "I wish it would, for your sake. The hundred shares will cost you an even ten thousand dollars. . . . But look here, Lucyanna, I don't want you going into advisement with Oggie about this. I want you to do it on your own hook, taking my word for it, or not to do it at all. It would be a comfort to me to know that for once you'd taken my word for something and had felt free to act upon it."

"Then I will do it," she said. "And I know it's the best thing I could do. And I'm tremendously obliged."

Then she laughed aloud.

"But you haven't told me what the company is!" she cried.

"The company," I said, "is one that I told you something of in London. It's W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated."

I had half expected that she would be amused. She wasn't—or didn't seem to be.

"Oh," she said, "will he like it?"

"He—who?" I asked.

"Why, Oggie, of course."

"Why shouldn't he like it?" I said. "I hope the knowledge of it will be an added incentive to him to make good."

She thought this over and said: "Oh, no; I think not—but anyway—— Listen! Don't you think it would be just as well not to tell him?"

"But," I said, "the company's books would show. He'd find out at the next directors' meeting, sure."

"When is it?"

"Next Wednesday—special meeting to talk over an extra dividend."

"Isn't there any way of keeping it secret for a while?"

"Why do women love secrets?" I said. "Yes, Lucy, there is a way. You give me a dollar and I'll give you an option on my stock for as long as you say—with accrued dividends."

"Where will I get the dollar?" she asked.

"You little goat," I said. "You don't have to produce it now. When we get back to the house will do—any time. The easiest way would be to take a dollar's worth of stamps out of Dum Dum's desk."

And so the matter was quickly arranged.

Well, from that moment it sat rather heavy on my conscience. Of course I'd risked my money on Oggie—it was a business proposition. I had a perfect right to sell my stock in him. At the same time, wasn't it a little unfriendly?—a joke with a little too much of a sting in it? For what it amounted to was this—I had sold a fifth share of an old friend to a young girl. Fortunately they were great friends. She treated him as an older and more responsible and a much more capable person than the rest of us; and he treated her—well, beautifully—just the way a staid family lawyer should treat a young and beautiful client. Now that steadiness had come to Oggie and promise of fortune, he showed all the makings of a splendid bachelor. You see, he'd done a good deal of living, but was all through with that sort of thing; and he'd tasted bitterness and disappointment, and had raged against himself, and had written realistic stories and romances, and these things age a man and make him feel, perhaps, that he's all through with the emotional side of life.

We saw him less and less at the Rest House. His affection for us was steady, but it seemed that many people more important than ourselves, intellectually and by achievement, had use for his company. He was often dining with notables and making speeches on legal aspects and political questions. We comforted ourselves by

"I am Going to be President"

saying: "Whatever Oggie is, we're responsible; no matter how far he goes, we've started him with money in one pocket and sandwiches in the other, and a God-bless-you thrown in for good measure."

XIV

THE fact of having sold my interest in Oggie got so on my nerves finally that I decided to run away for a few days to think it over. I was tempted to renig if Lucy would let me. The better to kill two birds with one stone, I went South, where there are quail. My few days grew into two weeks and resulted in the firm resolve to confess what I had done to the directors of the W. O. B. I., in meeting assembled. I couldn't make wrong right, but I could eat humble pie and call myself names, and that's always a comfort when you've been mischievous.

I found Challis at the Rest House, but he seemed preoccupied and not especially glad to see me; and when I tried to confide in him he shut me off and said to excuse him, please, just for a few minutes, as he was trying to work out a very interesting "end play" offered in the Field. So I got the latest Rire and tried to translate the jokes. Presently Dum Dum came in, nodded curtly and said hello in a gruff, forbidding way, and hid himself behind an evening paper. Then Coles arrived; and he gave a stinted greeting and pulled some letters out of his pocket and began to read them. I soon lost interest in the Rire and fell to studying my friends' morose and rude faces until curiosity got the better of me. Had Lucy told, and did they despise me for selling Oggie? Had I, by any chance, offended in some other way? Or did all three of them just happen to feel cranky at the same time and for no reason at all? I yielded, as I say, to curiosity, and said:

"What makes all you fellows look and act so ugly at the same time?"

I was looking at Dum Dum. He flushed, shrugged his shoulders and turned his head and looked at Chal.

"May as well tell him," he said; "he'll find out the minute he sees Oggie."

I blushed to the roots of my hair and felt frightened, but nobody noticed. Chal folded up his Field and laid it carefully across his knees before speaking. Then he said:

"We've had a row with Oggie. He's mad as a hatter—and quite right too."

I was intensely relieved.

"I thought maybe you were down on me for something I'd done," I said. "You acted so rotten rude."

"You?" Chal shook his head sadly. "No; you're a regular Brutus—an honorable man. We look up to you and admire you beyond measure."

"Very natural, I'm sure," I murmured. "But what is the row? Maybe I can straighten it out. What's happened?"

Dum Dum broke in. "It never occurred to me," he said, "that what I was doing wasn't a perfectly decent thing to do—until I thought it over afterward and Oggie found out and flew into a rage."

"Why," said Coles, "a man has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own property."

"Yes," said Chal; "but this is different."

"I don't see it," said Coles.

"You did see it," said Dum Dum, "when Oggie talked to you about it. You snuffled like a schoolboy speaking a piece and you were as red as a radish."

"You don't enlighten me any," I said.

Challis turned and spoke quietly and seriously.

"Lucy," he said, "has about fifty thousand dollars to invest and she went to Dum Dum for advice—and it dawned on him to turn over his one hundred shares of Oggie Incorporated. That very day she got at Coles and flattered him in the same way by asking his advice. He wanted to make good, of course; and of course, the market being in its present state, he couldn't name anything he really felt sure of except the W. O. B. I. So he named that and handed over his shares."

The root of every hair on my head tingled with a sense of disaster.

"And you, Chal?" I said.

"That same day," he said, "in the conservatory—after dinner," and he hung his head.

"You see," said Dum Dum, "that gives her two hundred and forty-nine shares. She's almost in control. She got after Belden for his two shares, but, thank the Lord, he wouldn't sell."

"How about Stairs?" I said, fighting for time.

"Not back yet," said Coles. "She hasn't had a chance at him. We've got to get you fellows that haven't sold to swear that you won't."

"Why should there be any harm in her owning control?" I said weakly. "She wouldn't exercise it. What does she know about business?"

"What doesn't she know!" said Dum Dum. "But that's nothing. It isn't Oggie's business she'll interfere with. It's Oggie's liberty."

"What do you mean?"

"She can't take her eyes off him," said Chal. There was a short silence.

"Well," said I in the most untroubled voice I could assume, "if Oggie doesn't love her back he's a fool."

"Right," said Chal. "I think he does, and that she knows it, and that they've had words together, and that he thinks because of the way he batted at one time he never ought to marry anybody. But she's not the kind of girl to take 'No!' for an answer; and so she's gone quietly to work and tried to buy control of Oggie. You see, if she had control she'd elect dummy directors and make 'em vote the way she said; and they'd vote that it was to the best interest of the company for its general manager to get married, and then they'd up and name the party."

"Oggie's furious," said Coles. "Of course he hasn't said what he's afraid of, but he says we've sold him out and acted rottenly; and—and, oh, there's the deuce to pay!"

"Belden," said Challis, "won't sell under any consideration. He's sworn as much. I wrote Stairs and have it in his own writing that he won't sell. And of course Oggie won't. There's only you left; and for Oggie's peace of mind you've got to swear that you'll hang on to your holdings through thick and thin."

Dum Dum licked his lips and looked at me in a threatening way.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "we've promised for you."

I shook my head sadly and humbly.

"Just before I went South," I said, "I gave her an option on my holdings."

After a pause Dum Dum said:

"A legal option—did money change hands?"

"Yes," I said, "a dollar's worth of stamps. She got them out of your desk and gave them to me, and I carried them round for a day or two; and when I found that they were all stuck together I put them back where you would find them."

Dum Dum punched a bell with great violence and when the boy came—

"Cocktails," said he in a husky voice.

XV

OGGIE wasn't so angry with me personally as I had feared. He had exhausted his powers of rage and vituperation on the others and I had a quiet talk with him at his office.

"In selling you, Oggie," I said, "I thought only that I was putting Lucy into something good. All I did was to show an immense solicitude for her welfare and an immense belief in your moneymaking capacity. How is business?"

"It's rolling up," said Oggie, "the way a snowball does when the snow's just right. I shouldn't wonder if shares paid fifty or a hundred per cent in two or three years."

"That'll give Lucy a nice little income on her investment," I said. "Leaving yourself out of consideration, you can't but be glad she's done so well for herself."

"I Doubt if There'll be Any Money"

"It's humiliating," said Oggie, "to be in the control of any woman."

"Oh, I don't know!" I said. "And besides ——"

He looked up sharply.

"And besides what?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, say it out!"

"Oggie," I said, "you could marry Lucy if you wanted to."

"In these matters," he said, "there is such a thing as priority of affection. Your cable telling me to meet Lucy's steamer told me other things."

I met his look, I flatter myself, without changing expression and continued just as if he hadn't spoken.

"And part of the marriage ceremony," I said, "is a promise on the girl's part to obey the man."

"As a man," said Oggie, "but not as a trust. And anyway—what I was saying just now—about you?"

"If there's anything to that," I said, "why, I sold you out, and I guess you'd better sell me out. Everybody's noticed how Lucyanna feels toward you—everybody, that is, except me. All I saw was a fair field and no favor. It seems the field is crossed by a ha-ha fence and that I'm carrying too much weight anyway."

"Lucy has told me," he said, "that you have twice asked her to marry you."

"What of it?" I said. "When she's married to you I shall more than likely ask her to run away with me. But nothing would happen."

Oggie retired into his thoughts for some moments.

"You may consider," said I, "that I've withdrawn."

"Even so," said he—"Even so—I can't see myself marrying anybody."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you know. Think how I drank!"

"Do you ever have that thirsty feeling now, Oggie?"

He shook his head.

"Are you afraid of yourself?"

"Not a bit. Once you've made things go by hard work, you needn't be afraid of yourself."

"Are you afraid of something that happened in the old days cropping up to hurt Lucy?"

Again he shook his head.

"It would be," said he, "like putting a beautiful rose in a common kitchen tumbler that was nicked and smudged."

"As long as the tumbler contains nothing but water——" I began facetiously, but he interrupted with a sharp gesture.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"I know this," said I, "that roses wither mighty quickly unless you do the right thing for 'em. Am I privileged to speak plainly?"

"If anybody is, yes."

"Do you love Lucyanna?"

"Yes."

"Does she love you?"

"I think that she would marry me if I asked her; but how do I know that isn't just a temporary insanity?"

"Oh," said I, "you trust Lucyanna for that. But you haven't asked her to marry you?"

"No."

"Oggie"—I sprung the question as suddenly as I could—"has she asked you?"

He blushed crimson and said: "No!"

"Got a Bible handy?" I leered.

"No."

"Will you cross your heart to that then?"

He looked very guilty, but his sense of nobility obliges was very strong.

"I'd kiss the book to it," he said naturally.

"Let it go at that," said I; "but if you had known, at the time she didn't ask you to marry her, that I had withdrawn, would your answer to the question she didn't ask still have been 'No'?"

"Yes," said Oggie.

"Oggie," I said, "if she still wants you she is now in a position to make you marry her. Do you admit that?"

"The by-laws don't say anything about marriage," he said.

"I know," said I, "but our constitution was a very liberal one. Knowing you as well as we thought we did, we provided for a great many contingencies not actually mentioned. Look here: Suppose you'd wanted to marry some one—well, not class—wouldn't a vote of the directors have prevented that?"

"Oh, I suppose," said Oggie, "that the thing works both ways."

"Then," said I, "you steal a march. You ask Lucy to marry you before she's forced to elect a lot of dummy directors and make you."

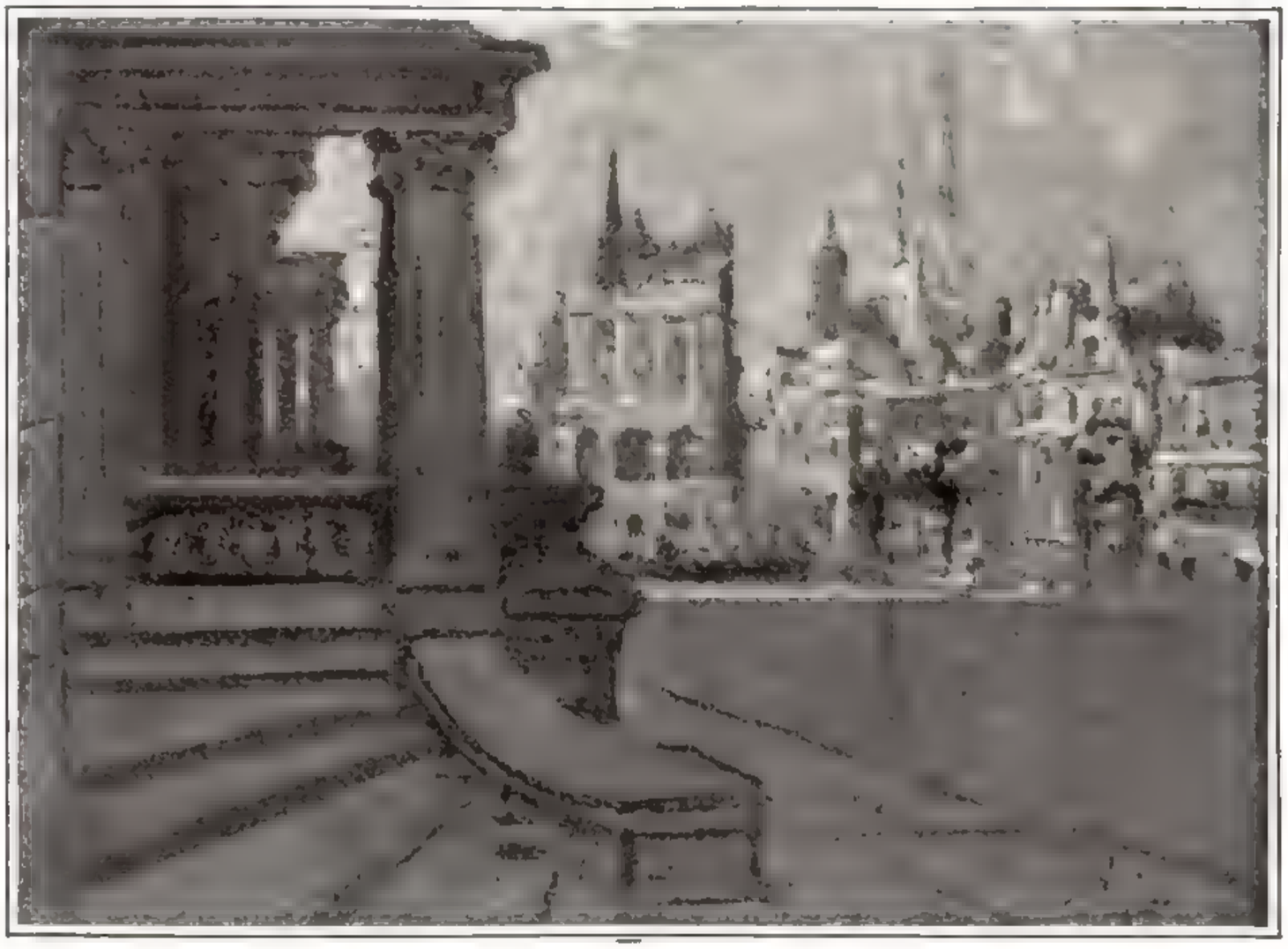
"This mixup has still another side," said Oggie. "Far be it from me to boast, but W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated, is going to be a very big thing one of these days. How do I know it?

(Continued on Page 33)

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



VII

IN THE cold, clear open, Norman proceeded to take the usual account of stock—with dismal results. Dorothy Hallowell had wound him round her fingers, had made him say only the things he should not have said and leave unsaid the things that might have furthered his purposes. However, there was no consolation in the discovery that he was reduced, after all these years of experience, to the common level—man, weak and credulous in his dealings with woman. He hoped that his disgust with himself would lead on to disgust, or, rather, distaste, for her. It is the primal instinct of vanity to dislike and to shun those who have witnessed its humiliation.

"I believe I am coming to my senses," he said. And he ventured to call her up before him for examination and criticism. This as he stood on the forward deck of the ferry-boat with the magnificent panorama of New York before him. New York! And he of its strong men, of the few in all that multitude who had rank and power—he who had won as his promised wife the daughter of one of the dozen mighty ones of the nation! What an ill-timed, what an absurd, what a crazy step-down this excursion of his! And for what? There he summoned her before him. And at the first glance of his fancy at her fair, sweet face and lovely figure he quailed. He was hearing her voice again. He was feeling the yield of her smooth, round form to his embrace, the yield of her smooth, white cheek to his caress.

When he reached home he asked whether his sister was in. The butler said that Mrs. Fitzhugh had just come from the theater. In search of her he went to the library; found her seated there with a book, her wrap thrown back upon her chair.

"Come out to supper with me, Ursula," he said. "I'm starved and bored."

"Why, you're not dressed!" exclaimed his sister. "I thought you were at the Cameron dance with Josephine."

"Had to cut it out," replied he curtly.

They went to a restaurant, and he ordered an enormous supper—one of those incredible meals for which he was famous. They dispatched a quart of champagne before the supper began to come, he drinking at least two-thirds of it. He had eaten half a dozen big oysters, a whole guinea-hen, a whole portion of salad, another of Boniface cheese, with innumerable crackers.

"If I could eat as you do!" sighed Ursula enviously. "Yet it's only one of your accomplishments."

"I'm not eating much nowadays," said he gloomily. "I'm losing my appetite." And he lit a long black cigar and swallowed half a large glass of the champagne. "Nothing tastes good—not even champagne."

"There is something wrong with you," said Ursula. "Did you ask me out for confidences or for advice—or for both?"

"None of them," replied he. "Only for company. I knew I'd not be able to sleep for hours, and I wanted to put off the time when I'd be alone."

"I wish I had as much influence with you as you have with me," said Ursula, by way of preparation for confidences.

"Influence? Don't I do whatever you say?"

She laughed. "Nobody has influence over you," she said.

"Not even myself," replied he morosely.

"Well—that talking-to you gave me has had its effect," proceeded Mrs. Fitzhugh. "It set me to thinking. There are other things besides love—man and woman love. I've decided to—to behave myself and give poor Clayton a chance to rest." She smiled a little maliciously. "He's had a horrible fright. But it's over now. What a fine thing it is for a woman to have a sensible brother!"

Norman grunted and took another liberal draft of the champagne.

"If I had a mind like yours!" pursued Ursula. "Now you simply couldn't make a fool of yourself."

He looked at her sharply. He felt as if she had somehow got wind of his eccentric doings.

"I've always resented your rather contemptuous attitude toward women," she went on. "But you are right—really you are."

"It isn't the woman who makes a fool of the man," said Norman. "It's the man who makes a fool of himself. A match can cause a terrific explosion if it's in the right place—but not if it isn't."

She nodded. "That's it. We're simply matches—and most of us of the poor sputtering kind that burns with a bad odor and goes out right away."

"Yes," repeated Norman, "it's the man who does the whole business."

A mocking smile curled her lips. "I knew you weren't in love with Josephine."

He stared gloomily at his cigar.

"But you're going to marry her?"

"I'm in love with her," he said angrily. "And I'm going to marry her."

She eyed him shrewdly. "Fred—are you in love with some one else?"

Her brother looked at her rather wildly. "Let's go home," he said. He was astounded and alarmed by the discovery that his infatuation had whirled him to the lunacy of longing to confide—and he feared lest, if he should stay on, he would blurt out his secret.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He was downtown half an hour earlier than usual the next morning. But no one noted it because his habit had always been to arrive among the first—not to set an example, but to give his prodigious industry the fullest swing. There was in Turkey a great poet of whom it is said that he must have written twenty-five hours a day. Norman's accomplishment bulked in that same way before his associates. He had not slept the whole night. But, thanks to his enormous vitality, no trace of this serious dissipation showed. The huge supper he had eaten, the sleepless night and the giant breakfast of fruit and cereal and chops and wheatcakes and coffee he had laid in to stay him until lunchtime, would together have given pause to any but such a physical organization as his. The only evidence of it was a certain slight irritability—but this may have been due to his state of intense self-dissatisfaction.

As he entered the main room his glance sought the corner where Miss Hallowell was ensconced. She happened to look up at that instant. With a radiant smile she bowed to him in friendliest fashion. He colored deeply, frowned with annoyance, bowed coldly and strode into his room. He fussed with his papers for a few minutes, then rang the bell.

"Send in Miss Pritchard—no, Mr. Gowdy—no, Miss Hallowell," he said to the office-boy. And then he looked sharply at the pert young face for possible signs of secret cynical amusement. He saw none such, but was not convinced. He knew too well how by a sort of occult process the servants, all the subordinates, round a person like himself discover the most intimate secrets, almost get the news before anything has really occurred.

Miss Hallowell appeared, and very cold and reserved she looked as she stood waiting.

"I sent for you because"—he began. He glanced at the door to make sure that it was closed—"because I wanted to hear your voice." And he laughed boyishly. He was in high good humor now.

"Why did you speak to me as you did when you came in?" said she.

There was certainly novelty in this direct attack, this equal-to-equal criticism of his manners. He was not pleased with the novelty; but at the same time he felt a lack of courage to answer her as she deserved. "It isn't necessary that the whole office should know our private business," said he.

She seemed astonished. "What private business?"

"Last night," said he, uncertain whether she was trifling with him or was really the innocent she pretended to be. "If I were you I'd not speak as friendlily as you did this morning—not before people."

"Why?" inquired she, her sweet young face still more perplexed.

"This isn't a small town out West," explained he. "It's New York. People misunderstand—or rather"—he gave her a laughing, mischievous glance—"or rather—they don't."

"I can't see anything to make a mystery about," declared the girl. "Why, you act as though there were something to be ashamed of in coming to see me."

He was observing her sharply. How could a girl live in the New York atmosphere several years without getting a sensible point of view? Yet, so far as he could judge, this girl was perfectly honest in her ignorance. "Don't be foolish," said he. "Please accept the fact as I give it to you. You mustn't let people see everything."

She made no attempt to conceal her dislike for this. "I won't be mixed up in anything like that," said she quite gently and without a suggestion of pique or anger. "It makes me feel low—and it's horribly common. Either we are going to be friends or we aren't. And if we are, why, we're friends whenever we meet. I'm not ashamed of you. And if you are ashamed of me you can cut me out altogether."

His color deepened until his face was crimson. His eyes avoided hers. "I was thinking chiefly of you," he said—and he honestly thought he was speaking the whole truth.

"Then please don't do so any more," said she, turning to go. "I understand about New York snobbishness. I want nothing to do with it."

He disregarded the danger of the door being opened at any moment. He rushed to her and took her reluctant hand. "You mustn't blame me for the ways of the world.

I can't change them. Do be sensible, dearest. You're only going to be here a few days longer. I've got that plan for you and your father all thought out. I'll put it through at once. I don't want the office talking scandal about us—do you?"

She looked at him pityingly. His eyes fell before hers. "I know it's a weakness," he said, giving up trying to deceive her and himself, "but I can't help it. I was brought up that way."

"Well—I wasn't. I see we can never be friends."

What a mess he had made of this affair! This girl must be playing upon him. In his folly he had let her see how completely he was in her power. He must control himself. "As you please," he said coldly, dropping her hand. "I'm sorry, but unless you are reasonable I can do nothing for you." And he went to his desk.

She hesitated a moment; as her back was toward him he could not see her expression. Without looking round she went out of his office. It took all his strength to let her go. "She's bluffing," he muttered. "And yet—perhaps she isn't. There may be people like that left in New York." Whatever the truth, he simply must make a stand. He knew women; no woman had the least respect for a man who let her rule—and this woman, relying upon his weakness for her, was bent upon ruling. If he did not make a stand she was lost to him. If he did make a stand he could no more than lose her. Lose her! That thought made him sick at heart.

That was a time of heavy pressure of important affairs. He furiously attacked one task after another, only to abandon each in turn. His mind, which had always been his obedient, very humble servant, absolutely refused to obey. He turned everything over to his associates or to subordinates, fighting all morning against the longing to send for her. At half past twelve he strode out of the office, putting on the air of the big man absorbed in big affairs. He descended to the street. But instead of going uptown to keep an appointment at a business lunch he hung round the entrance to the opposite building.

She did not appear until one o'clock. Then out she came—with the head office-boy!—the good-looking young head office-boy.

Norman's contempt for himself there reached its lowest ebb. For his blood boiled with jealousy—jealousy of his head office-boy!—and about an obscure little typewriter! He followed the two, keeping to the other side of the street. Doubtless those who saw and recognized him fancied him deep in thought about some mighty problem of corporate law or policy as he moved from and to some meeting with the great men who dictated to a nation of ninety millions what they should buy and how much they should pay for it. He saw the two enter a quick-lunch restaurant—struggled with a crackbrained impulse to join them—dragged himself away to his appointment.

He was never too amiable in dealing with his clients, because he had found that, in self-protection, to avoid being misunderstood and largely increasing the difficulties of amicable intercourse, he must keep the feel of iron very near the surface. That day he was for the first time irascible. If the business his clients were engaged in had been less perilous and his acute intelligence not indispensable he would have cost the firm dear. But in business circles, where every consideration yields to that of material gain, the man with the brain may conduct himself as he pleases—and usually does so when he has strength of character.

All afternoon he wrestled with himself to keep away from the office. He won, but it was the sort of victory that gives the winner the chagrin and despondency of defeat. At home, late in the afternoon, he found Josephine in the doorway, just leaving. "You'll walk home with me—won't you?" she said. And, taken unawares and intimidated by guilt, he could think of no excuse.

Some one—probably a Frenchman—has said that there are always in a man's life three women—the one on the way out, the one that is, and the one that is to be. Norman was by no means new to the situation in which he now found himself. But never before had the circumstances been so difficult. Josephine in no way resembled any woman with whom he had been involved; she was the first he had taken seriously. Nor did the other woman resemble the central figure in any of his affairs. He did not know what she was like, how to classify her; but he did know that she was unlike any woman he had ever known and that his feeling for her was different—appallingly different—from any emotion any other woman had inspired in him. So—a walk alone with Josephine—a first talk with her after his secret treachery—was no light matter. "Deeper and deeper," he said to himself. "Where is this going to end?"

She began by sympathizing with him for having so much to do—"and Father says you can get through more work than any man he ever knew, not excluding himself." She was full of tenderness and compliment, of a kind of love that made him feel as the dirt beneath his feet. She respected him so highly; she believed in him so entirely. The thought of her discovering the truth, or any part of it, gave him a sensation of nausea. He was watching her out of the corner of his eye. Never had he seen her more statelily beautiful. If he should lose her! "I'm mad—mad!" he said to himself. "Josephine is as high above her as Heaven above earth. What is there to her, anyhow? Not brains—nor taste—nor such miraculous beauty. Why do I make an ass of myself about her? I ought to go to my doctor."

"I don't believe you're listening to what I'm saying," laughed Josephine.

"My head's in a terrible state," replied he. "I can't think of anything."

"Don't try to talk or to listen, dearest," said she in the sweet and soothing tone that is neither sweet nor soothing to a man in a certain species of unresponsive mood. "This air will do you good. It doesn't annoy you for me to talk to you, does it?"

The question was one of those that confidently expects, even demands, a sincere and strenuous negative for answer. It fretted him, this matter-of-course assumption of hers that she could not but be altogether pleasing, not to say enchanting, to him. Her position, her wealth, the attentions she had received, the flatteries —— In her circumstances could it be in human nature not to think extremely well of oneself? And he admitted that she had the right so to think. Still —— For the first time she scraped upon his nerves. His reply, "Annoy me? The contrary," was distinctly crisp. To an experienced ear there would have sounded the faint warning undernote of sullenness.

But she, believing in his love and in herself, saw nothing, suspected nothing. "We know each other so thoroughly," she went on, "that we don't need to make any effort. How congenial we are! I always understand you. I feel such a sense of the perfect freedom and perfect frankness between us. Don't you?"

"You have wonderful intuitions," said he.

It was the time to alarm him by coldness, by capriciousness. But how could she know it? And she was in love—really in love—not with herself, not with love, but with him. Thus she made the mistake of all true lovers in those difficult moments. She let him see how absolutely she was his. Nor did the spectacle of her sincerity put him in any better humor with himself.

The walk was a mere matter of a dozen blocks. He thought it would never end. "You are sure you aren't ill?" she said when they were at her door—a superb bronze door it was, opening into a house of the splendor that for the acclimated New Yorker quite conceals and more than compensates absence of individual taste. "You don't look ill. But you act queerly."

"I'm often this way when they drive me too hard downtown."

She looked at him with fond admiration; he might have been better pleased had there not been in the look a suggestion of the possessive. "How they do need you! Father says —— But I mustn't make you any vainer than you are."

He usually loved a compliment, could take it in its rawest form with fine human gusto. Now he did not care enough about what "Father says" to rise to her obvious bait. "I'm horribly tired," he said. "Shall I see you tomorrow? No, I guess not -not for several days. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied she. "I'll miss you dreadfully, but my father has trained me well. I know I mustn't be selfish—and tempt you to neglect things."

"Thank you," said he. "I must be off."

"You'll come in—just a moment?" Her eyes sparkled. "The butler will have sense enough to go straight away—and the small reception room will be quite empty as usual."

He could not escape. A few seconds and he was alone with her in the little room; how often had he—they—been glad of its quiet and seclusion on such occasions! She laid her hand upon his shoulder, gazed at him proudly. "It was here," said she, "that you first kissed me. Do you remember?"

To take her gaze from his face and to avoid seeing her look of loving trust he put his arms round her. "I don't deserve you," he said—one of those empty pretenses of confession that yet give the human soul a sense of truthfulness.

"You'd not say that if you knew how happy you make me," murmured she.

The welcome sound of a step in the hall gave him his release. When he was in the street he wiped his hot face with his handkerchief. "And I thought I had no moral sense left!" he reflected—not the first man, in this climax day of the triumph of selfish philosophies, to be astonished by the discovery that the dead hands of heredity and tradition have a power that can successfully defy reason.

He started to walk back home, on impulse took a passing taxicab and went to his club. It was the Federal. They said of it that no man who amounted to anything in New York could be elected a member, because any man on his way up could not but offend one or more of the important persons in control. Most of its members were nominated at birth or in childhood and elected as soon as they were twenty-one. Norman was elected after he became a man of consequence. He regarded it as one of the signal triumphs of his career; and beyond question it was proof of his power, of the eagerness of important men, despite their jealousy, to please him and to be in a position to get the benefit of his brains should need arise. Norman's whole career was a demonstration of the value of fear as an aid to success. Even his friends—and he had as many as he cared to have—had been drawn to him by the desire to placate him, to stand well where there was danger in standing ill.

Until dinnertime he stood at the club bar, drinking one cocktail after another with that supreme indifference to consequences to health which made men gape and wonder and cost an occasional imitator health, and perhaps life. Nor did the powerful liquor have the least effect upon him apparently. Possibly he was in a better humor, but not noticeably so. He dined at the club and spent the evening at bridge, winning several hundred dollars. He enjoyed the consideration he received at that club, for, his fellow-members being men of both social and financial consequence, their conspicuous respect for him was a concentrated essence of general adulation. He lingered on, eating a great supper with real appetite. He went home in high good humor with himself. He felt that he was a conqueror born, that such things of his desire as did not come could be forced to come. He no longer regarded his feelings for the nebulous girl of many personalities as a descent from dignity. Was he not king? Did not his favor give her whatever rank he pleased? Might not a king pick and choose according to his fancy? Let the smaller fry grow nervous about these matters of caste. They did well to take care lest they should fall. But not he! He had won thus far by haughtiness, never by cringing. His mortal day would be that in which he should abandon his natural tactics for the modes of lesser men. True, only a strong head could remain steady in these giddy altitudes of self-confidence. But was not his head strong?

And without hesitation he called up the vision that made him delirious—and detained it and reveled in it until sleep came.

VIII

THE longer he thought of it the stronger grew his doubt that the little Hallowell girl could be so indifferent to him as she seemed. Not that she was a fraud—that is, a conscious fraud—even so much of a fraud as the sincerest of the other women he had known. Simply that she was carrying out a scheme of coquetry. Could it be in human nature, even in the nature of the most indiscriminating of the specimens of young feminine ignorance and folly, not to be flattered by the favor of such a man as he? Commonsense answered that it could not be—but neglected to point out to him that almost any vagary might be expected of human nature when it could produce such a deviation from the recognized types as a man of his position agitated about such an unsought obscurity as Miss Hallowell. He continued to debate the state of her mind as if it were an affair of mightiest moment—which, indeed, it was to him. And presently his doubt strengthened into positive conviction. She must be secretly pleased, flattered, responsive. She had been in the office long enough to be impressed by his position. Yes, there must be more or less pretense in her apparently complete indifference—more or less pretense, more or less coquetry, probably not a little timidity.

She would come down from her high horse—with help and encouragement from him. He was impatient to get to the office and see just how she would do it—what absurd, amusing, attractive child's trick she would think out, imagining she could fool him, as lesser intelligences are ever imagining they can outwit greater.

He rather thought she would come in to see him on some pretext, would maneuver like a bird pretending to flutter away from the trap it has every intention of entering. But eleven o'clock of a wasted morning came and she did not appear. He went out to see if she was there—she must be sick; she could not be there or he would have heard from her. . . . Yes; she was at her desk, exactly as always. No; not exactly the same. She was obviously attractive now; the air of insignificance had gone, and not the dullest eyes in that office could fail to see at least something of her beauty. And Tetlow was hanging over her, while the girls and boys grinned and whispered. Clearly, the office was "on to" Tetlow. . . . Norman, erect and coldly infuriate, called out:

"Mr. Tetlow—one moment, please."

He went back to his den, Tetlow startling and following like one on the way to the bar for sentence.

"Mr. Tetlow," he said when they were shut in together, "you are making a fool of yourself before the whole office."

"Be a little patient with me, Mr. Norman," said the head clerk humbly. "I've got another place for her. She's going to take it tomorrow. Then—there'll be no more trouble."

Norman paled. "She wishes to leave?" he contrived to articulate.

"She spoke to me about leaving before I told her I had found her another job."

Norman debated—but for only a moment. "I do not wish her to leave," he said coldly. "I find her useful and most trustworthy."

Tetlow's eyes were fixed strangely upon him.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Norman.

"Then she was right," said Tetlow slowly. "I thought she was mistaken. I see that she was right."

"What do you mean?" said Norman—a mere inquiry devoid of bluster or any other form of nervousness.

"You know very well what I mean, Fred Norman," said Tetlow. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't stand there scowling and grimacing like an idiot," said Norman, with an amused smile. "What do you mean?"

"She told me about your coming to see her—about your offer to do something for her father—about your acting in a way that made her uneasy."

For an instant Norman was panic-stricken. Then his estimate of her reassured him. "I took your advice," said he. "I went to see for myself. How did I act that she was made uneasy?"

"She didn't say. But a woman can tell what a man has in the back of his head—when it concerns her. God has given innocence instincts, and she felt what you were about."

Norman laughed—a deliberate provocation. "Love has made a fool of you, old man," he said.

"I notice you don't deny," retorted Tetlow shrewdly.

"Deny what? There's nothing to deny." He felt secure now that he knew she had been reticent with Tetlow as to the happenings in the cottage.

"Maybe I'm wronging you," said Tetlow, but not in the tone of belief. "However that may be, I know you'll not refuse to listen to my appeal. I love her, Norman. I'm going to make her my wife if I can. And I ask you—for the sake of our old friendship—to let her alone. I've no doubt you could dazzle her. You couldn't make a bad woman of her. But you could make her very miserable."

Norman pushed about the papers before him. His face wore a cynical smile; but Tetlow, who knew him in all his moods, saw that he was deeply agitated.

"I don't know that I can win her, Fred," Tetlow pleaded, "but I might if I had a fair chance."

"You think she'd refuse you?" said Norman.

"Like a flash, unless I'd make her care for me. That's the kind she is."

"That sounds absurd. Why, there isn't a woman in New York who would refuse a chance to take a high jump up."

"I'd have said so too. But since I've gotten acquainted with her I've learned better. She may be spoiled some day, but she hasn't been yet. I wish I could tempt her. But I can't."

"You're entirely too credulous, old man. She'll make a fool of you."

"I know better," Tetlow stubbornly maintained. "Anyhow, I don't care. I love her, and I'd marry her whatever her reason for marrying me."

Poor Tetlow! He deserved a better fate than to be drawn into this girl's trap, for, of course, she never could care for such a heavy citizen—heavy and homely—the loosely fat kind of homely that is admired by no one, not even by a woman with no eye at all for the physical points of a man. It would be a real kindness to save worthy Tetlow. What a fool she'd make of him!—how she'd squander his money—and torment him with jealousy—and unfit him for his career. Poor Tetlow! If he could get what he wanted he'd be well punished for his imprudence in wanting it. Really, could friendship do him a greater service than to save him?

Norman gave Tetlow a friendly, humorous glance. "You're a hopeless case, Billy," he said. "But at least don't rush into trouble. Take your time. You can always get in, you know; and you may not get in quite so deep."

"You promise to let her alone?" said Tetlow eagerly.

Again his distinguished friend laughed. "Don't be an ass, old man. Why imagine that, just because you've taken a fancy to a girl, every one wants her?" He clapped him on the shoulder, gave him a push toward the door. "I've wasted enough time on this nonsense."

Tetlow did not venture to disregard a hint so plain. He went with his doubt still unsolved—his doubt whether his jealousy was right or his high opinion of his hero friend whose series of ever-mounting successes had filled him with adoration. He knew the way of success, knew no man could tread it unless he had or acquired a certain hardness of heart that made him an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, associate. He regretted his own inability to acquire that indispensable hardness, and envied and admired it in Fred Norman. But at the same time that he admired he could not help distrusting.

Norman sent for Miss Hallowell.

The girl had lost her look of strength and vitality. She seemed frail and dim—so unimportant physically that he wondered why her charm for him persisted. Yet it did persist. If he could take her in his arms, could make her drooping beauty revive!—through love for him if possible; if not, then through anger and hate! He must make her feel, must make her acknowledge, that he had power. It seemed another case of the fascination that the unattainable, however unworthy, has for the conqueror temperament.

"You are leaving?" he said curtly, both a question and an affirmation.

"Yes."

"You are making a mistake—a serious mistake."

She stood before him as if she had no interest either in what he was saying or in him. That maddening indifference!

"It was a mistake to tattle your trouble to Tetlow."

"I did not tattle," said she quietly, colorlessly. "I said only enough to make him help me."

"And what did he say about me?"

"That I had misjudged you—that I must be mistaken."

Norman laughed. "How seriously the little people of the world do take themselves!"

She looked at him. His amused eyes met hers frankly.

"You didn't mean it?" she said.

He beamed on her. "Certainly I did. But I'm not a lunatic or a wild beast. Do you think I would take advantage of a girl in your position?"

Her eyes seemed to grow large and weary, and an expression of experience stole over her young face, giving it an appearance of age-in-youth. "It has been done," said she.

How reconcile such a look with the theory of her child-like innocence? But then how reconcile any two of the many varied personalities he had seen in her? He said: "Yes—it has been done. But not by me. I shall take from you only what you gladly give."

"You will get nothing else," said she with quiet strength.

"That being settled"—he went on, holding up a small package of papers bound together by an elastic—"here are the proposed articles of incorporation of the Chemical Research Company. How do you like the name?"

"What is it?"

"The company that is to back your father. Capital stock, twenty-five thousand dollars, one-half paid up. Your father to be employed as director of the laboratories at five thousand a year, with a fund of ten thousand to draw upon. You to be employed as secretary and treasurer at fifteen hundred a year. I shall take the paid-up stock, and your father and you will have the privilege of buying it back at par within five years. Do you follow me?"

"I think I understand," was her unexpected reply. Her replies were usually unexpected, like the expressions of her face and figure; she was continually comprehending where one would have said she would not, and not comprehending where it seemed absurd that she should not. "Yes, I understand. . . . What else?"

"Nothing else."

She looked intently at him, and her eyes seemed to be reading his soul to the bottom.

"Nothing else," he repeated.

"No obligation—for money—or—for anything?"

"No obligation." He was smiling with the gayest good humor.

She seated herself, her hands in her lap, her eyes down—a lovely picture of pensive repose. He waited

(Continued on Page 49)

"It's the Best Thing, Old Man. She Wasn't for You"

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NO MEMBER of Congress who opposes the Canadian reciprocity treaty and still calls himself a tariff reformer can be taken seriously. The treaty admits, duty free, some Canadian woodpulp and printing paper, thereby displeasing the trust-controlled paper industry in Maine. It admits fish, duty free, and this alarms the fishery masters at Gloucester, Massachusetts. It gives free trade in grain, butter, eggs and foodstuffs generally; so in certain localities, under certain conditions, American farmers may have to meet some Canadian competition.

Are we to break the tariff wall and still leave it intact at all points? That is exactly the sort of tariff reform our standpat friends gave the country in the Payne-Aldrich bill.

We are still exporters of farm stuffs. The bulk of our farmers, on the bulk of their products, have always had to meet the free competition of Canada and every other country in the markets of Europe. Meanwhile nearly everything they bought has been charged with high tariff prices.

If they are really afraid to meet a little Canadian competition at home there is small show of their getting relief from high-tariff exactions, for the whole tariff game consists precisely in playing one interest and one locality against another.

Help us to protect our steel and we will help you to protect your barley. In this give and take the farmer has given a good dollar and got a plugged nickel. The whole question concerning this treaty is whether farm constituencies—or their representatives in Congress—can be induced to keep on playing the game. If they can—after all the tariff agitation of the last two years—it is high time for our standpat friends to sit back and laugh.

The high-protection champions are against the treaty. Is this because they are deeply concerned over the butter-and-egg market in northern New York? We fear not. It is because they see this treaty will break the vicious tariff circle. With free butter, eggs and barley the granger vote in Congress can no longer be counted upon for ninety per cent duties on woolen goods.

Oklahoma on Public Utilities

QUESTIONS as to the rate that a public-service corporation shall be permitted to charge continually arise everywhere. It is well established that the rate should be sufficient to yield a fair return upon the value of the property; but courts differ in determining the value of the property.

It ought to be self-evident that the ordinary public-service corporation is not entitled to a "good-will" value, for there is no good-will. Its customers are not attached to it, as a merchant's customers are, of their own choice, but because the Government has given it a license—usually exclusive or monopolistic—to supply them with some prime necessity of life or trade. They can't get away if they want to.

So it is sometimes held that the only value upon which the company is entitled to earn a return is the cost of reproducing its physical property; but the Supreme Court of Oklahoma has recently pointed out that this rule may be unjust. In the telephone case before it, the court holds that the company is entitled to a "going-concern" value, over and above the mere cost of reproducing its plant. The company showed that for three or four years after the plant was completed, while it was getting subscribers, extending its lines, and so on, it earned no return whatever upon its investment, and since then had earned only a moderate return.

So the court adds twenty per cent to the plant value as "going-concern" value—which would be equivalent to about seven per cent a year on the investment during the three fallow years. The rule would be, then, that the company is entitled to a fair return upon the capital invested from the very beginning of the investment.

It is worth noting that this eminently fair rule is laid down in Oklahoma, a commonwealth which conservatism speaks of as being dangerously radical.

Improving the Public Service

NO ONE should ever forget the great credit due to President Taft for his steady pushing forward of civil-service reform. No longer ago than 1884 honest opposition to the spoils system was regarded as the chimera of a few academic theorists. It was one of the things that made the mugwumps objects of derision among practical politicians. The minor American diplomat of that palmy period still lingers in fiction and on the stage—with his soiled linen and naïve grammar; sometimes with his red nose and itching palm. In no other department has the revolutionary change of recent years been more striking or more profitable than in the foreign service.

President Roosevelt's order of July, 1906, provided that vacancies in all the higher grades of the consular service must be filled by promotions from the lower grades, based upon ability and efficiency as shown in the service. President Taft's order of November, 1909, extended this rule to diplomatic secretaryships. "There shall be kept a careful efficiency record of every officer of the diplomatic service," it reads, "in order that there may be no promotion except upon well-established efficiency as shown in the service." Regarding appointments to the lower grades, the order repeats President Roosevelt's language, that "neither in designation for examination nor appointment after examination will the political affiliations of the candidates be considered."

This means making the foreign service an independent and honorable profession, as every branch of public service ought to be. Perhaps strictly practical politicians have as little use for civil-service reform as ever; but the day is passing when they can withhold any legislation that the President may require to forward civil service.

A Life-Insurance Echo

THE great life-insurance upheaval that made Charles E. Hughes famous was brought on, it may be recalled, by a fight between two powerful Wall Street cliques for control of one of the big companies. For years the companies had been glittering pawns in the game of high finance. Ability to tap their enormous assets at will was obviously advantageous to gentlemen whose engagements might require the use of great sums at any moment, and the gentlemen reciprocally placed various good things, in the shape of underwritings and directorships, in the way of officers of the companies.

Laws passed by the New York legislature as a result of the upheaval aimed, first of all, to take life insurance out of the Wall Street game. The laws strictly prescribed future investments of life-insurance funds and required the companies, within five years, to dispose of all their holdings of stocks of other companies; for it was thought that by such stockholdings, in part, the old objectionable entanglements were maintained. More than four years of the five have elapsed and during that time there have been abundant opportunities to dispose of every sort of stockholding to good advantage. It is disagreeable to learn that a movement is on foot at Albany to secure an extension of the five-year period on the ground that to dispose of the stocks in the few remaining months would demoralize the market and cause loss to policyholders. Why wasn't the law obeyed in good faith and the stocks disposed of when the opportunity offered? We hope no life-insurance official has forgotten about Cæsar's wife.

Vexatious Libels

"IF YOU strike at the king you must kill him!" is a good rule, but it has fallen sadly into decay. One may argue plausibly enough that a king is a superfluous figure and not worth his keep, but even then one must admit that the less kingly he is the less worth his keep he will be; and if any one who chooses is at liberty to bespatter him with a bad egg or a rotten tomato he certainly can't be kingly. Here, in the middle of the street, let us say, is an ancient statue—not very beautiful, yet possessing a certain historic and symbolic significance. It obstructs traffic and a great many people want it pulled down; but does anybody imagine the case will be helped by merely plastering the statue over with mud?

We trust the journalistic person who has been tossing rotten eggs at the King of England will spend his year in jail profitably pondering the above general principles. Several journalistic persons in this country might ponder them also. Throwing eggs at a big figure in any thoroughfare of life is poor policy. It doesn't remove the figure. It doesn't improve it. To whatever else may be objectionable about it, it simply adds a disagreeable odor. Popgunning is neither war nor peace.

Why the Tipster Flourishes

"PROBABLY eighty per cent of the daily stock-exchange speculation is inspired directly and indirectly by tips," says a conservative review; and everybody knows that eighty per cent of the tips are wrong. The people who play the tips know it better than anybody else, for it has been demonstrated to them by experience. Why, then, do four-fifths of the rank and file of ordinary speculators keep on playing tips? The reason is that before they took to playing tips they played on their own judgment and lost money so rapidly that they finally resorted to other men's judgment.

Most men of the common garden variety of speculators, who really keep the game going, enter the market with a sage opinion of their own. They feel sure their opinion is sound, but the market acts contrary to it; hence, the market must have been manipulated. After several trials have demonstrated that their own opinion is worthless, they seek tips that may give a clew to what big manipulators are doing. The tips prove worthless, also; but, their own judgment being of no account, they must either keep on playing tips or get out of the game.

This is why the tip industry flourishes perennially, providing much advertising for the newspapers and many tolls for the telegraph companies.

Direct Election of Senators

THERE are in the state of New York more than a million and a half voters upon whose representatives at Albany, early in January, devolved the important duty of choosing a United States Senator. A careful review of the ballots, after the contest had proceeded many days, shows that about seven hundred thousand of these voters were unalterably devoted to Honorable William F. Sheehan and about six hundred and fifty thousand were attached with the same immovable fidelity to Honorable Chauncey M. Depew.

Meanwhile, according to the face of the returns, there were about three hundred thousand voters in the state who were more or less unsettled in their convictions and inclined on the whole to think New York might contain some citizen other than Mr. Sheehan or Mr. Depew to whom the great office of Senator could be safely intrusted. To persons acquainted with the political careers of Messrs. Sheehan and Depew this rather hopeful view on the part of almost one-fifth of the total number of voters will seem encouraging.

This is what the ballots of the people's representatives show—over four-fifths declaring day after day that Sheehan and Depew were the only fit candidates. It is one of the showings that are bound to promote the cause of the direct election of Senators among people who find disgrace objectionable.

The Farmer and the Parcels-Post

NO ONE can reasonably quarrel with the main premise of those who oppose a parcels-post. The country town certainly is very important to the farmer. It is not only the initial marketing point for most of his produce but it is his natural social center—his first relief from the lonesomeness of the farm.

That it is good for him and for his family to go to town we thoroughly believe. Farmers, indeed, are not likely to ignore the town's importance when proximity to town is an element in the price of the farm. As a general proposition the town deserves the farmer's support because its decay would injure him.

Does opposition to the parcels-post follow as a logical conclusion from this premise? We don't see how any one can answer in the affirmative without saying the country town cannot hold its farm trade except by the artificial barrier of unreasonable express rates; and that we are unwilling to believe. Put it before the farmer that he must be prevented—for his own good—from buying supplies in the cheapest market and what will he say? We prefer to believe the country town should be and can be, by and large, the cheapest market.

We receive a good many letters on this subject, in which naturally country merchants are much interested; but doesn't the argument that they need an artificial barrier to hold the farm trade really put them in an untenable position before the farmer? We can hardly believe that argument is sound.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Woody-Dell of Show-Me Land

THESE beauteous blossoms, Heaven's own harbingers of glorious spring, plucked by the fairy fingers of the golden-haired children in the woody dells!" spouted James A. Reed, with eye in fine frenzy rolling and fancy flowing free; and they have called him Woody-dell Jim Reed ever since out in Missouri.

From this it may be inferred that Woody-dell Jim is somewhat of a word wizard, and such is the fact. "This subject," declaimed Senator Newlands on a certain day, "is one on which eloquence feeds." To be sure, the official stenographer got it "elephants" instead of "eloquence," and it appeared in that pachydermatous manner in the Congressional Record; but the thought was there just the same, and the present application is that every subject to which Woody-dell Jim turns his oratorical attention is a subject on which eloquence feeds and waxes fat.

Jim is eloquent when he says "Good morning!" and Demosthenean when he burbles "Good night!" He can't help it. It was born in him. Hence, we may expect when he gets up in the Senate, into which august body he has recently been projected by the grateful legislature of Missouri, to hear the sweet songs of birds beneath the stained-glass ceiling, to sense the fragrance of newmown hay, to see the silver brook purling its tinkling way to the rushing river, to observe the vermeil glory of the setting sun and picture the lowing kine winding "slowly o'er the lea" every time Woody-dell Jim answers "Present," when some one has suggested the absence of a quorum.

Inasmuch as he is the garden in which all the flowers of rhetoric grow, there is absolutely no predicting what will come off when Jim gets up to make a speech—a real speech, that is; not a few extraneous remarks. Nor do I think any pen could predict it, even if the predicting were good, for Woody-dell Jim is so blamed eloquent that the listening ear faints at the rapture of his melodious numbers and the brain swoons in transports of ecstasy when titillated by the tintinnabulation of his transcendent tropes. It just naturally rolls out of him. All he has to do is to arise, clear his silver throat, stroke his Adam's apple once or twice—and away he goes, world and words without end.

Nor is eloquence the only card Woody-dell Jim has up his oratorical sleeve. Believe me, he is the grand panjandrum when it comes to invective. Jim can call a man out of his name seven times in a sentence, seventeen times in a paragraph, seven hundred times in a speech. He is locally known as a flayer. He skins 'em and hangs their quivering hides on the fence. When Jim gets to expressing his opinions of an opponent, either legal or political, he starts flaying at the heel and never quits until, with a final flourish of invective, he removes the scalp of the unfortunate who has attracted his attention. When he goes at it in the mass—*en bloc*, as John Dalzell, the great French scholar from Pittsburgh, would say—he certainly can make all Republicans present wonder what it is that keeps them out of jail and puts them in such a nervous condition that they sit momentarily expecting the sheriff to come along, tap them on the shoulder and say: "Come with me."

After Francis With Hammer and Tongs

WELL, it's something fierce. Jim starts in by calling the whole Republican party an alignment of nonentities, nincompoops, nixes and nauseous and nefarious negations, and then works up to some real fancy names combined with denunciation, disparagement and disgust. He hands it out wholesale, being, as they say along the Kaw, a past master at the art. When he was running for Senator in the primaries he let no day's declining sun decline on Dave Francis not well done. He roasted Dave until that distinguished aspirant for a toga was so sore he yelled "Ouch!" every time he opened a newspaper.

Dave, you understand, having been governor of Missouri, secretary of the interior, and generally a thirteen-inch gun down in Show-Me Land, decided to confer a little distinction on the United States Senate by entering therein by virtue of the primaries. Now, there is nobody who can dispute the palpable fact that Dave would have fitted admirably in the Senate, being a man of parts—that is, nobody can dispute the fact; but Woody-dell Jim did dispute the event. As soon as Francis announced his candidacy Reed announced his candidacy. Maybe it was the other way around, but that is immaterial. What happened was that last spring Francis and Reed went at it; and they yipped and yammered and yowled at the population of Missouri until election day—the Senatorial primary is decided at the general election in Missouri—and then, after the tumult and the shouting had died, it was discovered that Reed had cleaned up the state by about thirty thousand. The legislature recently registered the people's will and Reed will get his toga on March fourth or soon thereafter.

They thought the campaign when Joseph W. Folk ran for Senator against Gumshoe Bill Stone was a hot one, but it was like Medicine Hat in February compared with the Reed-Francis imbroglio. Had Folk contested for the Senate this time he might have had a walkover, because Reed and Francis would have divided the anti-Folk vote. Still, Folk has higher aspirations. He was told that no mere Senatorship would do for him and that he should stay out and run for President in 1912—or run for the nomination at least. At this exact juncture Woody-dell Jim, being a wiseheimer as well as a wordheimer, indorsed Folk for President—do you get that?—for President; and, although Reed had done some plain and fancy flaying of Folk in the past, the Folk folk—well!—well!—Folk folk!—spontaneous too!—the Folk folk forgot and forgave and clasped hands with Reed. Francis, playing it the other way around, refused to attend the banquet where Folk was launched for President, but Woody-dell Jim was there and he woody-delled Folk for President in a manner that brought tears to all eyes, including those of the waiters.

Now that it is all over, the Folk people say they kept their hands off the fight and some big Folk men supported Francis; but the acute political observers say that many of the Folk supporters voted for Reed or did not vote at all. Meantime Reed went after Francis so continuously for not supporting Bryan in 1896, and for being a rich man friendly with what Reed called the "interests," that he sounded like a pneumatic riveter. The senatorial vote, notwithstanding all the clamor, fell thirty-eight thousand below the general party vote in St. Louis alone and proportionately throughout the state.

And there is another sad feature: Francis gave eleven thousand dollars to the state committee and Reed didn't give anything. This contribution helped the Democrats carry many close legislative districts, helped make the legislature Democratic; and then Reed walked in and—by virtue of his majority in the primary—took the prize that Francis helped to get. Enough, I should say, to make any person sore and discouraged at the trend of affairs!

Reed was born in Ohio forty-nine years ago. He went with his parents to Iowa in 1864, was educated in the district schools and in one of the Iowa colleges, and studied law in Cedar Rapids. He was called to the bar in 1885, practiced in Cedar Rapids until 1887, when he removed to Kansas City, where he has since lived. He jumped into politics, principally as a speaker, the very next year, and ten years later was elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, which contains Kansas City. He was some prosecuting attorney too, for he tried two hundred and eighty-seven cases and secured two hundred and eighty-five convictions. His friends say the reason the odd two got away was that Jim had the grippe on the days they were up for trial and wasn't invecting in good shape, which probably explains this slump in his batting average. He was elected mayor of Kansas City and served two terms, in 1900-04, on a reform and a municipal-ownership platform, the same not being put into effect. When he left the mayor's office he resumed the practice of law, doing some general woody-delling and invecting on occasions, until he started out for Senator.

Reed is one of the closest of Colonel Bryan's friends. The Nebraskan always goes to see Reed when he gets to Kansas City. Reed subscribes to all the Bryan doctrines, has always been regular, deprecates the interests, scalds the criminal rich, bats the predaceous Plutes over the head for diversion and is a general, all-round censorious stemwinder who may be relied upon to tell the loathsome opposition all about themselves when he presently arrives in Washington's seething midst.

The Garden in Which All the Flowers of Rhetoric Grow

Prepared for the Worst

COLONEL GEORGE R. PECK, the Chicago railroad lawyer, was going to Washington once, riding in the smoking compartment of his car and reading a book. A big man with a gray beard was the only other occupant of the smoking room. Apparently he was in some distress of mind, for he kept muttering to himself and beating his thighs with his clenched fists.

"What's the matter, friend?" Colonel Peck finally asked him.

"Matter?" shouted the other man. "Matter enough, I should say! Listen, mister, and I'll tell you. I'm an old sailor. I served under Farragut in the war. I have been on Government vessels ever since. A while ago I applied for a job as lighthouse keeper. Then I just got notice to go to Washington and appear before the Civil Service Commission.

"Now I know what them civil service fellers will do to me. They won't ask me what I know about ships or lighthouses or where I served in the war. No, sir; they won't ask me them questions. But, when I git there, they'll stand me up and they'll ask me: 'Who was Uncas?'"

A Hopeful Englishman

JOHN DREW tells a story of a reunion of some friends who had not met in years. One of them had an Englishman with him.

They ordered some food; when it came on the Englishman devoted himself entirely to what was on his plate, while the others talked of old times and inquired after mutual friends.

"Where's Jim?" asked one.

"Why, Jim, poor fellow, died about ten years ago."

"Is that so? Well, well! so poor Jim's gone. Where's Bill?"

"Oh, Bill died about six years ago."

"And Pete?"

"Haven't you heard about Pete? He died last year."

Meantime the Englishman said nothing and ate assiduously. After several other friends had been inquired after—and in each instance found to be dead by the questioner—the Englishman refrained from his efforts and asked: "Pardon me, old chaps, but haven't you any friends who are seriously ill?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Sutherland, who has just been reëlected in Utah, was born in England.

¶ Mr. Justice Lamar adds another name to the list of golfers in the United States Supreme Court.

¶ Major "Dick" Richardson, who runs things for the Army in Alaska, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds—all muscle.

¶ When the new Senator from Connecticut, Mr. McLean, takes his seat he will be among the handsomest of those present.

¶ Charles F. Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, once drove a horse car in New York. So did Boss William Lorimer, of Chicago.

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YOU know the taste of a big perfect red-ripe tomato right off the vine. You know how delicious it is when seasoned just right.

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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Campbell's Soup goes
To the tips of her toes.
So she's light as a feather
And sweet as a rose.

The Senator's Secretary

A REVOLUTION is a good thing in its way; but, in order that one shall be entirely meritorious, care must be taken that it shall revolute forward and not backward or sideways.

This bit of wisdom is superinduced by the situation in which the esteemed Democrats find themselves in the House of Representatives, with a long, hot summer facing them, a tariff to be revised and committees to be chosen by a committee on committees. The revolution part of it comes in on this very committee on committees. That is a departure from the precedent of a hundred years. That is the revolutionary end of their game. And, having pricked the balls of their various horny thumbs and subscribed in blood to the caucus oath that the committees shall be made up this way for the coming or Sixty-second Congress, these aforesaid Democrats are now engaged in the fruitless occupation of wondering why in thunder they were in such a hurry and what will come out of it.

They had to do it. Of course Champ Clark and the rest of the leaders of the House didn't want a committee on committees any more than they wanted the continuance of Uncle Joe, but, in the mad enthusiasm of the revolt against Uncle Joe and in their attempt to make capital for the elections -which they did, as is witnessed by the big majority they will have in the next Congress—they went out with loud shouts and exclamations for a committee on committees; and, having attained their goal and being in the majority, they were forced to hew to the line, no matter where the chips might fall.

So they held their caucus and they decided that the newly appointed Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee shall be the committee on committees; and that these fourteen Democrats, chosen by caucus, shall parcel out to the other two hundred and fourteen Democrats—there being two hundred and twenty-eight of them all told—the loaves and fishes in the way of place and power. It was all simple enough and the mere carrying out of party, platform and caucus pledges.

The Speaker and His Slate

And now they are at it. Heaven help them! for the mess that will result will be historic. You see, the crux of it is here: Under the old plan the Speaker appointed the committees, the Speaker always being, of course, a member of the majority and putting on each committee a majority of the members of his party, so the loathsome opposition should have no advantage; also taking care that there should be such a preponderance of majority members that the minority members, representing the minority party, should have no opportunity to start anything by reason of a few defections here and there among the majority members. The Speaker was absolute. He picked his men, subject, of course, to such political and personal pressure as might be brought—and pressure of both sorts was pretty heavy at times. Then the Speaker sent word to the floor leader of the opposition to provide names for the minorities on the committees.

For example: After Uncle Joe Cannon had decided on his Republican members of the committees he sent word to John Sharp Williams or to Champ Clark and asked for suggestions for the Democrats who might be considered available for the honorary but useless positions in the minority of the committees. These names were furnished by the minority leaders. If the Speaker thought well of the lists he put the Democrats on as suggested. Usually he made no changes. Sometimes he shifted a name here and there, just to emphasize his control of the matter.

However, as has been pointed out, the Speaker was supreme in the circumstances, bowing only in judgment to personal and political pressure and allowing the minority leader to suggest; so, bringing it down to finalities, the Speaker appointed all the committees, aided by the minority leader. There was one boss and one very mild assistant.

This is what has happened or will happen under the new dispensation: Instead of one man picking the committees, with such

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Branded with the Little Red Devil

suggestions as may have been made by the minority leader, there will be fourteen men who will pick the committees—fourteen men, each with his own ideas, with his own favorites, his own brand of personal and political pressure, his own reasons, and each with as much right in the premises, as much power and as much of a vote as any other. Fourteen members admit of any number of combinations up to seven. It might happen that each pair of these new Ways and Means committeemen will combine. In any event, the Democrats who put the committee on committees proposition through are already thinking it might have been as well if they had retained the old plan and taken a chance with the wrath of the people. Before those committees are appointed there will be rows, logrolling, heartburnings and acrimony. It was easy enough to bring pressure on one appointing individual; but think of the trouble, the time, the variety of interests, the different sorts of influence that fourteen men will require and, when you come to think of it, fourteen men can split evenly into seven on a side, which is very likely to happen.

Still, if the new committee on committees, which the caucus wisely decreed cannot select one of its own members for membership of any other committee than Ways and Means, follows the old plan of seniority, our brethren from below Mason and Dixon's Line surely will come into their own. It has so fallen out that the Democrats of long service are mostly men from the South. The South always sends Democrats and during the past ten or fifteen years the North has sent Democrats only spasmodically. Thus, the ranking men on all committees of importance, with very few exceptions, are Southerners. Also, Underwood, chairman of the new Ways and Means Committee that will act as a committee on committees, is from the South, as are Randell, who comes from Texas; Brantley, of Georgia—all of whom are on the Ways and Means Committee of the present House -and Hull, of Tennessee; James, of Kentucky; Kitchin, of North Carolina; Shackleford, of Missouri an even break as to numbers, but giving the South seven of the fourteen as against seven from the East, North and West.

If Seniority Shall Rule

With the varying interests of the North, East and West, a solid combination of these seven from the South could easily, if they should see fit, put Southerners at the heads of most of the important committees. For example, Lamb, of Virginia, is the ranking Democrat on Agriculture; Pujo, of Louisiana, on Banking and Currency; Hay, of Virginia, on Census; Aiken, of South Carolina, on District of Columbia; Flood, of Virginia, on Foreign Affairs; Burnett, of Alabama, on Immigration; Stephens, of Texas, on Indian Affairs; Jones, of Virginia, on Insular Affairs; Adamson, of Georgia, on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; Clayton, of Alabama, on Judiciary; Maynard, of Virginia, on Merchant Marine and Fisheries; Padgett, of Tennessee, on Naval Affairs; Sheppard, of Texas, on Public Buildings and Grounds; and Sparkman, of Florida, on Rivers and Harbors. The only Northern men who hold ranking positions on big committees are Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, on Appropriations, and Sulzer, of New York, on Military Affairs; and Burleson, of Texas, is next to Fitzgerald on Appropriations and there is much talk that he will get the chairmanship of this committee.

It is too early to say what the committee on committees will do, but if they follow precedent and promote from seniority to chairmanships the South surely will come into her own in the Congressional government of this country. It will not be at all surprising if the seven Southerners on the Ways and Means Committee, constituting the committee on committees, hold out for the seniority precedent that has existed for more than a hundred years and hold out for these Southern men for the chairmanships. Why shouldn't they? Then the result will be that there will be some very good chairmen and some very bad ones; for unfortunately the Southern representation in Congress is made up of two distinct classes—able and patriotic men, with the good of the whole country at heart; and professional Southerners, who will not admit the war is over. This Southern business has become a fetish with a lot of these hidebound statesmen, but they are

(Concluded on Page 28)

WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM TACU Co
TRADE MARK

The Cooking Ware That Lasts a Generation

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils are the only kind that give you EVERY satisfaction: safety, economy, durability and freedom from worry.

YOU can cook the most delicate and easily scorched food in an aluminum utensil with less fear of burning than in any other kind. Aluminum is a better distributor of heat and remains hot a longer time. Consequently less fuel is needed for cooking. **Even if you save only five minutes in cooking each meal, you save 90 hours on your year's fuel bill.**

The sanitary feature of **"Wear-Ever"** ware is an important one. Each utensil is made from **thick**, hard sheet aluminum, 99% pure, without joints, seams or solder. There is no coating to peel, crack or blister. **"Wear-Ever"** utensils are light to handle, cannot rust, cannot form poisonous compounds with fruit acids or foods, and are practically everlasting. They make heavy housekeeping light.

Replace utensils that wear OUT with utensils that "WEAR-EVER"

But judge **"Wear-Ever"** not by our claims, but by **your test.** Ask your dealer for **"Wear-Ever"** ware. If he cannot supply you mail us the coupon with 15 two-cent stamps (Canadian Stamps accepted), and we'll send you, prepaid, the 1 quart saucepan pictured. Test it; and if you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded

Write for our free booklet too. It illustrates our full line. Over 200 styles and sizes. Always look for the trade mark. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

The ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
18 Tenth St., New Kensington, Pa.

Distributing Agents for Canada,
NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd., Toronto

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., 18 10th St., New Kensington, Pa.
Send me (prepaid sample "Wear-Ever" Saucepan, for which I enclose 15 two cent stamps—money to be refunded if test is not satisfactory.
Name
Address
My dealer's name
His address is
(Dealer's name and address must be given)
S E P

Your Desire for Running Water May Now Be Fulfilled

Every drop of water you now carry in buckets for any purpose, in fair weather or foul, may be drawn from a faucet within the house. An ample supply piped for bathroom, kitchen, laundry, sprinkling, watering stock and fire protection can be made a reality—with the force supplied day and night by the air pressure of the

Leader Water System

Placed in your basement or buried underground no matter where you live, your plant is protected from freezing; the water is always clear, pure and of equable temperature. Both ***hard*** and ***soft*** running water, ***hot*** as well as ***cold,*** can be had where and when you want it, under as much pressure as you desire.

The value of a **Leader Water System** to yourself and family will be realized every hour of every day. It counts in many ways, but chiefly as a luxury. Its cost depends upon your needs. Leader sizes range from a small hand outfit to the largest capacity for motor driven pumps for homes, country clubs, hotels, institutions, and even villages and towns.

The story is told in "*The Quest of the Pure*" which we will gladly send, together with the cost of the Leader you select, if you will fill out and mail the coupon to-day.

The trade-mark *Leader* on the plant you buy is your assurance of satisfaction. Make sure it is there.

Leader Iron Works
Decatur, Ill., *and* Owego, N.Y.
New York City Office, 16 William St.
Chicago Office, Monadnock Block

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon

LEADER IRON WORKS,
2010 Jasper St., Decatur, Ill.

Without [illegible] send me your book, "*The Question of Water Supply*."

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Electrical Devices for the Home are E
Built by an Experienced Orga
WESTINGHOUS

The electrical device for the home has arrived. It is no longer an experiment. It is now a part of the household economy of every modern family and it is solving the domestic problem in thousands of American homes.

The electric iron as designed by the Westinghouse engineers is one of the greatest time and labor savers ever given the housewife. Not only does it save the steps devoted to changing the old-fashioned irons—but owing to the uniform, dependable heat given out over every part of its ironing surface, it actually turns out a better grade of laundry work and in less time. Your mediocre laundress improves her work with it. A good laundress finds hers much easier. And the Westinghouse iron is very inexpensive to operate.

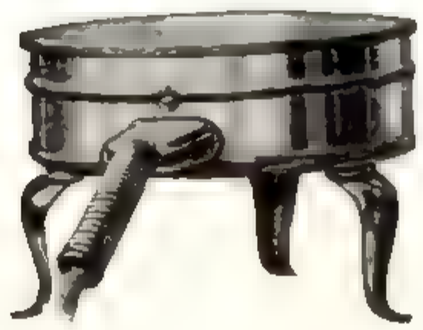
Westinghouse electrical cooking appliances have been thoroughly tried out in daily household use and are not to be compared with the ordinary electrical devices now on the market. With these appliances housekeeping is reduced to its simplest form.

The Westinghouse electric chafing dish is more practical than any other device of the sort that has ever been invented. The heating element in this device is *within. The heat must do its work before any can escape.* In every other like device since

Westinghouse Electric Iron

A Few of the Westinghouse Electric

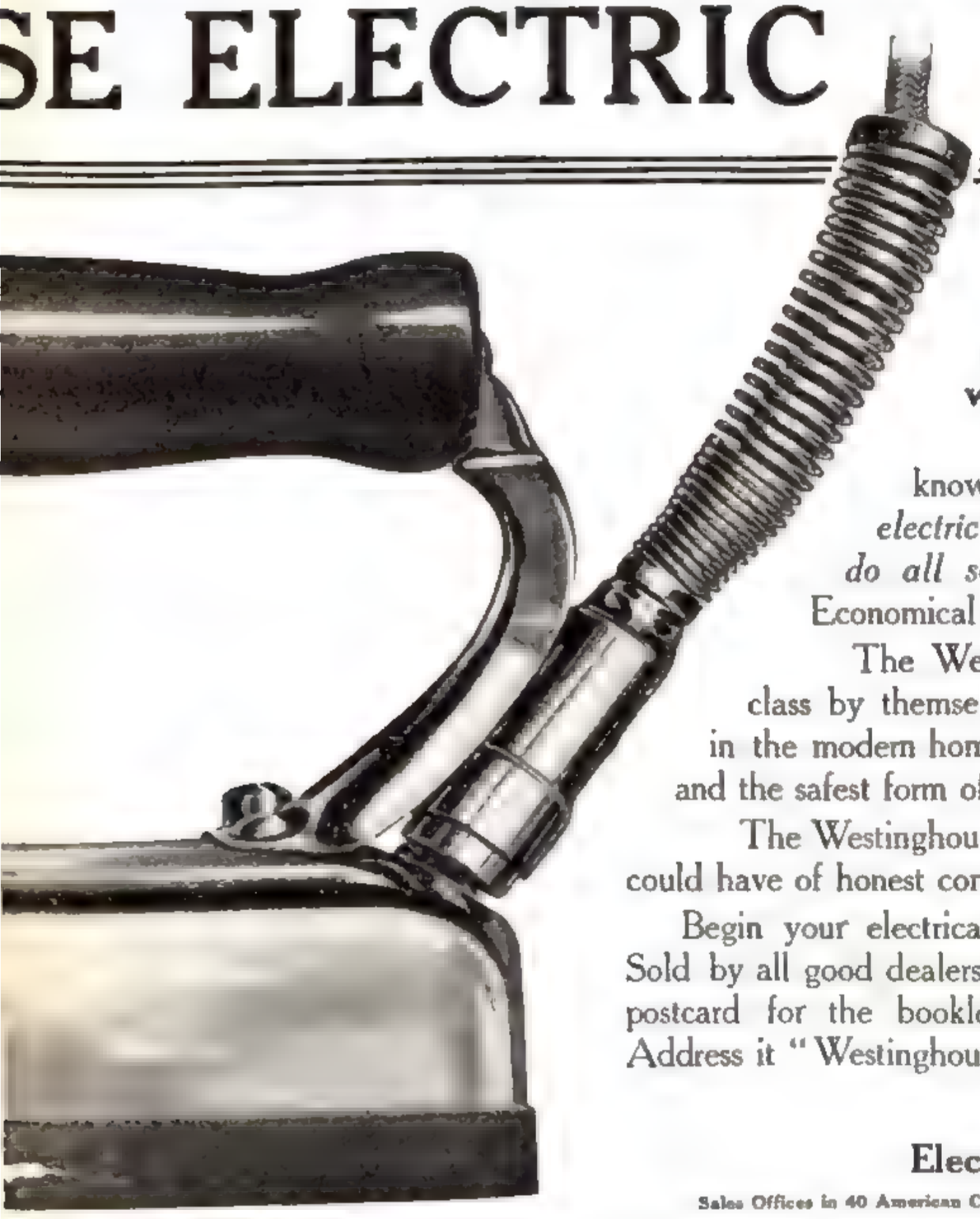
Luminous Radiator—$9.25 upward*



Disc Stove—$2.50 upward*

Chafing Dish—$12.50 upw

conomical Only When Designed and
nization. Look for the Name
SE ELECTRIC



—$4.00 upward

the old coffee-pot on the stove the heat started outside and worked its way in—a wasteful method. **This improvement makes for economy—the thing every woman has been looking for in electrical devices.**

The Westinghouse toaster-stove has been taken up by knowing women everywhere. *It is a perfect and practical little electric stove. It is not only useful for making toast but will do all sorts of light cooking right on the dining or tea table.* Economical in current consumption. Strong and durable.

The Westinghouse air heaters and luminous radiators are in a class by themselves. They have many cold-corner and cold-room uses in the modern home. They are highly efficient and give the most healthful and the safest form of heat known.

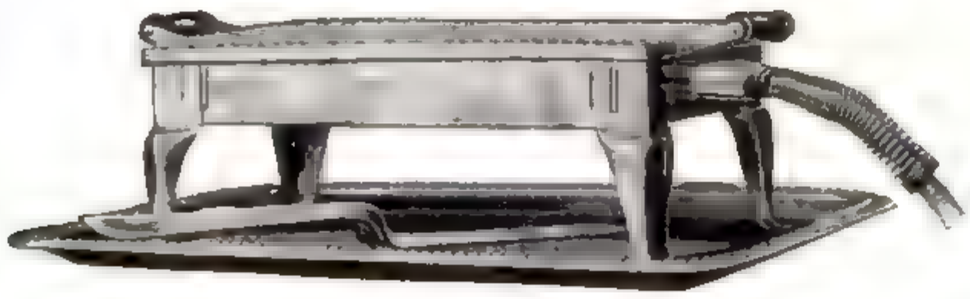
The Westinghouse name on all electrical devices is the best guarantee you could have of honest construction and long wear.

Begin your electrical home right now! Start with the Westinghouse iron. Sold by all good dealers and many lighting companies. Send us your name on a postcard for the booklet that describes the Westinghouse household devices. Address it "Westinghouse Department of Publicity, Pittsburg."

Westinghouse
Electric & Manufacturing Company
Sales Offices in 40 American Cities — Pittsburg — Representatives All Over the World

ally Heated Household Devices

ward*



Toaster-Stove—$6.00 upward*

Electric Heater—$15.00 upward*

*Prices a little higher in Canada

The Watch

that takes longer to build than a great

Skyscraper

It takes six months just to *make* and *put together* the *parts* of a *South Bend* Watch. It often takes *another* six months in adjustments and *regulation* to obtain in that watch the "South Bend Standard of Accuracy."

It is this standard of accuracy that has made the South Bend Watch *famous*, and we will *maintain* this standard though it takes *a year*, as it often does, to make *each* watch—longer than is required to build great skyscrapers.

A South Bend *must* cost a little more than common watches, but it must *keep time*. A watch that *doesn't* keep time isn't worth what you pay for it, no matter *how much* or *how little* it costs.

And here's another point—

We sell South Bend Watches *only* through *expert* jewelers. *Remember* that for it means this:

Every South Bend Watch, then, gets the *expert jeweler's regulation* in *addition* to the factory's. It is the *jeweler's* regulation that fits the watch to *your personality*. Take it in to him two or three times, that's all.

That "personal adjustment" to your personality is *absolutely necessary* because *good* watches run differently for different people. If you walk much, ride in motor cars, move quickly, etc., your watch is affected and should be regulated to offset the general conditions under which *you carry* a watch.

Only *a good jeweler can do this*, and it can be done only with a *good watch*, for some watches are not *sensitive enough* for such delicate regulation, hence seldom keep time for *anyone*.

You buy *real, lasting satisfaction* when you buy a good watch and have it "personally adjusted." Ask *your* jeweler to show you a South Bend movement. If he hasn't one send us his name and we'll name a jeweler who has.

Write for our book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells *all about* watches—the South Bend in particular. Mail a post card for it today.

"South Bend" Watch

Sold by 14,080 Retail Jewelers

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 3
South Bend
Ind.

(49)

(Concluded from Page 25)

of the past. The fact is that the majority of the men from the South in the Congress are clear-headed, patriotic, whole-country men, working for the common good; and the professional Southerners, of whom there are some, are as much of a joke to these men of the New South as they are to the men from the other sections of the country.

Speaking about the South, we have in our midst in Washington a Southern candidate for President who wants the nomination worse than a spinster wants to get married. I refer to the Honorable James Beauchamp Clark, Speaker-to-be, native of Kentucky, resident of Missouri, orator, leader and statesman, and known familiarly, by his own volition, as Champ Clark, the contraction of his name being his trademark, and a very good one too. Champ is as self-conscious on this proposition as the chairman of the junior prom at a freshwater college. He is ardently and enthusiastically a candidate, notwithstanding the imperial state of Missouri, from which he hails, has another avowed candidate, backed by a league or something like that, in the person of Joseph W. Folk.

Champ has his hooks into William Jennings Bryan. He has been Chautauquaing around the country for years. He is to be the next Speaker. He is a cagy individual. He knows a hawk from a handsaw. He thinks he has the age in this game of getting the Democratic Presidential nomination, and every time any person puts the proposition up to him he blushes and bridles and dissembles; but the germ has him in its fell clutches and he hopes to be able to put some thing or things across in the next two years that will make him the logical boy before the next Democratic national convention.

Of course Harmon, of Ohio, and Wilson, of New Jersey, and Folk, of Missouri, and various others, have lightning-rods up; but Champ is out in the center, with the eyes of the nation focused on him—with a tariff to be revised, with a Democratic House of Representatives to steer through whirlpools and narrows and rapids and back currents—and he has it in mind that he can accumulate enough repute, added to what he has, to pull him through.

Will Loeb Go to Washington?

Wherefore, Champ is on all fours with the present President of the United States, Mr. William Howard Taft, who is openly and avowedly a candidate for the nomination in 1912. Mr. Taft is making no bones of it now. He is sending out emissaries whose duty it is to organize for him. He is gathering around him, as best he can, men who can help him in the campaign. He is taking note of what is happening in the varied politics of the country, with a view to getting the advantage. He is trying to hold to himself such insurgent chiefs as may be susceptible and is casting about for political managers to help him through.

He has been after William Loeb, Jr., now collector of the port of New York, to come back to Washington and take his old place as secretary to the President. This has been going on for two months. Loeb may fall or he may not. I have no information on that point, but I know what the plot is—namely: Loeb is a skillful politician, and what they want him to do is to step into the breach, displace Norton, hold Taft steady so the regulars and the Old Guard can frame up something during the next two years that will enable them to get away with Taft's nomination and mayhap give a chance to reelect him.

Taft sadly needs a guide, counselor, friend and balance-wheel. Loeb would be all that and more. If Taft could get Loeb back he might have a chance.

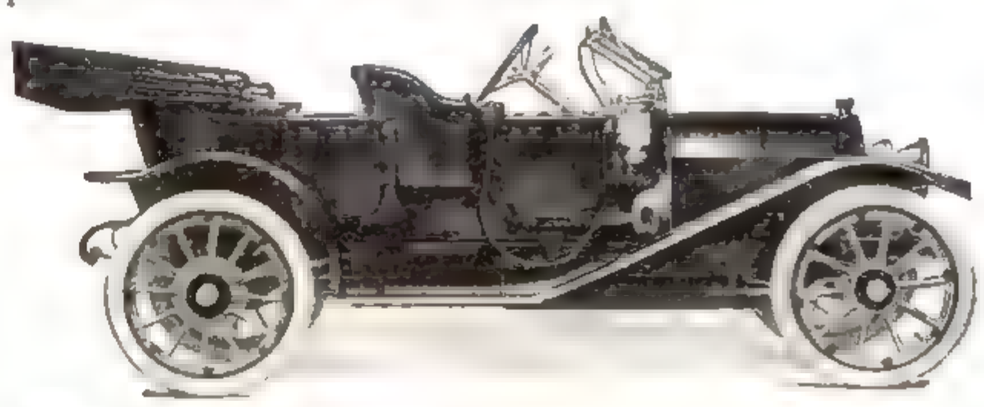
Meantime the biggest thing Taft has done is his stand on reciprocity with Canada. That has split the Republican party in Congress wide open, but it appeals to the country; and if it doesn't come now, as it probably will not, it will come some time. The old, standpat, regular gang cannot hold out forever against this, but will fight to the last gasp. They intend that Canadian reciprocity shall be accomplished over their dead bodies, but the President is displaying a long-wished-for firmness in the matter and he probably will win in the end. Moreover, his message on this reciprocity business was the ablest state paper he has ever produced and one of the ablest in our generation; which may show that, perhaps, at last he has found himself to a degree—or that he had very able advice.

Built for Permanence

The Abbott-Detroit owner is included in the Abbott-Detroit policy to such an extent that he participates in all our achievements as long as he drives one of our cars.

Abbott-Detroit

This is the surest indication of our own consciousness, our fixed purpose to continue to build for permanence, to always live up to the high standards set by the $1500 motor car that is a revelation of perfections—the Abbott-Detroit.



"The Book of Abbott-Detroit" shows the car, all models, explains the policy and is full of excellent illustrations. Let us send you a copy.

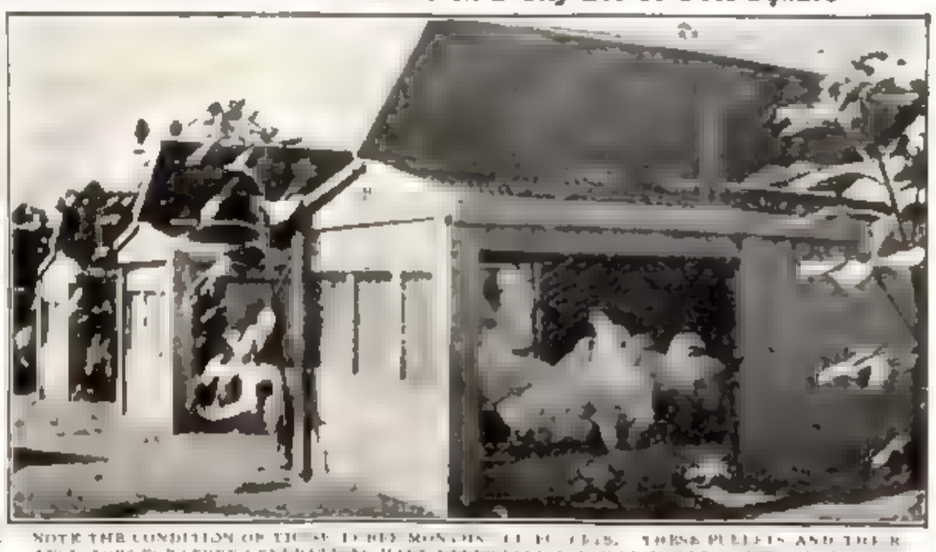
Abbott Motor Company
117 Waterloo St., Detroit, Michigan

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 from 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1 500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the

PHILO SYSTEM



NOTE THE CONDITION OF THESE HENS AFTER TEN MONTHS OF EGG PRODUCTION. THESE PULLETS AND THEIR ANCESTORS FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS HAVE NEVER BEEN A POUND BELOW THE WEIGHT OF THE BREED

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible and getting wheat hens to do that are hard [illegible]

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeding stock to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It tells [illegible] tells how to make everything necessary to [illegible] at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX MONTH OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

on a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book **The Philo System of Poultry Keeping**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, which are easy to understand and [illegible] of poultry [illegible]

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

One of these secrets alone is worth many times the price of the book. Failure to get strong, vigorous chicks from fertile eggs is not [illegible] Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 40 cents a dozen.

CHICKEN FEED AT FIFTEEN CENTS A BUSHEL

Our hens are fed on [illegible] but don't have a grain of it. We feed [illegible] It is not at all necessary to get large eggs [illegible] green food as well to keep [illegible]

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamps required. No danger of burning down [illegible] fire. They also keep the [illegible] any that may be on them when placed in the brooder [illegible] gives full plans and the right to make and use them [illegible] easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

My dear Mr. P[illegible] Valley Falls, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1910.

After another year's work with your System of poultry keeping [illegible] I am thoroughly convinced of its practicability [illegible] Three Brothers [illegible] kept hens, three and [illegible] Brothers [illegible] kept hens, however as they grew [illegible] Those who have [illegible] my poultry have been unanimous in their praise. They have raised [illegible]

Sincere yours, Rev. J. H. [illegible]

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y. Oct. [illegible], 1910.

Dear Sir: No [illegible] you will be interested to learn [illegible] record keeping [illegible] the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly complete. It has given us an income of over $600 from 50 pedigree hens and some cockerels. Had we not [illegible] the work as well as we now [illegible] after a year's experience we could easily [illegible] $1 000 from the 50 hens. [illegible] to the profits from the sale of pedigree stock we have cleared over $600.00, running our [illegible] of the Philo Hatchers. We are pleased with the results, and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes we are

Very truly yours, Mrs. J. C. P. Goodrich

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y. So. Britain, Ct., Apr. 19, 1909.

Dear Sir: I have followed your system as close as I could the [illegible] I [illegible] There can be no improvement in nature [illegible] The first year since I had with your System was a [illegible] The earlier [illegible] hatch every two hens got them at [illegible] broilers [illegible] and at the age of [illegible] pounds. They then average [illegible] and the [illegible] were the finest [illegible] and [illegible]

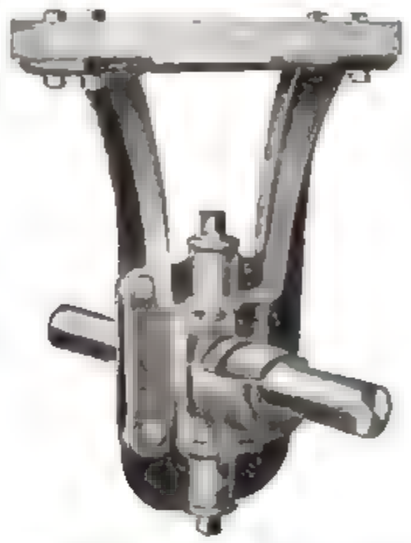
Yours truly, A. J. [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER—Send $1 00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

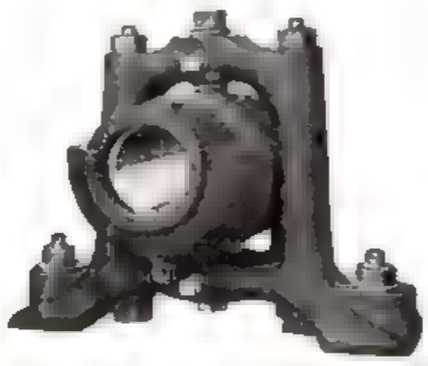
E. R. PHILO, Publisher
2812 Lake Street Elmira, N. Y.

Is There a Transmission Standard In Your Plant?

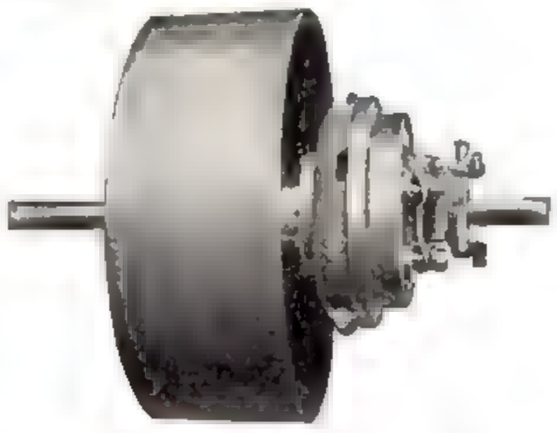
Dodge "Standard" Split Iron Pulley with interchangeable bushings. Non-flexible, has no riveted joints.



Dodge Ball and Socket Drop Hanger. Made on true ball and socket principle.



Dodge Ball and Socket Adjustable Pillow Block. Bearings interchangeable with Drop and Post Hanger.



Dodge Split Friction Clutch in combination with iron split pulley. Both clutch and pulley being split, this combination can be easily and quickly installed without disturbing other equipment. Enables you to control departments independently.

Ask yourself, and *answer* that question, Mr. Manufacturer, *today*. Talk it over with your Superintendent *now*. It is too *big*—too important—a consideration for you to pass over lightly. It affects your output, your profits—your *whole factory system*.

A *shop standard* is *vitally* essential.

Hundreds of modern mills and factories, by adopting a *single standard* of Transmission Equipment have secured absolute uniformity and interchangeability. They have reduced shop accounting to the simplest basis. They have gained all the way from 10 to 25 per cent in *total efficiency*.

DODGE

Is the Only Standard for Power Transmission Machinery

It *alone* embraces "everything for the mechanical transmission of power."

It means a material reduction in the cost of erection, operation and maintenance. The split feature is the greatest time-, money- and power-saver ever introduced into Transmission Machinery Friction Clutches, to control departments independently, and *self-oiling bearings* are further features of tremendous value.

Dodge distribution covers the map—like the U. S. mails. It goes *everywhere*. There are more than 200 Dodge distributing centers. Branch houses and agents—machinery and supply dealers throughout the country carry large Dodge stocks always. You always can get "what you need when you need it."

And note *another* thing—because all types of bearings are interchangeable in the various classes of frames, the Dodge dealer at all times has available for you just what you wish, without delay and bother of "special orders."

Here are just a few of the hundreds of big National industries where the Dodge Line is the accepted shop standard:

International Harvester Co.	American Tobacco Co.
General Motors Co.	National Electric Lamp Ass'n Co.
American Can Co.	Dean Electric Co.
National Biscuit Co.	Morgan & Wright
American Laundry Machinery Co	Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.	Diamond Rubber Co.

and scores of others, large and small.

We will gladly help you to secure perfect system and economy in installation and operation of Power Transmission Machinery. Our Board of Expert Engineers is at your service. Submit your problems or difficulties to them. Their service is free of obligation to you.

We want to place in the hands of the men who are entitled to it our new 434-page cloth bound book on "Power Transmission Engineering" and our catalog Z C-10. It is full of interesting and valuable data on Power Transmission Machinery and is a complete catalog of the Dodge Line.

This Great Engineering Work Free

If you are an Owner, Manager, Superintendent, Purchasing Agent, Master Mechanic or a Chief Engineer of a power using plant, send us your name upon coupon below and we will send you a copy prepaid. It is a book that should be in your shop library.

DODGE MFG. COMPANY, Station B-1, Mishawaka, Ind.

Without obligation on my part, send me FREE your book Power Transmission Engineering and complete catalog No. Z C-10

I am connected with the following firm: _____

in the capacity of Owner ☐ Manager ☐ Superintendent ☐ Purchasing Agent ☐ Master Mechanic ☐ Chief Engineer ☐ (check position you hold)

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My address _____

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Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery

Main Office and Works, Station B-1, Mishawaka, Indiana

Branches and District Warehouses:

Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Atlanta, Minneapolis, London, England

And agencies in nearly every city in the United States

We carry large and complete stocks at all our branches for immediate delivery. For quick service, communicate by long distance telephone with the branch or agency nearest you.

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Your Suit Should Be A "NATIONAL" Suit

Your suit should be a "NATIONAL" Tailored Suit because it will be a better suit, a better fitting suit, a more graceful stylish and becoming suit—and it will cost you less money

Your "NATIONAL" Style Book, which we want to send you free, proves all this, tells you of the skillful designing, the wonderful workmanship of "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Tailored Suits, prices from $15 to $40. It tells you how each suit is cut, trimmed and lined to your order, just as you wish it. And each "NATIONAL" Tailored Suit is guaranteed to fit perfectly and be entirely satisfactory, or we will refund your money.

In writing for your Style Book, be sure to ask for samples of materials for "National" Made to Measure Tailored Suits, and state the colors you wear. Samples are sent gladly but only when asked for

Your Dress Should Be A "NATIONAL" Dress

Your Lingerie or Silk Dress should be a "NATIONAL" dress because it will be incomparably more stylish, different looking, more attractive, becoming and beautiful. And it will save you money

The originals of "NATIONAL" Dresses come from the famous fashion designers of Paris. They are reproduced for you here—all the style, the grace and beauty retained and only the price made less.

"NATIONAL" Waists and Skirts

Your waists should be "NATIONAL" Waists, because of the wonderful variety of exclusive and beautiful new designs you have to select from

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239 West 24th St., New York City
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THE EYE OF APOLLO

(Concluded from Page 7)

like a giant in bonds. "Who are you, you cursed spy, to weave your spiders' webs round me and peep and peer and find things out? Where is the door? Let me go!"

"Shall I stop him?" asked Flambeau, bounding toward the exit, for Kalon had already thrown open the door.

"No; let him pass," said Father Brown, with a strange, deep sigh. "Let Cain pass by, for he belongs to God."

There was a long silence in the room when he had left it, which was to Flambeau's fierce wits one long agony of interrogation. Miss Joan Stacey very coolly tidied up the papers on her desk.

"Father," said Flambeau at last, "it is my duty, not my curiosity only—it is my duty to find out if I can who committed the crime."

"Which crime?" asked Father Brown.

"The one we are dealing with, of course," replied his impatient friend.

"We are dealing with two crimes," said Brown; "crimes of very different weight and by very different criminals."

Miss Joan Stacey, having collected and put away her papers, proceeded to lock up her drawer. Father Brown went on, noticing her as little as she noticed him.

"The two crimes," he said, "were committed against the same weakness of the same person in a struggle for her money. The author of the larger crime found it frustrated by the smaller crime; the author of the small crime got the money."

"Oh, don't go on like a lecturer," groaned Flambeau. "Put it in a few words."

"I can put it in one word," answered his friend.

Miss Joan Stacey skewered her businesslike black hat on to her head with a businesslike black frown before a little mirror; and as the conversation proceeded she took her handbag and umbrella in an unhurried style and left the room.

"The truth is in one word—and a short word," said Father Brown. "Pauline Stacey was blind"

"Blind!" repeated Flambeau, and rose to his full stature.

"She was subject to it by blood," Brown proceeded. "Her sister would have started eyeglasses if this poor woman would have let her; but it was her special philosophy or fad that one must not encourage such diseases by yielding to them. She would not admit the cloud, or she tried to dispel it by will. So her eyes got worse and worse with straining; but the worst strain was coming. It came with this precious prophet, or whatever he calls himself, who taught her to stare at the hot sun with the naked eye. It was called accepting Apollo. Oh, if these new pagans would only be old pagans, they would be a little wiser! The old pagans knew that mere Nature-worship must have a cruel side. They knew that the Eye of Apollo could blast and blind."

There was a pause; then the priest went on in a quiet and even broken voice.

"Whether or no that devil deliberately made her blind, there is no doubt that he deliberately killed her by using her blindness. The very simplicity of it is sickening. You know he and she went up and down in those lifts without official help; you know also how smoothly and silently the lift slides. Kalon brought the lift to the girl's landing and saw her, through the open door, writing in her slow, blind way the will she had promised him. He called out to her cheerily that he had the lift ready for her; and she was to come out when she was ready. Then he pressed a button and shot soundlessly up to his own floor, walked through his own office, out on to his own balcony, and was praying before the crowded street when the poor girl, having finished her work, ran gayly out to where lover and lift were to receive her—and stepped ——"

"Don't!" cried Flambeau.

"He ought to have got half a million by pressing that button," continued the little father in the colorless voice in which he talked of such horrors. "But that went smash. It went smash because there happened to be another person who also wanted the money—and who also knew the secret about poor Pauline's sight. There was one thing about that will that I think nobody noticed: although it was unfinished and without a signature, the other Miss Stacey and some servant of hers had already signed it as witnesses. That proved that the elder sister had got them to sign first, saying she was going to do it later, with a typical feminine contempt for legal forms. Joan had managed this somehow; therefore Joan wanted her sister to sign the will without real witnesses. Why? I thought of the blindness and felt sure she had wanted Pauline to sign in solitude because she had wanted her not to sign at all.

"People like the Staceys always use fountain pens; but this was specially natural to Pauline. By habit and her strong will and memory she could still write almost as well as if she saw; but she could not tell when her pen needed dipping. Therefore her fountain pens were regularly filled by her sister—except this fountain pen. This was carefully not filled by her sister; the remains of the ink held out for a few lines and then failed altogether; and the prophet lost five hundred thousand pounds and committed one of the most brutal and brilliant murders in human history for nothing."

Flambeau was leaning back in his chair and looking at his friend with a queer and wondering expression. "You must have followed everything that has happened here devilish closely," he said, "to have traced the crime to Kalon at all."

Father Brown gave a sort of start.

"Oh, to him!" he said. "No; I had to follow rather close to find out about Miss Joan and the fountain pen. But I knew Kalon was the criminal before I came into the front door."

"You must be joking!" cried Flambeau.

"I'm quite serious," answered the priest. "I tell you I knew he had done it even before I knew what he had done."

"But why?"

"These pagan stoics," said Brown reflectively, "always fail by their strength. There came a crash and a scream down the street—and the Priest of Apollo did not start or look round. I did not know what it was, but I knew that he was expecting it."

Editor's Note—This is the second story in a new series by Mr. Chesterton, with Father Brown as the hero. The third tale will appear in an early issue.

Jumping Beans

OF VEGETABLE mysteries there have been many. Thus, until within recent years, it was not known that the famous Persian insect powder—now produced in large quantities in California—was made by grinding up the flowers of a plant nearly related to the common daisy. The so-called "sea-beans," found on the southern beaches of the United States, were supposed to be the seeds of marine plants, until at length it was discovered that they grew in pods on vines along the shores of the Caribbean Sea.

Only recently has the mystery of the "jumping bean"—otherwise known as the "devil's bean"—been cleared up. For a good many years these eccentric seeds have been sold, but nobody could tell where they came from. They are triangular, shaped somewhat like convolvulus seeds, and have all the appearance of being alive, rolling from side to side and moving by jerks and jumps. The ignorant have even supposed them to possess a miraculous character.

The activity of the "devil's bean," however, is attributable to the fact that it contains a plump whitish caterpillar, which looks somewhat like the common apple worm, being in fact of the same genus. It eats the contents of the seed and then proceeds to line the hollow shell with silk. Thus ensconced, it defers for a considerable period its final metamorphosis. Accordingly the bean it occupies may continue to jump for several months—the movements being caused by the larva's alternately contracting and extending its body. Finally, it cuts a neat little door in the side of its house, transforms and emerges as a moth.

All of this does not explain the origin of the seed which, as now known, is that of a small shrub called the arrow-weed, native to the state of Sonora, in Mexico. The plant is a species of laurel, about four feet high, which in June and July is covered with pods containing from three to five such beans as those described. A large percentage of the beans are infested by the insect parasite. It is said that the plant was formerly used by the Indians to furnish a poison for their arrows.

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Under the Magnifying Glass

PERHAPS the thing next best to a personal visit to one or other of our eight great factories, is to picture for you some of the things we do to make White House Shoes what they are.

Here's one of the first steps in the process—*the inspecting and testing of the leather*—an operation which requires a peculiar and unusual skill in order to detect the slightest blemish or imperfection. The sorting tables are placed directly in front of the windows, thereby securing strongest natural light. In addition, powerful electric lights are suspended above, to detect the slightest defects in the leather. Our inspectors discard everything but the best and

truest leather. Yet this is but one of the needs of expert operations which characterize and distinguish the making of

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The Brown Shoe Co. also make the famous

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For Boys. For Girls.

Double wear in every pair. Perhaps you'd like to have a copy of our Style Book, handsomely illustrated, showing all the latest models in proper things in shoes. Ask your dealer for White House Shoes. Tell him that's the make you want. If he cannot supply you, let us know and we'll see that you are supplied.

THE BROWN SHOE COMPANY
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THE "EVERITT 30"

"We Will Build in Our Own Factory, Under Personal Supervision, a Few Thoroughly High-Grade Automobiles. We Will Be Sure of Our Quality, Our Inspections and Our Testings. We Will Make These Cars as Good as We Know How, and by Simplicity and Rigid Economies, Offer Buyers a New Standard of Value."—(The Builders of the Everitt)

Wheel Base,	110 in.
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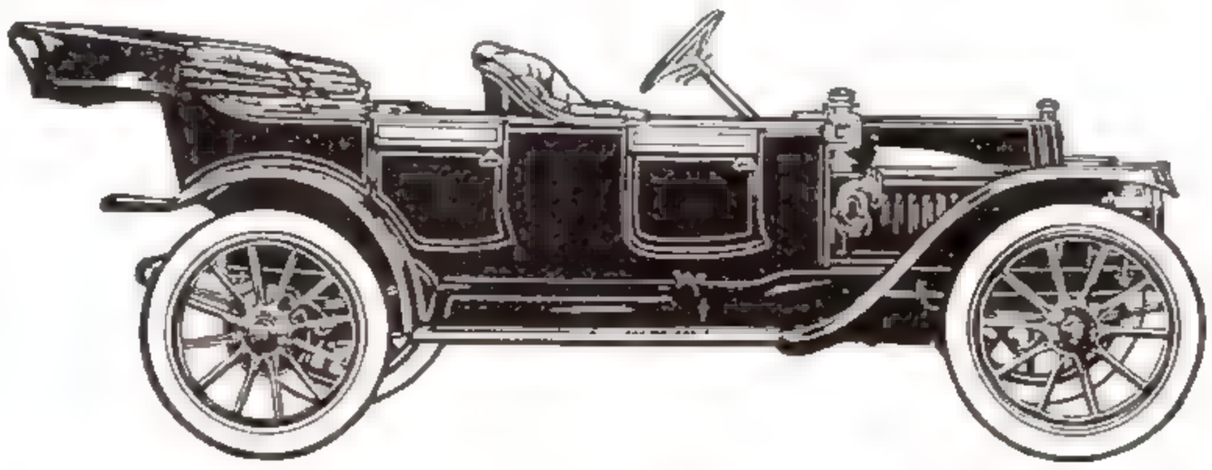

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Only 4,000 Everitts, This Year, From a Factory of Double That Capacity! Read—And Learn the Reason Why!

The Story of the Everitt

A unique story lies behind this car,—one that should be familiar to every buyer of an automobile. It typifies the trend of motor-car manufacturing, and plainly shows how improvements will come—and how you benefit. The facts are these:

For the last ten years—since the beginning of automobiles—a certain three Detroit manufacturers have been building motor-cars. Their names are familiar wherever cars are known. They have founded and successfully operated three automobile manufactories; built cars of a dozen grades and types. Their experience is without a parallel.

They worked on the first car built in Detroit; experimented through all the years of development. In the period of immense demand for usable cheap cars, they built their tens of thousands. And today—now that automobiles are better understood and the call is for less quantity and greater quality—they are centering their efforts on a standardized automobile of new intrinsic value.

The Dawn of a New Demand

B. F. Everitt, W. E. Metzger and William Kelly were the men behind the car. Each was a specialist. Everitt was the Manufacturer; Metzger the Trade Expert; Kelly the Engineer. The combination was complete. Their creative genius only awaited an opportunity.

Finally it came, in the new demand for a better-quality car at a moderate price. Buyers who but a short time before were absorbing unlimited quantities of automobiles because they were cheap, began asking for the quality found in costly types. A little experience had shown that cheap, machine-made cars, hastily assembled, could not be permanently satisfactory.

Two years ago, this condition was foreseen. The manufacturing interests owned by these men were quickly sold. A new factory was purchased; a million dollars and a year's time spent in its equipment. Then came the sifting and final adoption of designs, parts and equipments,—a process of infinite care.

For it was determined to build a genuine quality car—a car so good as to set a standard for years; to eliminate every useless part, profit by all the experience that had gone before, manufacture every detail in one factory, and give to those operations which make for excellence a degree of skill and care known only to the costliest. The result was the "Everitt 30."

The Car That's Built for You

The advice of a hundred dealers was sought in its design. Their ideas were sifted, concentrated, refined. The many years' experience of the makers eliminated a score of weaknesses. It was only after months of searching tests that the first Everitt was put on the road. This was just a year ago.

Then it was quickly seen that here at last was a well-nigh perfect car. Its simplicity had been carried to a point unheard of. Its motor, a whirlwind for power, actually contained 150 less parts than any other. The total car weight had been lessened by 300 pounds.

Improvements and innovations were apparent in every detail. Experts who saw the new model became enthusiastic. Its success was assured.

Then the factory production began. Slowly, for quality was the object—not quantity. It was from the start impossible to supply the demand for a car like this. But, altogether, in that year, 900 "Everitts" were placed in owners' hands.

Owners Know—900 Stories Like These

From these first cars are available nine hundred stories of astonishing performance. Owner after owner has written of his car in the most remarkable words. It is probable that no car at any price ever made so consistent a record in the hands of owners,—many of them used to expensive cars.

There is the case of the Chicago capitalist, for instance (name on request), a fast, rough driver, who has owned four high-priced automobiles. He recently said to a friend: "I want to tell you frankly, as man to man, that 'Everitt 30' of mine is the most satisfactory car I ever owned. This is my first car costing under $4,000, but not one of the others would do on the road what this one will. Furthermore, after six months hard use, not even the mouldmarks are worn off the tires."

There is the Wisconsin owner, entirely new to motoring, who ran his Everitt daily for nine months without a moment's trouble or a penny's cost for upkeep. His season's travel was 4,500 miles at a total running expense of $50.

There is the Georgian whose "Everitt 30" carried a pacemaker's flag steadily for seven days through an equinoxial storm and so-called "impossible" conditions. Every car in the line—and there were thirty-five, including all the best-known names—was stalled or mired along the way. The owner said: "Words cannot describe the conditions, or the marvelous performance of the car, when all the others failed."

These are not detached instances, remember. Hundreds of such letters are available. Any Everitt owner anywhere will gladly tell you his experience. There are 900 altogether.

Limited Quantity—Every Car Right

It was determined at the start to strictly limit factory production—a policy realized as the one means of maintaining quality.

The reason is obvious. Automobile-building is by no means entirely a machinery proposition. Good cars can not be turned out as grist from a mill. There are tedious processes of assembling, adjusting, inspecting, and testing, which require the painstaking hand-work of skilled mechanics. This in addition to the automatic operations common to all first-class factories. You see why good cars must be built slowly.

And that is why only 4,000 Everitts will be built this year, in a factory of double that capacity. Many would-be buyers will not be able to get an Everitt. But every buyer who secures one will get a quality, service and demonstrated goodness known only to the costliest.

He will get a car which is known to be right. It will have had the oversight of three long-experienced builders,—practical men who know every detailed operation, and can run any machine in their shops. He will get a mechanical excellence and advanced engineering features elsewhere unavailable at any price.

Only Quick Action Will Reserve an Everitt

We want you to see this car—to test it for yourself. You will find it extraordinary value; the most desirable purchase you can make. There is nothing like it anywhere.

We can only touch here on a few of many features, but we want you to note its peculiar simplicity, its great strength; its light weight; its flexibility, its reliability, and its exceptional responsiveness under any condition of road or service.

If you are experienced, you will quickly approve its mechanical design; its low center of gravity; double-drop frame; unit transmission; scientific construction and careful balance of weights. You will note that the equipment includes such high-grade features as Bosch magneto ignition, and similar costly details.

Will you write for further information—our catalog and name of nearest dealer? There are only a few Everitts unsold. Use this coupon—now.

Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit

F-1

Send Your Catalog and Dealer's Address:

METZGER MOTOR CAR CO. Licensed Under Selden Patent DETROIT, MICH.

The Good We Get From Oats

Nature gives oats
more digestible protein—
more organic phosphorus—
more lecithin—
than to any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, an energy-giving food. You know the vitality which oats give horses. They give the same to man.

You know the Scotchmen's racial fame for brawn and height—built largely by the protein in oatmeal.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent—the food for thought. Lecithin is the chief component of the nervous system.

In Quaker Oats—at one-half cent per dish—one gets this wealth of our chiefest foods in a perfectly-balanced form. Just the richest grains.

Those are some of the reasons why natural instinct gives the normal person liking for oatmeal.

Brain Workers

Out of 50 leading professors in one university we find that 48 regularly eat oatmeal.

About nine-tenths of college students are users of oatmeal, and four in five came from oatmeal homes.

We wrote 12,000 physicians, and we find that four-fifths are regular oatmeal users.

Seven-eighths of the children from the homes of the intelligent are sent to school on oatmeal.

Muscle Workers

A concern which employs 2,000 wood-cutters in Maine, under advice of a prominent chemist feeds its workers oatmeal. They start the day on oats alone—for energy and for endurance.

Athletes are almost universal users of oatmeal. Athletic directors in colleges strenuously advocate oats.

Archdeacon Sinclair, in an address to a class in gymnastics, advised oatmeal as the best preparation for work. He also remarked that in two generations his family had produced twenty six-footers—all brought up on oatmeal.

Children

A wide canvass of the homes of the best types we breed shows that seven-eighths of the children are brought up on oatmeal.

In the homes of the ignorant, the wan and incapable, not one child in twelve gets oats. Authorities agree that the mental and physical deficiencies are due largely to underfeeding.

A canvass of 61 poorhouses shows that not one-thirteenth of the inmates were reared in oatmeal homes. Only two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries were found to be oatmeal bred.

Good Livers

On the boulevards and in all better-class sections nearly every home with children in it is an oatmeal home.

The finest hotels serve on the average one pound of oatmeal daily to each eighteen guests. The Plaza, New York, serves 60 pounds daily—the Waldorf-Astoria 50 pounds daily.

Boston—famed as the home of good living—consumes 22 times as much oatmeal per capita as do some other sections on which we have data.

The Utmost in Oatmeal

Quaker Oats

Just the Cream of the Oats

The finest oats that grow are sifted 62 times to get the grains for Quaker Oats. We get only 10 pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel—just the richest, plumpest grains.

These perfect grains, prepared by our process, form the most delicious, most nutritious oat food ever made.

Millions now know this. There is no other package food of any kind for which people now spend so much.

In such a food one wants the highest grade. It pays to give children the kind they like—the kind of which they never tire. That grade is Quaker Oats. And its cost, despite its quality, is but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(134)

W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated

(Continued from Page 15)

Well, I do know it. I'm in with all the right people and they're for me. I've proved that I can be useful and that I'm straight; and that's all there is to hitting things up big. Well, I own a fifth interest in this potential fortune. Lucyanna owns well on toward four-fifths. Wouldn't people then have the right to throw stones at me and say that I was marrying her for her money?"

What made me laugh was not what Oggie had said, but the way he said it. He was absolutely serious. He really felt that he had voiced a convincing objection. I laughed till I almost had a fit—and he got madder and madder.

"You people," he said at last, "that are born rich are utterly devoid of delicacy. You have none of the finer feelings. You lead lives often gross and always material. You can't even put yourself in another person's place and feel for that person and see with that person's eyes. I'm fond of some of you—can't help it; but there's nothing to you really except rum, rich food and ready money."

"Oggie," I said, rising and reaching for my hat, "I haven't had a drink since I fell in love with Lucy. I'm on a diet of rice and milk and I was just about to ask you for the loan of a nickel to get me uptown."

Oggie forked out a nickel and I stuck it in the palm of my glove.

"By the way," he said, "the terms of you directors expire a week from Wednesday. There will be a meeting here at eleven o'clock to elect a new board."

"Lucy coming?"

He pointed listlessly to an envelope of thick paper, with a broad black border.

"So she says," said he.

"Then," said I, "you'd better take my advice, lest a worse thing befall."

But he shook his head stubbornly.

XVI

"THINK she'll come?" said Dum Dum. Stairs, who had never met Lucy, stood with his forehead pressed to a window looking down on Broadway, five stories below. Oggie, Coles, Challis, Belden and I were affecting to be interested in a blueprint map of lots in the Bronx.

"The new subway terminal is to be here," said Oggie, rubbing the spot with his thumb. "That means saloons and drug stores. Now, this triangular piece ——"

"Taxi coming," called Stairs from the window.

Personally I felt like a conspirator about to be surprised by the police. I don't know why.

"What about the triangle?" Dum Dum came and looked down over Oggie's shoulder.

"If, you see ——" began Oggie.

"Girl in black getting out of taxi," announced Stairs. Oggie took his hands from the blueprint and it rolled itself up with violence, like a window-shade.

"She's looking up for the number of the building," said Stairs. "She can't find it. I think she has blue eyes."

"Well?" said Dum Dum presently.

"She's talking with a policeman," said Stairs. "He's smiling all over and scraping with his feet."

"Lucyanna, then, sure," said Challis. "If she was really coming somebody ought to have brought her."

I left the office, walked to the elevator shaft and watched the needle on the indicator move, with two stops, from 1 to 4. A moment later Lucy shot into view. The elevator man was blushing and smiling. The bronze door clanged open and Lucy, cool and fresh as a rose, stepped out.

"So nice of you to meet me," she said. "Am I late?"

To which I answered:

"Wasn't it! No, not very."

"And where," she said demurely, "is the directors' room of the W. O. B. I?"

"This way," I said; "and, please, I should like to offer my compliments on your introduction to business life. Of course you understand parliamentary law?"

"No. What is that?"

"Parliamentary law is that you must stand up when you address the chair."

"Any chair?" said Lucy.

"Don't be silly," I said.

"And what else must I do?"

"When other people are speaking you must listen patiently until they are through—even if you don't agree with them. And—oh, yes; you mustn't put your feet on the table. . . . Tell me, Lucy, seriously, are you going to take control?"

Her eyes brightened and she nodded.

When we entered the office everybody gathered about us and Stairs was presented to Lucy; and there was an animated general conversation, punctuated with awkward silences and nervous laughter. Then Oggie walked Lucy through the outer offices and showed her the stenographers, and the clerks, and the card index, and the patent hygienic water-filter, and the company mascot—a chair that had belonged to Jay Cooke. We others stood about and waited; and I remember that I became aware, for I had only looked at her face, that Lucy must be wearing a bunch of violets.

When they came back Dum Dum cleared his throat and said we were all ready to do business if she was.

When we had all dropped into chairs—Dum Dum into the president's at the head of the table and Lucy into one between Chal and me—Dum Dum said:

"The first business to come before the meeting is the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year."

Lucyanna, blushing brightly, but determined, rose and looked at Dum Dum with sparkling eyes.

"I am going to be president," she said, as, when children play school, one should say, "I choose to be teacher."

"Most unparliamentary!" murmured Belden.

"Miss Mavis," said Dum Dum, without smiling, "has proposed herself for president. As we know she controls enough votes to insure her election to that office, I propose we make that election unanimous."

"Second that," said Coles, and was up and down in the instant. But Belden refused. He said it was bad enough to own two shares of stock in a company of which a girl was president, without having to think that she had been unanimously elected to that office. Furthermore he said that her election was irregular and unparliamentary, and he was of half a mind to employ counsel. Lucyanna rose and told him he was about the rudest man she knew; and that, if her election wasn't regular, she would keep on electing herself in all the ways she could think of until it was regular. Then she wrinkled the tip of her nose at Belden and he grinned at her. Dum Dum rapped for order.

"If the president and the leader of the minority have finished making faces at each other ——" he said.

XVII

"IN MY OPINION," continued Dum Dum, "the quickest way to finish the business before the meeting will be for the person or persons in control to nominate the remaining officers and a complete directorate."

Lucyanna rose. This time she was a little white.

"Oggie," she said, "is going to be vice-president, and you"—she patted my shoulder—"will please go on being secretary. You write such a nice, clear hand. I'd like to have the outgoing directors all serve for another year, please—only they'll have to vote the way I want them to, won't they?" She distributed very valuable smiles and said: "You don't mind being dummies, do you?"

And we murmured that we liked it and that it seemed to come natural—all except Belden, who said he proposed to vote his two shares as he pleased. He compared Lucyanna's acts to the usurpation of the French Government by Napoleon Bonaparte and said that if a stop wasn't put to that sort of thing the country, in his opinion, would go to the dogs. Lucyanna cut him short with:

"Now that I'm president, oughtn't I to sit at the head of the table?"

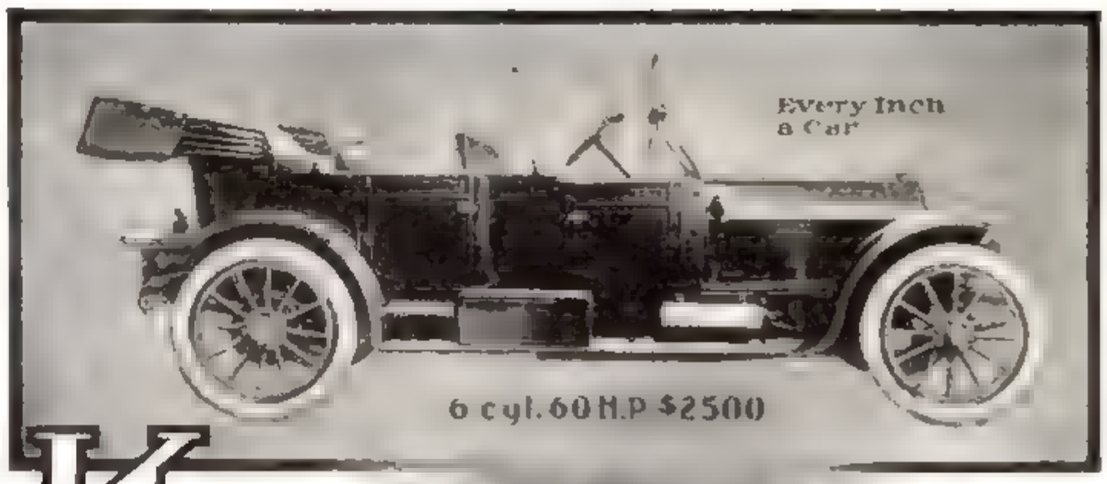
"And carve," said Belden, "hack and mangle!"

Dum Dum made way for Lucyanna and she rapped for order as she had seen him do. Then there was a pause. One could feel that Belden was enjoying it.

"New president doesn't know what to do next," he whispered gleefully.

Lucyanna overheard and laughed.

"As a matter of fact, I don't," she said. "What ought to happen next?"



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THIS 60 H.P. Kissel Kar "Six" at $2500 (fore-door $100 extra) is a value unequalled in the history of the industry. The "Six" has always been the choice of buyers to whom the supremacy of the car and not the price was the main consideration. This superb, roomy, high-powered, seven-passenger Kissel Kar "Six" fixes a new price standard. Sensational as the price may seem, there is no compromise of luxury or quality.

The Kissel Kar with its special ¾ elliptic springs of extra resiliency, liberal wheel base, mild running, powerful motor, big tires, double drop frame and four speed transmission—its symmetry of design, finish, upholstering and refinements—pronounce it an automobile of class and quality.

The Kissel Kar, 30 H.P., $1500, and the 50 H.P., $2000 cars, in common with the "Six," have the striking symmetry of design, luxurious appointments, roomy tonneau and general appearance to identify them with the comparatively small class of higher grade automobiles.

If you are interested in Commercial Trucks ask us about the Kissel Kar Truck, 3-ton, 50 H. P., $3500.

The Kissel Kar is on exhibition in leading centers, at the most reliable dealers, or at our own branches.

Beautifully illustrated Portfolio, showing and describing the seventeen models, mailed free on request.

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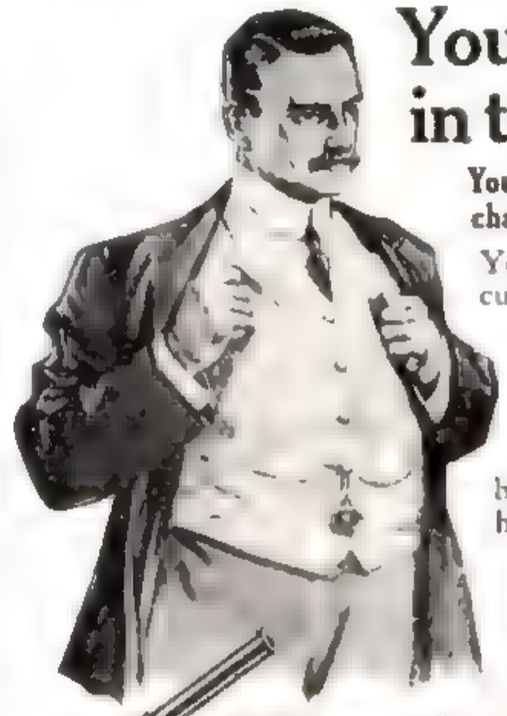


You can be up-to-date in the chain you wear

You need not tie up money in a solid gold chain in this age of quickly changing fashions

You can easily afford to observe the niceties of custom demanded today, if you buy

SIMMONS CHAINS and FOBS

because you do not have to pay for gold that has no value to you in use.

As you see by these diagrams,

in Simmons chains, a core of baser metal is substituted for the useless gold hidden at the center of the ordinary solid gold chain, and you get the practical equivalent of solid gold at one-fifth the cost.

By the time the thick gold shell of a Simmons chain wears down to the alloy core, a solid gold chain of the same grade will have worn so thin it will break easily—will not carry a watch safely.

For one-half to two-thirds the cost of merely repairing an old solid gold chain, you can buy an entirely new Simmons chain of timely and appropriate design.

It costs nothing to be in style. You can save money, or have several pieces—each the most appropriate for the occasion—for the same money. Get our 1911 Style Book.

Any jeweler can supply you. If he has not exactly what you want in stock, he can get it for you quickly, from a near-by jobber. Write or send this coupon now.

R. F. SIMMONS CO.
191 N. Main Street
Attleboro, Mass.

Send us your name for 1911 Style Book.

A Simmons Dickens Chain as worn and two-thirds actual size.

"The heavens surely ought to fall!" said Belden.

"Next," said Challis, coming to the rescue, "you ought to have the minutes of the last meeting read."

"Bother the minutes of the last meeting!" said Lucyanna. "What was done was done and can't be helped."

"Well, then," said Challis, "after that the general manager should read his report."

"Good," said Lucyanna. "Do it, Oggie, please."

Belden groaned.

Well, Oggie rose, his report in his hands, and read it in a perfectly cool, matter-of-fact way. For five minutes figures swarmed from him like bees; then he bowed and sat down.

Coles whistled.

"And to think that I've sold out," he said, "and at par! Talk about taking candy from children!"

"Was it a good report?" asked the new president.

"It was," said Coles; "but it sounds as if it had been put together by the authors of the Arabian Nights."

"Lucy," said Dum Dum, "you're going to be a rich gurl and I wish you knew how glad I am."

"That," said Lucy, "I consider a model speech for a director to make. I think it ought to be entered in the minutes as such. And now, what?"

Her appeal was to Challis, who had helped her before.

"New business," said he, "ought to come now."

"Dividends?" Lucyanna's lips parted with charming eagerness.

"If you like," said Challis.

"Could I declare dividends on my stock," asked Lucyanna, "and not on the other people's?"

Belden began to howl like a lost soul and Stairs, who still owned forty-nine shares, laughed till the tears came.

"No—no," said Chal. "You can't do that."

"You see," said Lucyanna, "I wasn't sure. My idea was that, if I could declare dividends on my shares and not on theirs, they would soon see that they had made a bad investment and would be willing to sell to me."

"I see," said Challis gravely; "but it can't be done."

And then he grew very red and began to snort.

"Surely," said Lucyanna, "I've read in newspapers of stock being 'shaken out' of people. How is it done?"

Stairs jumped to his feet.

"Miss President," he said, "if you want my forty-nine shares—they're yours, at a price."

"What price?" she asked.

"Well," said he calmly, "in view of the general manager's report, which we have just listened to, I should be robbing myself if I accepted a cent less than two hundred dollars a share."

"Two hundred dollars a share!" she exclaimed, and then appealed to Oggie. "Oggie," she said quietly, "is that a good buy?"

Oggie was preternaturally grave and quiet.

"Oh," he said, "it's considered bad business to put all your eggs into one basket."

"But," she still insisted, "is it a good buy?"

Oggie shrugged his shoulders.

"Oggie," she said reproachfully, "I shall ask the directors to pass a vote directing you to answer my question if you won't do it of your own free will."

"Then," said he gently, "I think it is a good buy, Lucy."

She turned to Stairs.

"I'll take them," she said, "at the price."

And then her great sparkling eyes sought Belden at the foot of the table, but he threw his hands in front of his face.

"Take her away!" said he. "Call her off! Tell her I won't sell at any price—not at any price! I'm in the minority here, but I propose to stick and I propose to get my rights."

"Very well," said Lucyanna; "keep your old shares! And now I think we'll declare a dividend."

We did. It was almost a melon.

Then Lucyanna said that she thought the meeting ought to adjourn; and she looked somewhat pointedly at the door, but did not herself make any move to go.

"There's so much," said she, "that I don't understand. I'm going to stay a little while after you've all gone and get the general manager to explain a few things to me."

One by one we took up our hats and coats and shook hands with her and filed out. As I passed Oggie I whispered: "Don't be a goat."

Belden was the last to leave. He turned at the door and addressed Lucyanna.

"If I were the kind of man who insists on his rights," said he, "I should attend the rest of this meeting. To my innocent minority nostrils it smacks mightily of conspiracy."

He closed the door after him.

"Well?" said Chal as we gathered at the elevator.

"I don't think she heard me," said Belden. "The last I saw she had turned those eyes on Oggie and he was coming slowly out of a far corner, as a cork begins to come out of a bottle. Listen!"

"I didn't hear anything," said I quite firmly.

"I think I did," said Belden. "I think I heard something pop."

XVIII

THE wedding was very soon and, because of Lucyanna's mourning, very quiet. Belden protested and made minority reports up to the last moment; but when the happy pair were actually at the altar, and the minister began to ask those dreadful questions about just causes and impediments, he managed, not without difficulty, to keep his mouth shut. Whether Oggie proposed of his own accord or whether Lucyanna passed a resolution compelling him to, I don't know. And it doesn't matter, because he wanted her terribly and she wanted him in the same way.

After a two years' absence I dropped into the Rest House one day and there I found Belden—very rich now, his eccentric grandfather having crossed the Styx. Almost the first thing I asked him by way of news was if he still had his two shares of W. Ogden-Brown, Incorporated. He said no, he hadn't; and explained.

"Lucyanna," he said, "made up her mind to go to London for a few weeks; and, having the votes, she voted Oggie down and made him take a rest—which I won't say he didn't need—and go with her. I heard of the affair—though I wasn't notified—and hurried out to their place to lodge a protest. I lodged it in writing. It was a model of what a protesting minority report ought to be, as all mine are. But it was no use.

"Lucyanna gave me dinner, with champagne, and a lodging for the night. She even offered to buy my shares—offered me five hundred apiece for them; but I refused to be shaken out.

"Well, they went abroad and they came back; and then an air of mystery began to hang about them. It turned out to be a girl! The moment I learned that, I telegraphed, protesting that it ought to have been a boy. Oggie telegraphed back to come out and spend the night and we'd talk it over. So, hoping to do good, I went. Nothing in it. I protested myself black in the face. They refused to change the child's sex. Well, next morning I was taken in to see the child and—and she took to me. She grinned at me and she crowed, and didn't throw up the way babies usually do when they're introduced to strangers. And first thing I knew she had me by the finger and gripped and gripped. . . . I felt it all the way in to here."

Belden laid two fingers on the left side of his waistcoat.

"Well, I happened to have the certificate of my two shares along —— Ever have a baby smile at you? It's a gummy smile; the sort angels—you don't have the bother of teeth in Heaven—smile on souls just released upward from Purgatory—they keep popping up above the surface like deep divers. And the long and short of it was, I indorsed my two shares over to that baby and gave the certificate into her keeping. By this time she had a mash on me and didn't want me to go, but I had my train to catch and had to. Well, when I left the room it was in the face of the most piercing minority report you ever heard of."

"Tell me this," I said: "Are they happy—Lucy and Oggie?"

"Happy!" said he scornfully. "Haven't I just been telling you they've got a girl baby?"

(THE END)

Greater distinction; greater beauty; greater perfection—only the price is less

Considered in the light of any one—and every one—of the qualities which make an electric necessary and desirable, the Hupp-Yeats is supreme.

No other electric is so distinguished and beautiful in appearance.

None is more luxurious; none of the same type more roomy and comfortable.

None has attained a higher degree of mechanical perfection than that which characterizes the Hupp-Yeats.

The body is low, and rides with delightful ease, to which a long wheelbase and long springs contribute their share.

One enters and leaves the car on a level with the curb—without a step up or down.

Inside, one is charmed with the dainty yet durable luxury of the soft leather seats and side panels; the richness of the fine satin headlining and the silken window and door curtains.

Coming to the mechanism, the chassis is built as a gasoline car chassis is built—for great strength and long life.

Ease of operation, minimizing of friction and tire wear, economy of current, are assured by the use of the finest imported ball bearings throughout.

Current is further saved and power increased by the direct drive from motor to rear axle, through a single set of gears.

A car of French design of the very latest fashion

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC

Standard Equipment

Storage Battery—27 cells MV-11 Hycap—Exide in three trays. Capacity, 27 amperes for five hours.
Motor—Westinghouse, type V-33 vehicle motor, 48 volts, 26 amperes, 1600 to 1700 R.P.M. Series wound.
Controller—Westinghouse, type 501-F2 vehicle motor controller, continuous torque type; five speeds forward and two reverse.
Tires—Goodyear Long Distance No-Rim-Cut Electric, selected because of their efficiency and durability

The frame is strong (being pressed steel), and the fact that it is 400 pounds under the weight of the ordinary electric chassis further reduces the economy of operation.

Yet, with all these advantages, the Hupp-Yeats price—$1750—places a splendid electric within the reach of the average income.

No matter how much you can afford to pay for your electric, you cannot buy a more efficient or more comfortable car.

Write for name of local representative, and the literature.

Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company, Dept. P, Detroit, Michigan

There he is—the Burglar

YOU no sooner think: "There he is!" than you have him covered point-blank, with the easy aiming Savage Automatic.

You don't have to pay attention to your "aim." The same second you see the intruder you point the Savage Automatic straight at him, as you would point your finger.

"Aiming" an old-fashioned revolver is an awkward, unnatural, acquired trick, quickly forgotten. While *pointing* is natural—instinctive.

You know the finger is quick as a thought. Try it. Point at some object. You point at once, by instinct, and invariably point straight.

Put burglar fear out of your home by putting this instinctive pointing Savage in. Get one at your dealer's—not after the burglar has visited you—but today.

GUN FIGHTER BOOK FREE

Send your dealer's name and get "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," by the famous Dodge City ex-Sheriff. Ask, too, for

10 Shots Quick

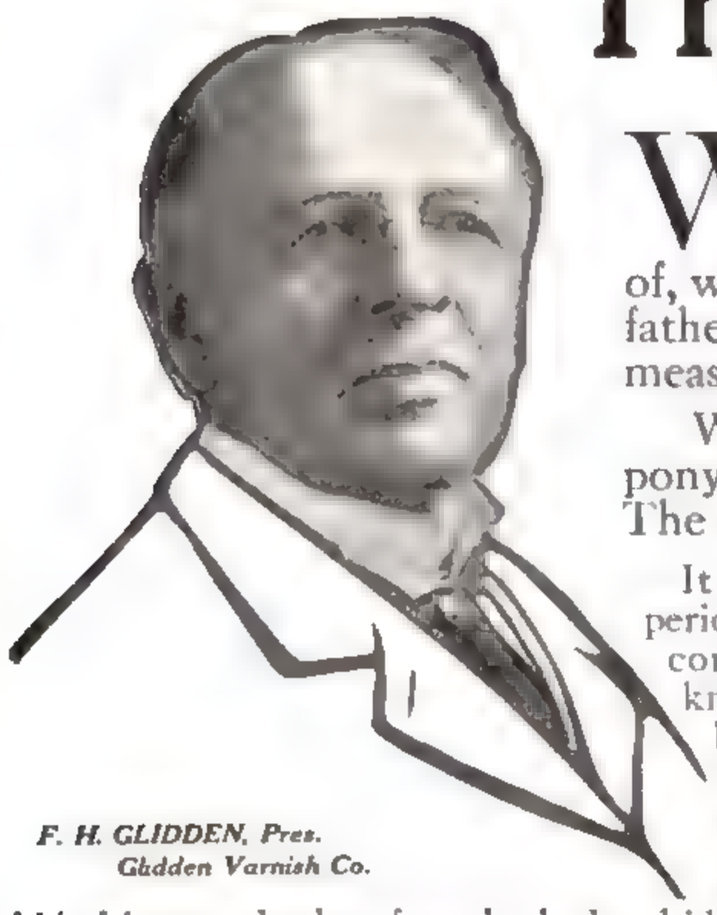
THE NEW SAVAGE RIFLE BOOK

also free to any asker. It will convince you that no other rifle has yet matched up with the great Savage 303 and other calibers.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.,
72 Savage Avenue, Utica, N.Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

It Took Me 54 Years To Write This Advertisement



F. H. GLIDDEN, Pres.
Glidden Varnish Co.

WHEN I started the Glidden factory, I don't suppose that one person out of three who reads these lines was alive. It was back in the days when there were no street cars, when the electric light was undreamed of, when the idea of the telephone would have been laughed at. Your grandfather and I used to have our hats and our shoes, as well as our clothes, measured to order.

When we wanted to communicate with Denver, we sent our letters by the pony express. There were no trains across the plains. Chicago was a village. The tallest skyscraper in New York was six stories high.

It was a neighborly period, an era of personal contact. Merchants knew all their customers by name; goods were sold on personality—an honest man succeeded, and a dishonest man couldn't hide his record; therefore, he had to hide his face.

I was trained in a strict, rigorous school of integrity. I had one principle dinned into my memory—that a business man should no more sign his name to a bad article than to a bad check. I haven't outgrown these theories of my youth. I'm still an old-fashioned manufacturer. I don't know how to make anything but goods fit to put my name on. My goods are for sale, but my good name is not.

I made the first can of Jap-a-lac with my own hands—I KNOW it's RIGHT.

I prepared the formula myself. The experience of a varnish lifetime is in every tin that you buy. There is no secret to Jap-a-lac quality, so I am going to explain the reasons why Jap-a-lac is superior.

To begin with, a varnish must have a "body." We use gums for this purpose. There are some native gums, such as rosin, but the best gums are found in the far East, and the islands of the Pacific.

Rosin is only used in the very cheapest varnishes. The Philippines supply the next lowest quality, but neither rosin nor Manilla gums were up to the standard that I had set for Jap-a-lac, so out of my years of experience I selected a fine quality gum from New Zealand, known as Kauri. It is expensive, four times as much as the Philippine gum and ten times as much as rosin.

When I made up my mind to manufacture Jap-a-lac, I made up my mind that its reputation should need no varnish.

I could have saved a fortune in profits by using aniline colors, but in my heart of hearts I knew that anilines would never wear; that they were bound to fade, and so I kept experimenting with different colors, until I found some German chemical colors which stood every test.

They're expensive, but Jap-a-lac must be right, and so I send clear to Germany for pigments.

That's why I don't hesitate to give you my personal word that Jap-a-lac is sun-proof and time-proof.

I thought at first I would use linseed oil, but after trying different blends I found that a combination of linseed and wood oil gave better service and more enduring results, and. although it means sending all the way to China for this wood oil, the expense isn't spared.

I mean that you shall get in Jap-a-lac, the best article that can be made at any price.

The name Jap-a-lac is a trade mark; there is only one Jap-a-lac, only one quality.

I want you to try it. You need no experience.

Jap-a-lac is a liquid Jack-of-all-Trades.

It is a varnish and a stain and an enamel, all in one.

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear)
Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret
"You can't keep house without it"

It comes in every color, as well as white, black and gold.

It will restore old furniture.

It will polish a hardwood floor and never show heel marks or nail prints. You can apply it to any kind of wood and any kind of woodwork.

You can use it for your pantry shelves and do away with the bother of constantly recovering them with paper or oil cloth — because Jap-a-lac can be washed every day as readily as you can wash a piece of crockery. It's just as water-proof and just as lasting.

A kitchen can be made absolutely sanitary by enameling the chairs, table, refrigerator and the tops of the wash tubs with white Jap-a-lac. This keeps the kitchen sweet and wholesome.

With Jap-a-lac you can varnish the shelves in the closets, repaint your iron bedsteads, turn your old tin or zinc bath-tub into an enameled one, and do a thousand and one things, such as gilding your frames and silvering your radiators. But it takes a little book to tell all the wonderful possibilities of a little bit of Jap-a-lac, a little bit of time and a little bit of intelligence. Send me your name and I will have the book sent to you.

You can buy Jap-a-lac everywhere

F. H. Glidden

GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.
Cleveland, O. Toronto, Ont.

A WOMAN WINS

(Continued from Page 10)

I conceived the idea of coming out with a flaring campaign of prize offers for the slogan that best represented the store. To become acquainted with the store methods and principles, the participants would need to read the advertisements very carefully; and in these advertisements the store policy would be enunciated. Then, to add zest to the game, I decided not to reveal the name of the store, but in each day's advertisement close with two letters of that name out of order. The participants in the contest must cut them out each day and, when all the letters had appeared, put them together to form the firm's name. These slips, together with the suggested slogan, were to reach my office at the end of the campaign. The Gale Advertising Company appeared in very small type; I never advertised my company in a client's space except, as in this instance, for his own convenience.

I next thought over the prizes: a piano would appeal to many people, a bicycle to others, a camera to still others; but ready cash would appeal to every one. So I decided our prizes must be cash; and, to make the public see that this was no fake, the cash must be publicly displayed.

After I had the whole thing well worked out in detail I called to see the manager of the piano store and told him about it. At first he was fearful of spending so much money; he knew that the powerful rival firms already in the field had a steady run of the old-time trade and that he must advertise if he was to make any sales of consequence. He realized also that he must do something startling and he liked the scheme; but, as he figured it out, to put it through with a rush and go—make an exciting, headlong, ten days' campaign of it—he would need to spend between two and three thousand dollars—and that was a good deal to spend in these times.

"Not if it doubles and trebles your piano sales," I replied.

"But we can't be sure it will bring us one sale."

"Well, you are pretty sure not to make store rent unless you do something startling. It is more risky to do nothing than to add a little more to your already heavy expense in getting these pianos across the Rockies. I believe that advertising will move your pianos. If I didn't believe it I couldn't afford to suggest it, because I've got a reputation for results in this town. I'm risking my reputation every time I put on a campaign. I've never fallen down yet, and you can just put money on it that I'm not going to—not with my eyes open."

It ended in a decision in my favor and the whole matter was put into my hands. I was instructed not to spend over three thousand dollars, including my commission, in a ten days' storm on the citadel.

Stirring Up the Town

My plan being already worked out, I had only to execute it. I arranged with the proprietors of the most popular drug store on the street for an exhibition of the cash in one of their large, handsome windows. There were to be five cash prizes—two hundred dollars, one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, twenty-five dollars and ten dollars—and five prizes of a first payment on a piano. I arranged to have the cash changed at the bank into new fifty-cent pieces, as these would make the best showing. The window of the drug store was cleared of everything else and the money placed in separate stacks, with a card above each—"First prize in piano contest; see daily papers," and so forth.

Then I went at the copy. I used large space, set the reading matter in twelve-point type, leaded, in narrow columns. It consisted of a series of short, meaty statements about this new firm, its low prices and excellent instruments. I used amusing anecdotes and strong expressions; I didn't hesitate to be slangy and talk in the language of the street. I wanted to get readers; if they only turned to it as they would to a funny column, to be amused, that was something.

The advertisements were all planned out before running a single one, so that one thing led naturally to another—like a continued story, broken off each day at the most interesting point.

It "went" from the start. Crowds filled the sidewalk in front of the druggist's window and a policeman was installed to keep the people moving. As day after day passed, the advertisements became more gingery. One day toward the last of the week the printer by mistake inserted a wrong letter in those given as part of the firm name. A hundred people wrote me asking if it were not a mistake—this showed how carefully they were following the advertisements. I published a statement that the letter was an error.

Nelda was kept busy answering letters from those people who always want a few more details. The piano firm watched the whole thing with eagerness, but, of course, the outcome was all a matter of speculation. Certainly everybody was talking about it; men on the streets were seen carrying the paper open at our page and women in street cars pored over it. Schoolgirls, bellboys, stenographers—all were working away on the puzzle of making out the firm name and originating a slogan.

The Prizes Awarded

Before the last two letters of the firm name were printed communications began pouring into our office; some people had got nearly all of the name and jumped at the rest. The rule was that the name, correctly formed, must be pasted on a slip of paper and under it the slogan; so these first contestants were thrown out. The day following the last advertisement of the series the postman brought the mail over in a special sack on his first delivery and the number of sacks increased with each delivery thereafter for several days. The office was flooded with letters. Every available space was crowded, and after the regular advertising was out of the way our whole force began the task of opening the mail. We worked till late Saturday afternoon and then I had another idea. I had the cash transferred from the druggist's windows to those of the piano firm and the mail carted over there, to be opened by young women specially employed and stationed in the window-spaces, in full sight of the street. This transferred the crowds to the piano store and made the new location known. Each day thereafter bulletins were chalked up on a large blackboard, telling how the contest was going. People went home from business around by the piano store and women shopping downtown took a stroll over that way. The whole task of receiving, opening, reading and sorting went on in the presence of the street; the discarded envelopes fell in great heaps on the floor to the right of each desk and the answers grew in neat piles to the left. The street was always full—nothing interests people so much as watching other folks work. And when the result of the other's work may put a snug pile of shining silver half dollars in one's pocket the interest is intensified.

Purposely we prolonged the task of arriving at a decision, though it was difficult enough goodness knows! We appointed a committee of leading advertising men to make the final awards.

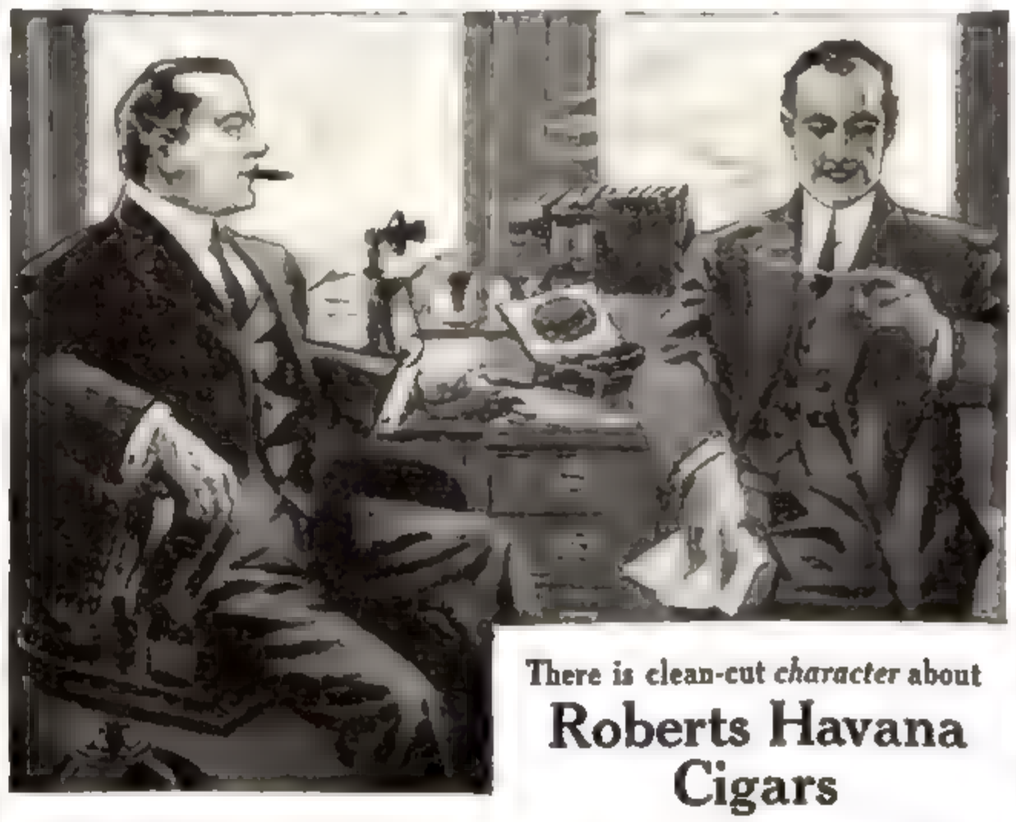
It is an interesting thing to see, in a contest of this kind, how commonplace are the majority of the answers; the majority of the suggestions received consisted of paraphrases of other slogans already well known. The decision at last lay with one hundred; then this number was narrowed down to fifty; then to twenty, and at last to ten. But the task of ranking these ten still remained.

Each day I kept announcements in the paper as to the progress being made. The names of the lucky contestants would appear first, however, on the bulletin board in front of the piano store. In this way the crowds were kept trailing continually over to that locality.

By the end of the week we were ready with our awards. The money was paid out from the piano-store windows to the lucky winners in sight of all who were passing.

Then, following all this splurge, in Sunday's paper appeared a full-page, dignified announcement of the new firm's pianos, with special inducements to buy. Every one had the recent contest freshly in mind and I imagine almost every one who had a longing for a piano found his way, sooner or later, over to the store of small prices. You don't sell pianos in a rush, as you do millinery or shoes; but the sales were frequent and business hummed on that corner

"Largest Direct-to-Smoker Business in the World"



There is clean-cut *character* about

Roberts Havana Cigars

When you give one to a visitor, you pay him a *real* compliment, and at the same time demonstrate your own good cigar taste.

TOBACCO in a Roberts Havana Cigar is only a few days this side of the Tropics—when it reaches you it has lost none of the delicate flavor and satisfying aroma of the Cuban fields.

It is not dry and stale and brittle from months in warehouse and cigar store. It is fresh. It is moist. It is mild. It burns steady, easy, even.

Roberts Havana Cigars are made in the heavily moist atmosphere of Tampa—the American shrine of the great god Nick O' Teen.

They are hand rolled in one of the largest, most perfectly equipped, and best "seasoned" factories in the world. They are rolled by the most skillful Cuban workmen that money can hire; men reared from boyhood in the famous shops of Havana; men with a dozen generations of cigar makers behind them.

THE Roberts Havana Cigar that is sent direct from our factory to your home or desk pays no profit to retailer, no tribute to jobber.

It is made the day your order reaches us. It is sent to you the day it is rolled. *You* are given the value in tobacco and workmanship that middlemen of many stations take from *every* cigar sold to you across a counter.

What's the use of paying your money to retailers for something you *don't* get?—*What's the use?*

THE tobacco in every Roberts Havana Major Cigar is selected in Cuba with the greatest care by Mr. Roberts.

The fillers consist *entirely* of long leaves. Wrappers are all *individually* examined and selected by Cuban experts. Leaves ever so slightly imperfect are rejected.

Clear headed, successful, *careful-buying* business and professional men in all parts of the United States have us supply them *regularly* with Roberts Havana Major Cigars. They find that it pays—*pays* in every way.

They have learned that thoughtless, heedless, hap-hazard buying of cigars here, there and wherever they may be, means repeated disappointment and loss of money.

Try Roberts Havana Major Cigars yourself.

We make them to your order—mild; medium or strong, as you prefer.

You can order them sent at such intervals that you will *always* have fresh, fragrant, cool, steady, even smoking cigars on hand.

Roberts Major

$8.00 per Hundred

Don't Send Us Your Money

WE don't want it unless *you prefer* Roberts Major Cigars to any other cigars it will buy.

Merely write us a letter on your business stationery. Authorize us to forward you—charges prepaid—100 Roberts Major Cigars. Smoke some yourself. Let your most discriminating friends try others. Use ten. If the verdict is not—"Great!" "Best I ever smoked!" send the 90 back to us, charges collect, and the incident is closed.

If you want to keep and smoke the 90—as you *will*—send us $8.00.

Think of it—only *eight cents* apiece for a smoke that will give you more satisfaction, that contains more actual value and is incomparably more fresh and *uniform* than any cigar you can find in the cigar cases of America for 15 cents.

Write to-day. Ring for your stenographer and dictate the letter *now*. Don't *think* about it. *Do* it.

Simply Write Roberts, Tampa, Florida

"Do you mean to tell me that these *Shackamaxon* fabrics are equal to imported goods?"

"I mean to tell you that *Shackamaxons* are *better* than most imported goods. Only the very expensive imported goods can equal them.

"I tell you that—dollar for dollar—there is nothing better produced anywhere than these perfect all-wool fabrics made in the *Shackamaxon* Mills in Philadelphia.

"That identical pattern you are looking at—the same *in every respect*—would cost you twenty to thirty per cent more money if it was imported."

Any tailor who handles *Shackamaxon* fabrics will tell you the same thing. And he tells the exact truth.

We use the finest grades of pure Australian and domestic wools; perfectly woven; perfectly shrunken; perfectly dyed and finished. And we sell *Shackamaxons* direct to the tailor—not through a jobber. That is one reason for their extremely moderate cost to *you*.

Write us for the name of a tailor near you who will show you the handsome new spring styles in these beautiful fabrics.

He guarantees them in every particular. And we back him.

If any fault develops in any *Shackamaxon* fabric, at any time, write to us and we will make it good.

Write us anyway for our new *Shackamaxon* Spring and Summer style book, with correct-dress chart.

J R Keim & Co. *Shackamaxon* Mills
Philadelphia

Look for this trade mark on every yard of the fabric

"Shackamaxon"
Guaranteed fabrics.

for many a day. The new firm was well on its feet, with its head up among the old-time concerns that had been doing business at the old stand for thirty years. The campaign netted me three hundred and seventy-five dollars, which was at once used on my mortgage.

The mortgage wiped out a little cash ahead in the bank—and I began once more to dream of release from business. What troubled me most now was the problem of my assistants. I knew they would like the business turned over to them, but I was afraid to do this. Though they had developed into good advertisement writers they were still panicky whenever anything new and without precedent came up. The level head, the close mouth, the all-round business judgment, are not attained in a short time. I was afraid that the business, under their administration, would flounder around a while and then die; and, though I really wanted it to go out of existence, I did not want its exit to be so undignified. It wasn't fair to the women, however, to sell out to a stranger, who probably would not retain them, without warning. Yet there again was the old problem: they would talk and the talk would get around town and it would end in my having no business to sell.

I was fighting it out in my mind one day when a newspaper man called. I had the greatest confidence in him and felt I must have an outlet somewhere; so I told him the Gale Advertising Company would soon be for sale and asked him if he knew of any reliable person he could suggest as a buyer. He asked me what I wanted for the business, and when I named my figure he said it was low. I returned that there was nothing to sell but my good-will.

"And your agreement not again to go into business in this town within a given time."

"Is that agreement worth anything?" I asked.

He smiled. "I guess the Hilton Advertising Company would pay you a good round price to sign such an agreement," he said.

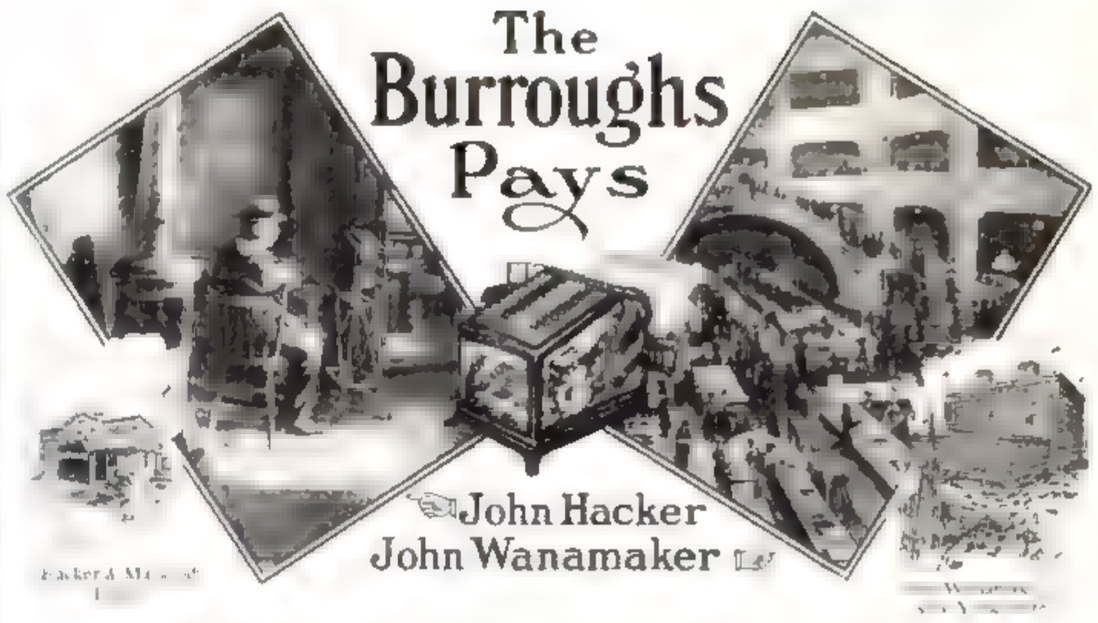
"Then I'll double the price at which I will sell out," I replied, "and make the agreement for life."

A Fortune Made Overnight

"I would like the business myself," he said. I was pleased; he had not occurred to me as a possible successor. He said he would think it over and left. I felt a burden lifted. I had made a start toward freedom and I could add the stipulation that my force was to be kept in effect a month, or until they had time to find other locations, should he not care to retain them. The thing was winding itself up beautifully. And then once again business baited a trap and set it most cunningly!

The day following this talk with the newspaper man, the morning paper contained a story that changed the whole face of things. It seems that one of the multi-millionaire pioneers who died a number of years earlier had left his vast fortune for the founding of a great school. The will had at last been probated and the trustees had decided upon the school site; work on grounds and buildings was to commence at once. But the personal element, so far as I was concerned, lay in the fact that they had chosen three hundred acres directly adjoining my ranch on the ridge. I sat gazing at the paper, dumfounded. I had never dreamed of that property being good for other than a close-in farm that would furnish an excellent income if properly worked; and here, in a night, it had doubled—yes, trebled—quadrupled—in value. A full page was given to the new school and the magnificence of the buildings planned. The real-estate section was filled with estimates of the suddenly advanced valuation of all ridge property.

Before I had fully sensed just what all this meant to me three real-estate men came in, one after another, with offers on all my ridge property. My ranch would be in demand for choice residence sites for professors and families wishing to be near the school; no other piece was so accessible. At lunch one of the leading real-estate promoters of the Pacific Coast came over and sat down at the table with me. At once he began talking ridge property and offered me fifty thousand dollars for my holdings. It was folly not to accept it—any one can see that fifty thousand dollars is quite enough for a literary aspirant to retire on; besides, I had never been a business woman; I had



WHETHER in the great centers of trade and industry or in the "corner store" of the village—wherever there are figure details to delay and hinder and hamper—there is a money-saving, money-making *need* for the

BURROUGHS
Bookkeeping Machine

THE big man uses the Burroughs because it is one of the mighty factors that KEEP HIM BIG.

The small business has use for a Burroughs because it will prove a mighty factor in MAKING IT BIG.

It is hard for a business man to either stay small or get small if the man at the helm is the kind who appreciates and GETS business such as Burroughs offers.

If you feel that there is benefit in reducing office operating expense, in keeping all records in a clear, concise, simple manner, if you place a premium on efficiency, correctness and dispatch, you are the Burroughs type of a business man, and should investigate at once the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine.

DON'T stop at merely the machine. Think beyond that into the bigger, broader, all-embracing field of BURROUGHS SERVICE which will solve your problems by focusing upon them the results of all our past investigations and experience with the 110,000 Burroughs users. Annually $300,000 is spent on Burroughs Service. Open the way for learning more about it by writing on your letter head for "Why Don't You Go Home" (for the retailer), "Better Day's Work" (for everyone) or "Cost Keeping Short Cuts."

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan
European Headquarters: 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

78 Models, 110,000 Users

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

Pat. Dec. 30, 1905 Pat. Nov. 24, 1908

PUBLIC SPEAKERS are but one of the many types of busy men who find Challenge Waterproof Collars a great convenience. Thousands of satisfied wearers are delighted with the correct dull linen finish, perfect fit and up-to-date style.

Challenge Collars save collar trouble and tub bother and they save laundry bills. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. A.
Established 1883 725-727 Broadway, New York
Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto

KEITH'S No. 1279
Now Building in Indiana

My latest books of plans, giving views, sizes, costs, etc., are

100	Small Cot. and Bung.	50	236	Cstg.	$2000 to $2500	$1 00
98	Cstg.	$500 to $1200	50	191		$2500 to $3000	$1 00
138		$1200 to $1400	$1 00	207		$3000 to $4000	$1 00
202		$1000 to $2000	$1 00	177		$4000 and up	$1 00

W. J. KEITH, Arch., 1629 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**
DENWORTH RUG MILL
3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila. | SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PREPARE FOR COLLEGE or complete your high school work, at home, by our simplified correspondence methods. Our courses meet all entrance requirements.

"An Hour a Day Will Do"

Written by members of the faculties of Columbia, Cornell, [illegible] and full particulars regarding our [illegible]

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
5758 Drexel Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
CLASS PINS
The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

Ruddy Health—

A priceless possession, and generally the result of right living.

With the knowledge that healthful vigor depends largely upon proper nutrition, the selection of food becomes of great importance.

People who fail to supply their bodies with food of the kind to nourish nerve and brain tissue will likely be crowded aside in the race for pre-eminence.

The ones who are properly fed are usually the winners.

Grape-Nuts food is specially prepared to meet the natural requirements of body and brain. It is easily digested, quickly assimilated and evenly balanced for the upbuilding of mental and physical vigor.

Those who would make their lives tend toward the best possible health and happiness can know by a personal test.

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co.,
Limited,
Windsor, Ontario.

not cared for business. My nerves, too, demanded that I accept the money and quit; but if my ranch was worth fifty thousand dollars to these men it was worth fifty thousand dollars to me. If they could subdivide it, and put it on the market so as to make a little fortune for themselves after paying over my fifty thousand dollars, so could I and have the fifty thousand dollars besides.

The town was full of rich men who had acquired their wealth just by holding on to their land till a city had built up around and beyond them; then they had thrown their ranches on the market and gained the benefit of location. My location was superb and it would keep. Why not follow the lead of these old-timers? It was a pretty good lead. True, such policy is selfish and bad for a town's development; but I wasn't a citizen anyway. I had no vote; so I was not responsible. I'd just be a bit selfish.

My mind was made up, but I knew enough to stay in the firs—to keep it made up. The next morning I called up the newspaper man over the 'phone and told him he could have the Gale Advertising Company; to go over and take possession.

Out of Harness at Last

He said he would rather make the transaction in a more businesslike way; he would wait a few days till I felt like coming down. I told him he would wait forever, then, as I was not coming down. I told him to make out the necessary papers and bring them to me. I would sign them if they got there quickly enough, otherwise I should be too far away to do any signing. A plan had been revolving itself in my mind to get away from business—so far away that it could not catch me again. I called up Mr. MacGregor and placed my original ten-acre strip in his hands for subdivision and sale. "Get me twenty thousand dollars out of it," I said, "and keep the rest."

He called later to have it all in writing.

That afternoon the newspaper man came out with his papers duly inscribed in legal form and I signed them, solemnly promising not again to open an advertising business in the city of —— —.

He suggested that I ought to explain personally to the clients. I knew I ought—that it wasn't a bit nice, running away like this, with never a word of "Thank you" and farewell after all their kind consideration; but the truth was that I didn't dare—for the business tug was still strong. If I went downtown again I knew it would get me. So again I said "Nerves"—and the man desisted; a man understands nerves.

I planned—as much as my headlong escape could be called a plan—to lose the world in the wilderness. That very evening I was on a train bound for a remote p'ace in the high mountains of which I had heard a stagedriver tell. I wore a khaki outfit and carried a small leather handgrip.

When I left the train, two days later, I took a stage and rode many days, h'gher and ever higher into the mountains. When the stage reached its limit I joined a prospector and his wife and, on a tough range pony, followed them still farther into unbroken wilds. We made our trail as we went. We stopped at last by a stream in a lovely cañon, lost in the great Rockies.

Each morning I was up with the sun and away fishing all day, or panning gold, or climbing the mountain in a rough scramble after flowers, berries and specimens of ore. Often I went after small game—our table was largely supplied with the results of my rod and gun.

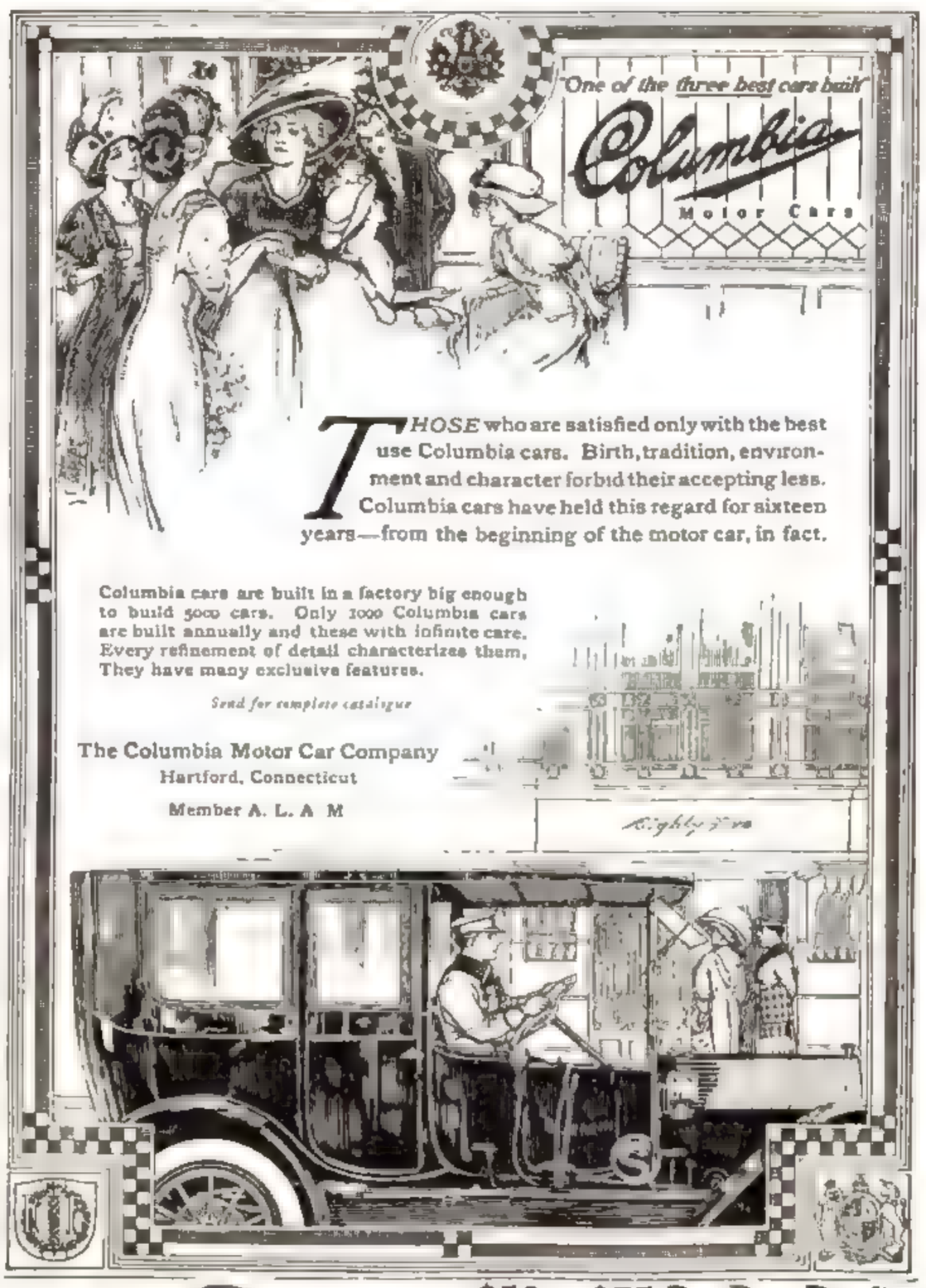
For six months I lived the life of a mountain goat, letting the sun and the wind and the air have their way with me. The November snows drove us back, down the narrow ways.

As we came slowly down out of the mountains on our sturdy, fat little ponies, the glorious autumn-burnished woods closed in behind us—and the peaks grew big and dark and hidden and mysterious. I shuddered away from them and leaned toward the great world of action and people.

By the time I reached the railroad I was filled with impatience to get on East; to meet editors and begin my long-deferred plan of doing literary work.

I boarded a train; in five days I was in New York City. I opened a paper without fear—I was out of the thrall of business.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Anne S. Monroe.

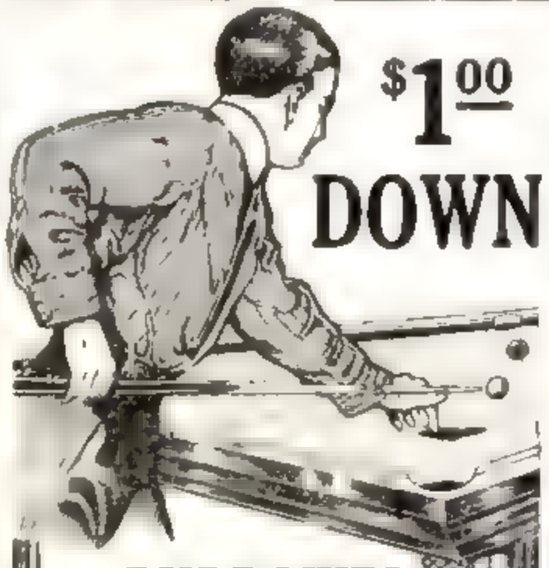


THOSE who are satisfied only with the best use Columbia cars. Birth, tradition, environment and character forbid their accepting less. Columbia cars have held this regard for sixteen years—from the beginning of the motor car, in fact.

Columbia cars are built in a factory big enough to build 5000 cars. Only 1000 Columbia cars are built annually and these with infinite care. Every refinement of detail characterizes them. They have many exclusive features.

Send for complete catalogue

The Columbia Motor Car Company
Hartford, Connecticut
Member A. L. A. M



$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

$1 DOWN puts into your home any table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $50, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD and POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

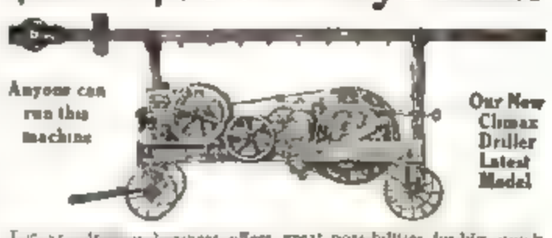
Stop Supporting the Public Pool Room

You can become the absolute owner of a handsome Burrowes Table with the money you spend each month for the use of someone else's table.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 822 Center St., Portland, Maine

$50 to $75 Per Day Profits



[illegible] business offers great possibilities for big quick [illegible] Two South Dakota men made over $100,000 in [illegible] wells. E. A. Price, of Buffalo, Minn., earned $717 in 75 hours with our machine.

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits

[illegible] have been standard for over 40 years. Every [illegible] home, farm and [illegible] have [illegible] water supply. Many [illegible] [illegible] Write today for [illegible] Page free illustrated [illegible] The finest and most complete [illegible] ever published on this subject. (3)

THE ARMSTRONG-QUAM MFG. CO.
1528 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa

$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires Cost Nothing Extra Now

Last year these patented tires cost 20% more than other standard tires. Yet our tire sales jumped to $8,500,000—multiplied *three times over* in that single year. All because these Goodyear features cut tire bills in two.

Now these same tires—these oversize, No-Rim-Cut tires—cost no extra price. Our multiplied output has cut the cost of production. You can get all these advantages by simply specifying Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Tires Ten Per Cent Oversize

All Sizes Oversize

This picture shows how Goodyear tires compare with other tires of equal rated size.

Goodyear tires average 10% larger—ten per cent over the rated width.

That means 10% more tire—10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. It means, with the average car, 25% more mileage per tire.

Yet Goodyear tires, with this 10% oversize, cost no more than other tires without it. The extra size is free.

Why We Give It

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, as we tell on this page, don't need to be hooked to the rim. They have 63 piano wires woven into each base, so nothing can pull them off.

Because of this feature—which we control—we don't need to worry about tires coming off. So we can make the tires oversize without any danger.

We do it—and without extra charge—to protect Goodyear reputation. For these are the usual conditions:

Motor car makers, in deciding on tire size, figure on expected load. That means the weight of the car as they sell it, and the weight of the passengers at 150 pounds each.

They supply a tire size fitted to this load, but rarely leave any margin. Tires are expensive, and motor car costs are now figured closely.

You add a top, perhaps—a glass front, gas lamps, gas tank, an extra tire and other heavy things. And passengers sometimes weigh more than 150 pounds each.

Nine times in ten the expected weight is exceeded, often by hundreds of pounds. That is fatal to tires. When you add 25% in overweight you cut down the tire mileage half

The result is a blow-out Sometimes it comes when the tire is almost new. Then one naturally blames the tire.

That's why we make Goodyear tires oversize. We allow 10% for extras. This year that additional size costs no extra price. Skimpy tires now cost as much as Goodyears

Rim-Cutting Impossible

We have sold nearly half a million Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. We have run them deflated in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. In all this experience there has never been an instance of rim-cutting. Think what that means. You can, if necessary, run home on a punctured tire.

The 63 Braided Wires

This picture shows a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted in the standard rim now used for quick-detachable tires. The same principle is used in demountable rims.

Goodyear tires are made to fit any rim. We picture this rim because it is almost universal on new-model cars.

Note that the rim flanges—which are removable—are placed to hook outward with No-Rim-Cut tires. The tire comes against the rounded edge, making rim-cutting impossible under any condition.

This picture shows how ordinary tires—clincher tires—fit this same rim

The rim flanges here must be placed to hook inward—to grasp hold of the hooks on the tire. These hooks are essential to hold common tires to the rim

Note how the tire casing, when deflated, comes against the sharp hook of rim flange. That is what causes rim-cutting. A punctured tire is often wrecked in a moment.

No Hooks Needed

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base, for these tires don't need to be hooked to the rim. The reason lies in 126 braided piano wires vulcanized into the base of the tire. That makes the base unstretchable. Nothing can force the tire off the rim until you remove the flange It is so secure that no tire bolts are needed—none are used.

When the tire is inflated these braided wires contract. Then the tire is held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch. So it can't even creep on the rim.

That is why hooks are unnecessary. That is why you turn the rim flanges out, so the tires when deflated come against a rounded edge

This feature we control, and there is no other practical way to accomplish the purpose. The braided wires which contract under air pressure are essential to a safe hookless tire.

In every great show held this year—up to this writing—more pneumatic tired cars were equipped with Goodyears than with any other make.

Sixty-four leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyears for 1911. They know from experience what these two features mean.

No Extra Cost

Remember that Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. You get the oversize free. You get tires which can't rim-cut at the price of tires which may be wrecked in a moment. That difference is going to save motor car owners millions of dollars this year.

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Tread

Ask for the Book

Our Tire Book tells a score of facts which motor car owners should know. To follow it means to save half of your tire cost. It is full of tersely-told information. Write us a postal saying "Send me your Tire Book," and the next mail will bring it to you. Please don't forget.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Seneca Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches in All the Principal Cities — *We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires*

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario — **Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario**

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What is the Matter With Alaska?

Continued from Page 5

made, and in many cases the purchase price of ten dollars an acre was paid. Alaska is a difficult country. Supplies and tools with which to prospect were packed on men's backs from twenty to two hundred miles, trails were cut, cabins built. Surveyors do not work for nothing, and I am told that the development and survey of a single hundred-and-sixty-acre tract often cost five thousand dollars. In the Matanuska district three hundred thousand dollars or more was spent in this way and over four million dollars on a railroad. In the Bering River fields an equal amount was expended. Then, on November 12, 1906, all coal lands in Alaska were withdrawn from entry and so far as coal development was concerned everything stopped abruptly.

This is now A. D. 1911 and the coal is still locked up. The Alaska Central Railway is rapidly becoming a streak of rust; the coal claimants are hustling grubstakes and waiting for Congress to do something.

Let us see why these coal lands were withdrawn. According to the law of 1904, under which most of the land was staked, a locator was required to swear that he had made no promise or deal beforehand either to sell or receive money for his coal land; in short, that it was intended for himself, and himself alone. Theoretically that sounds very fine as a conservative measure; but, inasmuch as it is a physical and financial impossibility to open a profitable coal mine on one hundred and sixty acres, particularly in a wilderness without railroads or other transportation, the parties seeking to enter the land began to think of consolidations. This was prohibited by law and made perjurers out of nine-tenths of the miners. The abuse of the power-of-attorney law also made itself felt and the locators began charging each other with fraud. The titles in both fields became so obscured in an atmosphere of suspicion that President Roosevelt ordered the withdrawal of all public lands in Alaska on which "workable coal is known to occur."

That happened in November, 1906, more than four years ago, but not one of those disputed claims has gone to patent. There were many bona-fide, honest locators among the total number, but the innocent and the guilty have suffered alike.

In 1908, to be sure, Congress, realizing the injustice that was being done, passed another act designed to relieve coal locators from any possible fraud by reason of an ultimate intention to work more than one hundred and sixty acres in conjunction, and permitting the grouping of two thousand five hundred and sixty acres. Now there are some who stoutly maintain that even this amount of land is insufficient to justify the expenditures for plant and equipment under the existing physical conditions; but, whether it is or whether it is not, there is another proviso in the law that renders it absolutely futile so far as permanent development of the coal goes.

Coal in Plenty but None to Burn

The act provides that, should two or more of these groups be thrown together, should there be any combination in restraint of trade, any selling of coal by a joint understanding or anything in the nature of a trust, the title to the land shall be forfeited to the Government. Now the object aimed at is commendable; but, as may be shown in a few words, it effectually bars out the necessary capital to open up the fields—for who would put money into an Alaskan property the title to which might be invalidated at any moment by some act of the men in control, unknown to their backers? An attempt has been made to have this part of the law changed so that the acts above mentioned should constitute a criminal offense and thus serve the purpose equally well, but so far this attempt has been without success.

This then is the status of the coal resources of Alaska: ten years have elapsed and no entries have been perfected. Twice the law has been amended to permit the perfection of titles, but both attempts have failed in their purpose; and meanwhile, with enough good coal under foot to supply the entire Pacific Coast for a thousand years—to quote certain authorities—Alaska imports a million dollars' worth of poor coal every year from British Columbia.

If the existing claims, or those of them that prove valid, are allowed to go to patent, or if Congress will enact laws permitting the mining of coal, the industry is capable of supplying a means of livelihood for several thousand people; and, in addition, it will aid vitally in the mineral development of the country at large.

It is laughable to think of a country that is so badly in need of transportation forcing a railroad to import inferior coal from Canada, at a high price, when its own tracks run over coal beds of infinitely better quality. It is more laughable still—to every one except the railroad people—to think that they have to pay a stumpage tax of fifty cents a cord for all the timber they cut for fuel along their right-of-way. On the Yukon there is bituminous coal at the edge of the river, but the steamers have to use cord-wood cut from the banks or import fuel oil from California, several thousand miles distant. There is a little railroad up in the Tanana Valley that burns wood in a most wasteful manner and pays fifteen dollars a cord for it, plus the stumpage. Part of the roadbed is laid over an extensive bituminous coalfield, but if a fireman picked up a lump of that outcrop to throw at a hen ptarmigan there would be a riot that could be heard in Patagonia.

This winter the residents of Alaska, many of whom believe that they own the best coal on the Pacific Coast, are paying from ten to fifteen dollars a ton for a British Columbia grade at Cordova and from twenty-five to thirty dollars a ton at Fairbanks. Those coal miners who can't afford to buy coal are chopping wood and paying the benign Government a tax of fifty cents a cord for the blessed privilege. It is a remarkable situation and one demanding immediate relief if for no other reason than for the sake of Alaska herself. She needs fuel more than any section of our country and she surely ought to have the right to burn her own coal.

Honest Miners in Hard Luck

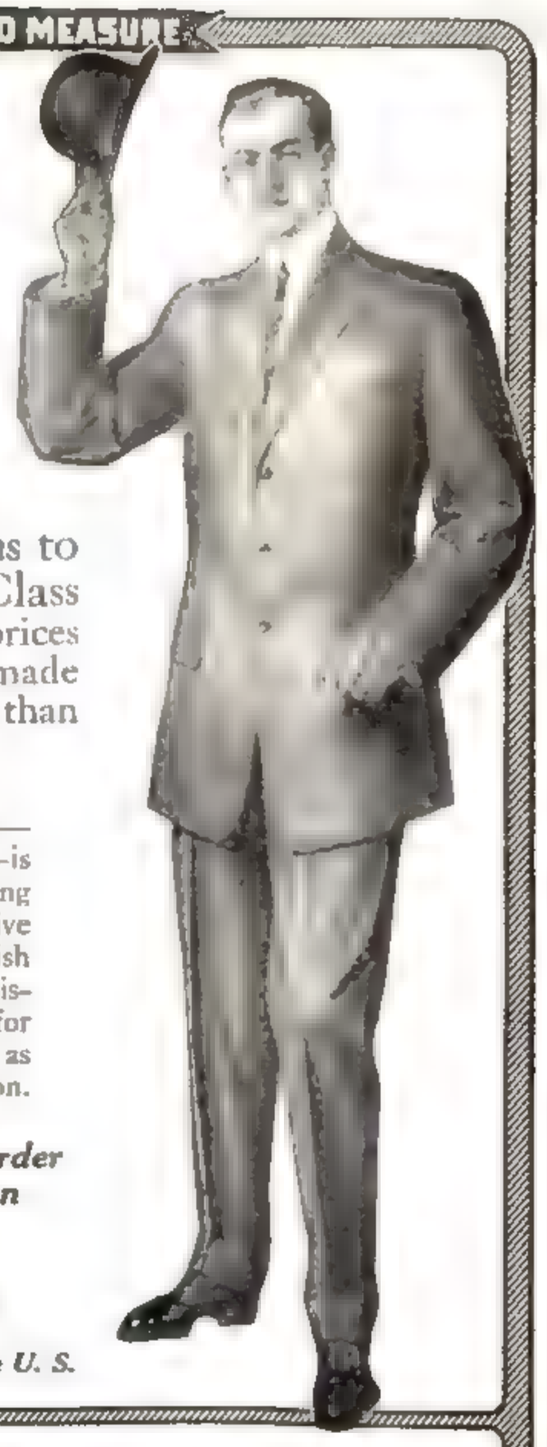
Suppose a real-estate owner agreed to sell you a piece of land and entered into a contract of sale at a fixed price, and you made him a substantial payment on account. Then suppose you came around to pay the balance and take title, but he refused to carry out his agreement and insisted upon keeping the land. What would you do? If you considered it a good purchase you would probably try to force him to live up to his contract or perhaps sue him for damages. Suppose, in addition, he not only refused to pass title but also refused to return you the money you had given him. Would that make you sore? That is precisely what our Government has done with the fellows who located the Alaska coal measures. Of course there were certain fraudulent entries and these should be refused; but there are others that were made in good faith and those men ought to have their land. There are honest miners even in Alaska, and conservation doesn't spell highway robbery.

It is generally understood that Alaska's coal is of supreme commercial importance to the whole Pacific Coast and that there is a plot on foot to gobble it all. It is claimed that, once this coal is opened up, we shall see a reduction in the cost of fuel from Seattle to San Diego, unless the corporate interests combine to hold up the price; and that by exacting a substantial royalty from the coal tonnage our Government will realize a fabulous sum for us fellows who sit around at home. This seems to be of a piece with the general exaggeration and misconception that prevail about Alaska resources in general.

As a matter of fact, Alaska coal will have to compete with California oil, of which there is an abundant supply, and the cheaper grades of Washington and British Columbia fuel. Unless workable deposits of iron ore are found easily accessible to the Pacific Coast it will take many years to develop a market for Alaska coal. California oil is being delivered at the Treadwell Mine in southeastern Alaska at a coal equivalent of two dollars and eighty cents a ton; and it is estimated that the Bering River coal will cost two dollars a ton on top of the ground, leaving transportation, profit and royalty still to be reckoned with. By many it is doubted if Alaska coal could be landed in the state of Washington at a cost low enough to warrant its use for steaming purposes, although the hard coal

TAILORED TO MEASURE

ECONOMY in clothes can best be realized by ordering your Spring Suit through our dealer in your town or city. Our gigantic nation-wide organization, our tremendous purchasing power enable us to offer you our High-Class Made-to-Order Clothes at prices no higher than factory-made substitutes, and much lower than your local tailor charges.



Our representative in your town—one of your leading merchants—is now displaying our immense Spring line of High-Class and exclusive woolens and fifty-two ultra-stylish fashion ideas. You'll make no mistake in letting him measure you for your Spring Suit. His guarantee as well as ours insures your satisfaction.

Our High-Class Made-to-Order Clothes cost no more than "ready mades"

$18.00 to $40.00

5000 Representatives throughout the U. S.

Send 10 cents in stamps for "Strauss Brothers' Official Score and Baseball Book," edited by Mordecai Brown

containing score sheets for 10 complete games, and original articles by "Johnny" Evers and "Al" Tearney, besides a world of information valuable to every baseball fan.

It's worth having—the first book of its kind ever issued. We'll also send you our Beautiful Spring Fashion Magazine and a card of introduction to our dealer in your [illegible]

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

SWISS EMBROIDERIES
Direct from Switzerland
DELIVERED DUTY PREPAID

WAISTS
up from $1.75

DRESSES
up from $4.75 on Batist, Linen, Net, Zephyr, Marquisette, Cashmere, Eolienne, Silk-Voile, Pongee and Crêpe de chine.

Goods are delivered from our main-business in Lucerne, Switzerland, through our New York office all charges prepaid to the homes.

Write to-day for our samples and 1911 fashion plates sent free.

Schweizer & Co., NEW YORK Dept. O 105, 5th Avenue

The Famous Broncho Buster Hat Delivered anywhere for $3

The kind our Texas Cowboys always wear, very [illegible] and serviceable. Will never [illegible] shape. Made of an extra [illegible] braid, in two [illegible], brown 4½ inches, also 5½ [illegible] inches, a regular $4 hat, sent to you anywhere for only $3 [illegible] Dealers write for our special offer

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50
Sent to your home—express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft	$3 50
9 x 7 ft	4 00
9 x 9 ft	4 50
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would doubtless find a ready market for household uses. On the other hand, a geological expert estimates that there is a present annual market for some half million tons of Alaska coal and another market for, say, a million tons, in which it would have at least equal chances with that from other fields. He says, however, that these estimates are little more than guesses, and it is worthy of note that in his reports he has used exceedingly low freight rates and low fixed charges.

To eliminate tiresome statistics, it seems that Alaska coal is available for local consumption and will have a limited market on the Pacific Coast provided cost of production can be made as low as it is in the United States; but the wild estimates of the wealth represented by those deposits are quite on a par with the usual method of reckoning profits in the poultry business. One can buy six hens and a rooster and then, with the aid of a pencil and pad, figure himself out to be the owner of ten thousand laying fowls in the course of two years. It doesn't work out in practice, however, and neither does the Alaska coal.

As a matter of fact, that fuel will need to be worked on a conservative basis by capital that is content with a low rate of interest, and a market will have to be gradually built up. Our per capita share of that "heritage" will figure out mighty small.

This is no excuse, however, for keeping it locked away securely in the Interior Department, nor does it give Congress any cause for permitting the continuance of the present land laws. There is one reason outside of Alaska's needs that should be sufficient in itself to put an end to the apathy regarding the matter—and that is the need of our navy. Alaska has the only coal on the Pacific Coast fit for naval use, and yet the fuel burned in our Pacific ships is hauled from West Virginia, Pennsylvania or Wales, around the Horn, at a cost greatly to exceed the cost of coal from that north country.

It is sufficiently humiliating to a proud nation to realize that in case of war she would have to buy foreign ships to transport coal to her battleships; but why rub it in by making her buy foreign coal with which to load those foreign bottoms when she has plenty of her own close at hand? No fleet can be permanently stationed on our Pacific Coast without a vast extravagance for want of Alaska's fuel. Our prosperity and safety demand that it be developed.

Ten Years on the Operating Table

Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Tawney and others scoff at the possibility of war with—let us say—Japan, for instance, stating that we are amply safeguarded by our isolation; and yet we are not isolated at all toward the west. On the contrary, we are spraddled out all over the map and are spending four hundred million dollars to build the Panama Canal, largely for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of our navy. We are fortifying that canal, moreover, and we are fortifying Hawaii also. Other authorities, perhaps as intelligent as the ones just mentioned, are equally certain that we shall have war with Japan. While we are spending countless millions to build naval strongholds in the Pacific, why not develop enough coal for the navy to burn and save sufficient money in the process to fortify the Alaska coaling stations? It will help to put us on a war footing and aid in developing a country that is badly in need of assistance. Alaska may some day prove the key to the strategic mastery of the Orient. At any rate, economy, if not patriotism, should compel us to burn her coals in our battleships' boilers.

Alaska's population has grown from a few score Americans to about forty thousand; her trade, from a bare nothing to exceed what we have with China and its open door, or the Philippines with their millions of people and their millions of cost. Traffic has grown from one steamship a month to about thirty on regular runs. Her gold and copper fields, despite the current exaggeration, compare favorably with those of our richest states. She has the largest per capita production of any community, territory, state or country in the world; and yet the one resource that will make her permanent is securely locked away by a governmental policy that can in no sense be put down to anything except ignorance and indifference. Congress has had the patient on the table now for ten years, and this is a plea to quit bickering and get the operation over before she dies from the ether.

Her two prime needs are land laws and transportation. How badly she needs the latter is shown by the fact that the annual freight bill for every white man, woman and child in the interior is three hundred and fifty dollars. Her present paralysis shows the need for the former. The Interior Department must determine the validity or invalidity of the titles to the coal land, and Congress must adopt some method of disposition of the public lands in general before the population can increase. Her needs are few, but such as they are they must be attended to or her development will halt; she will remain a land of scanty and unstable population. Once a comprehensive and efficient system of land laws is determined upon, Congress must then adopt some plan for securing cheap and uninterrupted transportation to the interior, where are the only lands to which a population will attach itself. It is doubtful if any railroad through the coast range will be able to maintain itself for the first ten years without assistance—and yet the railroads must come before the population does.

A Word About the Lobby

This does not mean that governmental aid should be offered to every meal-ticket railroad scheme that comes up, for it is this very class of enterprise that is responsible for a large share of her present troubles. A competent board of army engineers should do the recommending; and assistance should be rendered only in a way to give open and fair opportunity to all and secure the maximum results from a minimum guaranty.

There is a perennial crop of mischievous railway promoters and lobbyists hanging about Washington and they are worthy of a word in closing. During the past five years a number have wintered there at the expense of their victims, trying to persuade Congress to grant railroad franchises with a guaranty of interest on bonds for construction. These men have been and are opposed to any scheme for the development of transportation that does not make their own particular projects the subject of its legislative favor.

Railroads must be built; and if the Government will not build them she will be called upon to assist, for, once the land laws are properly framed and the coal made available, it is the railroads that will lend Alaska the secret of bloom—the magic of economic creation. Without them she must remain locked away in the dark of her mountain shadows, her potentiality sealed in the womb of something that never was and never will be.

Useful Bugs

THE policy of importing friendly insects to prey upon rogue species is beginning to show important results. Under the direction of Dr. L. O. Howard, the Government Entomologist-in-Chief, enemies of the destructive gipsy moth and browntail moth have been fetched to this country during the last half-dozen years, mostly from Europe, and have been bred in large numbers at a laboratory established for the purpose near Boston. One of these was a predatory beetle.

During the summer of 1910—its fourth season in this country—it has been doing great work. Apparently its numbers multiply about tenfold annually—a rate of increase that implies that one hundred beetles liberated in 1906 would be represented next summer by ten millions. In some localities during the past year they were so abundant as to reduce the multitudes of the gipsy moth materially.

As yet, of course, they are merely starting in. Meanwhile much good work in the same line is being done by a small imported fly, which lays its eggs in the bodies of both the gipsy and the browntail caterpillars. The larvæ hatched from these eggs literally eat up the caterpillars. This species in 1910 seems to have increased fiftyfold, as compared with the previous season, and perhaps much more. Dr. Howard thinks that it has already equaled the beetle in destruction of gipsy moths. In addition it has destroyed a large percentage of the browntail caterpillars, and is now turning its attention to such other defoliating insects.

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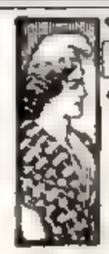

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COMMERCE AND THE CAMPUS

Concluded from Page 13

the latest division of responsibility includes a certain degree of separation between the educational and the "promotional" part of the executive's work. These presidents have definitely adopted the policy of devoting themselves to the work of making their institutions worth having friends. To another officer is given general supervision of the work of connecting the college with those friends. The work of this man is quite different from that of the field secretary of half a generation ago. That widely known and little loved gentleman was, as a rule, called in for the treatment of an acute financial disorder. Too often his own salary came in direct proportion to the service rendered. Whether, however, that was the arrangement or not, he knew that his duty was to relieve the pain by one method—to get the money and get it at once. His means and manners were, therefore, all adapted to the end of making it hard—everlastingly hard—to say no. The newer officer, working on a chronic rather than an acute situation, endeavors to build up a close relation between the college and its constituency, and to obtain coöperation based on permanent interest rather than upon inability to get rid of a caller.

According to some, the hardest man to see in a certain city is the head of the university. His office is certainly calculated to make one think at least twice before planning to "let the president do it." From the general room an elevator affords the only entrance to an upper chamber that serves as the sanctum; and the elevator works with such a combination of buttons as requires the expert knowledge of the secretary or of close presidential friendship. The man, therefore, who spread some letters open in his hand, put a pencil over his ear and a concentrated expression on his face, and in such wise walked hurriedly in for an unannounced but successful conference with Mr. Rockefeller, could not so defeat the precautions of this executive.

Such precautions are, to be sure, not usually to be found in the president's office; but, with them and without them, the number of college heads who break down is a national scandal.

The Work of the Handy Men

At Harvard, at the time of President Lowell's inauguration in 1909, there sat about a luncheon table twelve young men who ten years before would have felt compelled to go into business, even though their delight was not in money-making but in "happen-making." In their wide range of titles they represented the present lack of uniformity in academic names and duties. One of the organizers of the meeting suggested that it avoid the trouble of exact terminology by calling itself the American Association of Handy Men—and the name stuck. All were in some way or other relieving their presidential chief of the load of the non-educational, commercial part of his work. Most of them had never met each other before, but only after five hours did the intensity of the discussion relax. How feasible is a comparative cost system between the different departments and the different groups of study? Or, how best can the actual spender of the money, the head of the study departments -hence a scholar and not a business man—be helped to realize that money-spending is a serious matter and that carelessness at this point means weakness throughout the whole institution? These were the inquiries that flew back and forth between the salad and the sweets, and later within the stamped envelopes of personal correspondence and inquiry.

If tomorrow you were to open a brand-new desk in a spick-and-span office for merchandising a new article you would immediately endeavor to learn the facts. When you inquired of your friend at a well-worn desk in another office he would reach for his experience tables and would give immediately a factual basis of his opinions about cost systems, advertising mediums, psychological production-stimulants, wage systems, and so on. These factual bases, too, would not cover simply one month or two, but years; and their testimony would be, it need hardly be demonstrated, invaluable.

Suppose you were going to market higher education—not for financial profit but for the intellectual and moral profit of the nation and the world. Suppose you were going to furnish an article which would give at least a five per cent return in moral satisfaction, intellectual stimulus and ability, and spiritual ardor, on the money of parents and philanthropists and the time of, say, three thousand different young people every ten years. You would go to the college, perhaps. You would say, "You have been engaged in the work of educating the country's picked young people for two centuries. I should like to know something of what you have learned about college education." What would happen? Aye, what would happen? Not very much, I'm afraid.

The president you talk with was perhaps only inaugurated last spring and is feeling his way. His predecessors are all continuing their own education—and perhaps their educating—in another world, together with most of the crew, except the one member who has manned the academic ship since its launching.

Gleaning College Facts

Many of these had made small private efforts to obtain a few facts in order to settle personal doubts or to confirm private opinions; but these were their property. Later they accepted a better offer or died—and their facts and their experience passed with them. There was little or no consciousness of the right of the institution to the results of that experience. There is little or none today. Perhaps there will be none until the growth in extent and strength of the organization as an organization makes the organization—the institution—seem a much greater thing than simply the sum of the personalities working in it.

A university does, of course, try to get the facts, but only in a desultory, irregular fashion. When the discontent of the outside world becomes insistent a committee is appointed. A year later it reports. It finds, for instance, that the opinions of the teachers as to the amount of time required to prepare the lessons they assign exceed by an hour—forty per cent—the actual situation as reported by the students. Business might be done in the same way, but it isn't.

President Harper said as long ago as 1899 that the next great advance of college education would be exactly in this new direction. It will be, he said, the application of business system and method to "the scientific study of the individual student." Each teacher, by the aid of the most modern business appliances of cards, checking and manifolding will diagnose each student's mental and temperamental equipment. According to this diagnosis as collated by an office force, with the addition of data regarding the student's "past performances" along all other lines, literary, oratorical, athletic, commercial, the advisory officer will give his suggestions as to courses, studies and teachers to be chosen. Later, perhaps, with the addition of experience, he will be helpful in suggesting the career to be chosen, after the manner of the lately established Boston Vocation Bureau. The data of the cards, too, will be particularly useful to the disciplinary deans. By it the decision between expulsion and suspension will be made much easier.

The college deals with many values which cannot be measured—cannot be reduced to yards or foot-pounds. For that reason it has always been suspicious—oversuspicious—of anything resembling a tape, yellow or red. It will, indeed, be a sorry day for higher education when its chief end and its chief means are anything else than personality; but the latest teaching of commercial science is this: the real purpose of system is not to eliminate personality, but to save it from being trampled and suffocated by the crowd; not to confine it in constricting and deforming moulds, but to spread it—for the greatest possible effectiveness—over the broadest possible field.

Commercial science itself does not yet appreciate or practice this as fully as it might. Perhaps, therefore, the professor's emphasis on persons and the business man's insistence on results will soon come together to make a combination that will put both commerce and education far ahead of anything we have as yet dreamed. Who knows?

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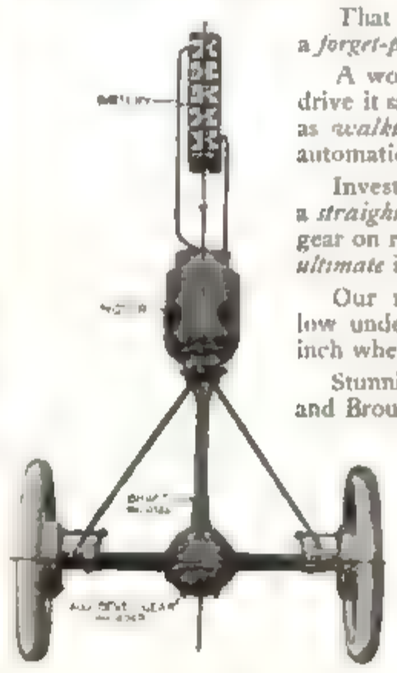

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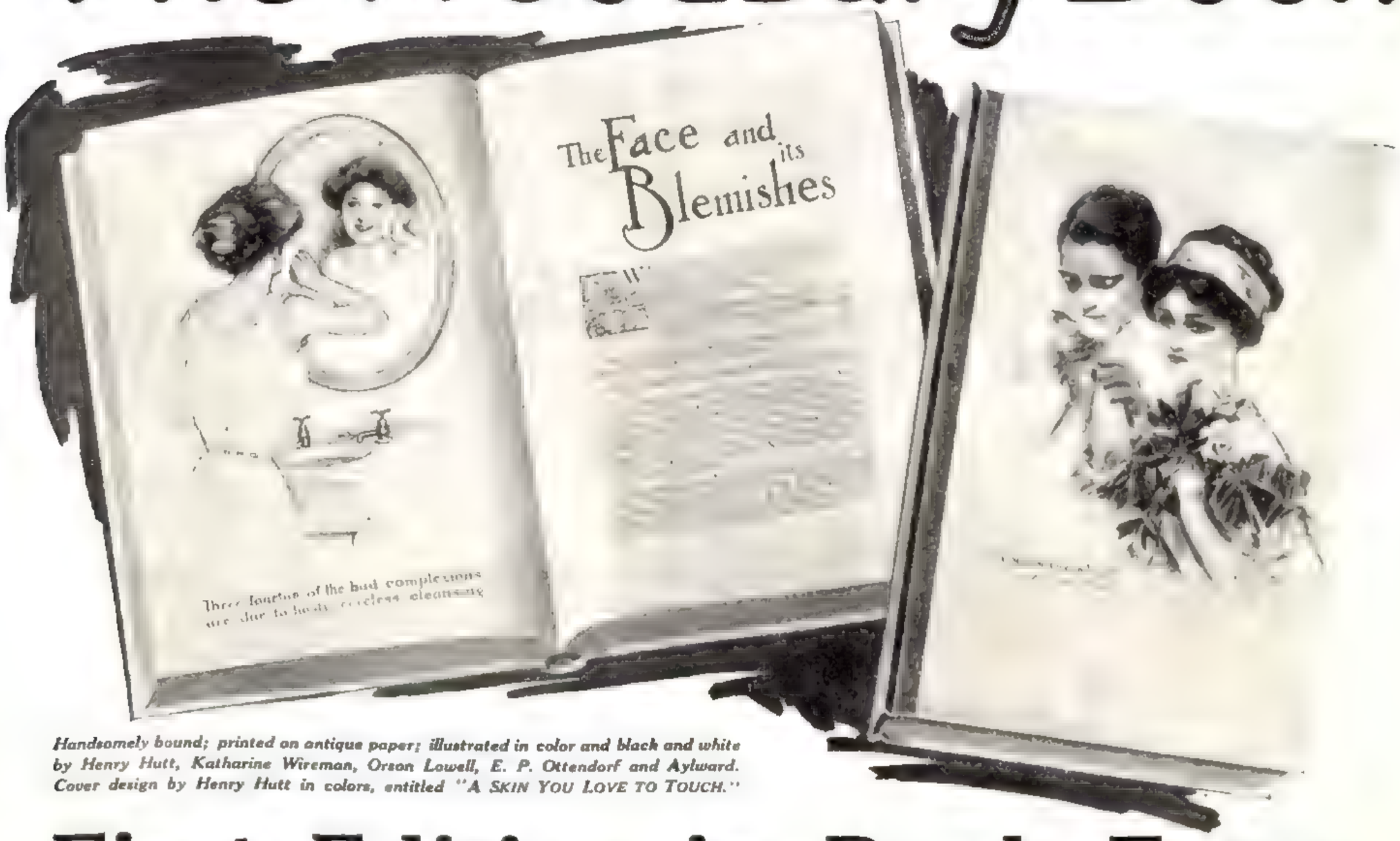

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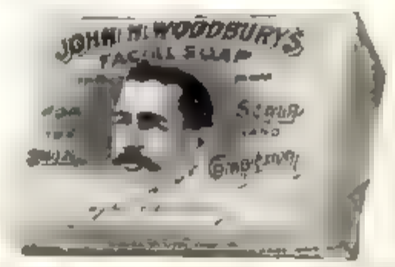

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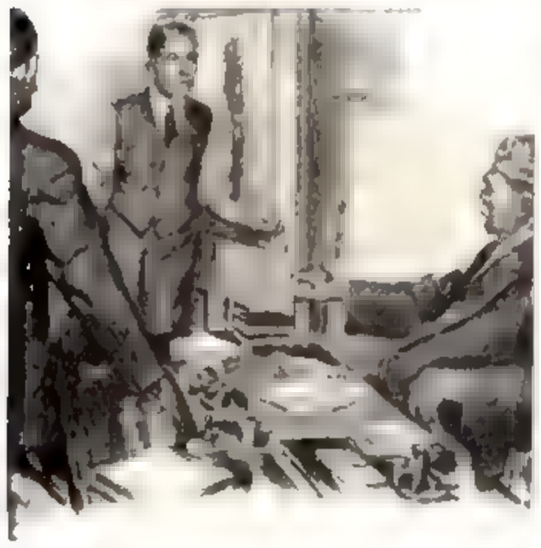

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John Wanamaker
New York

THE FAILURES

(Continued from Page 15)

it." Then to the Hungry Boy: "You had your chance tonight—you of the appetite—and you couldn't deliver the goods. After Saturday night you needn't come back any more."

To the everlasting credit of the Hungry Boy, be it known that he smiled. At least he could take his beating like a gentleman. Wicks rather liked him for it.

Saturday night was Christmas Eve. Along about five o'clock, as the Hungry Boy was meandering up Market Street, bound for the office, he saw Miss Bannister standing in front of a florist's window. Her gaze seemed to be concentrated on a great bunch of American Beauties and the sadness—the longing, lost look in her poor, pinched face—caused the Hungry Boy to pause. He noticed that she was not wearing gloves and that her hands were chilled to a delicate blue.

For about half a minute he stood watching Miss Bannister. He wanted very much to go up to her and shake her hand and wish her a Merry Christmas! And he would have done it, too, if something had not told him that it would have been bad taste to remind Miss Bannister that by no possibility could she have a Merry Christmas, even for all the wishing in the world. Yet, as he stood there, a sudden, freakish, lovable little thought came into his hobbledehoy brain. He resolved to remedy to a slight extent the defect in a political economy that denied to Miss Bannister, at Christmastime, the poor solace of a kindly human thought. He turned the matter over and over in his mind as he shadowed her out Market Street and down Sixth to Howard. She turned in at the Brunswick Hotel, a cheap lodging house that harbored the under-scum of the city. Miss Bannister was not of the under-scum; but, then, poverty can play one such scurvy tricks!

The Hungry Boy was familiar with the Brunswick Hotel. Once he had roosted in that horrible rookery for nearly a month and he was familiar with its halls and passages, down which he followed Miss Bannister until she turned in at room 34.

Back to the office went the Hungry Boy and approached the city desk.

"I'm going to finish out the night, Mr. Wicks," he said, "but I'd like an order on the cashier for my week's pay."

Wicks remembered that it was Christmas Eve and gave him the desired order. Also it occurred to him that, having secured his money, the Hungry Boy would without doubt fail to finish out the night as promised; and, since Wicks hated to "have the hooks thrown into him," as he expressed it, he decided to "beat the Hungry Boy to it."

"There isn't much doing tonight," he said affably; "so you might just as well call it a full week. Goodby, my son. I trust you will enjoy your Christmas, that you will learn to control your adjectives and that under no circumstances will you ever split your infinitives. It may help you in your next job."

He meant kindly enough, did Wicks; yet the Hungry Boy went out into the night hating him. In a cheap Italian restaurant up on the Barbary Coast he partook of a prodigious quantity of spaghetti and kidney sauté, washed down with a goblet of "dago red."

For nearly two hours after he had finished his extravagant meal the Hungry Boy sat at the table, swallowing small blacks and smoking innumerable cigarettes. He was planning for the future and after two hours' planning his future seemed as dismal as the past. So he arose, buttoned up his coat and trudged over Kearny Street and out Market to the florist's shop where he had seen Miss Bannister earlier in the evening.

"I'll have half a dozen," he said weakly, "and please pick out the big ones."

Fifteen minutes later, roses in hand, he groped his way down the dark hall of the Brunswick Hotel and rapped at room 34. Receiving no answer, he rapped again. Still receiving no response, it occurred to him that Miss Bannister was out to dinner and that it would be rather nice to be able to leave her the roses without letting her know where they came from. So he withdrew his card from the little envelope in the midst of the roses, substituted therefor a five-dollar bill and, in a spirit of mild investigation, tried the door. It opened and he stepped into the room, struck a

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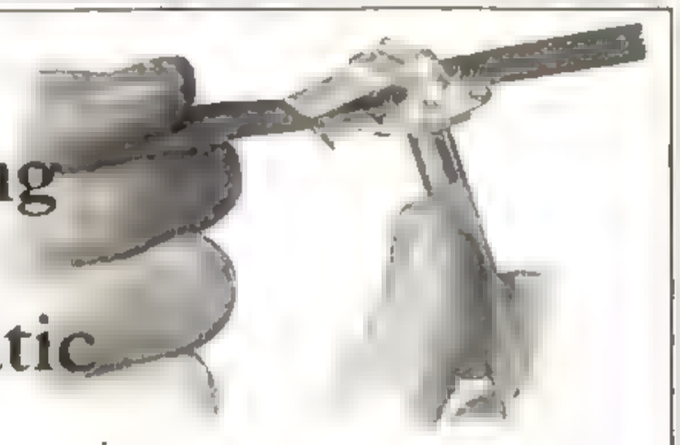

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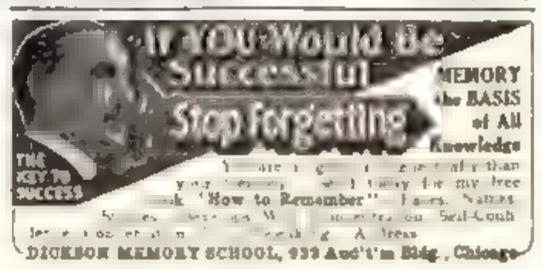

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For each person, allow two tablespoonfuls of Snider's Catsup, one teaspoonful of finely grated horseradish, a pinch of salt and a dust of Cayenne pepper, to suit the taste. Arrange crab meat upon two small heart lettuce leaves in champagne glasses, or individual compote glasses will do. Serve the sauce in a dainty relish dish.

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match and searched the dirty walls for a gas-bracket. He found it presently, lighted the gas and then turned in search of a suitable place to deposit his roses.

Before him, on a shabby, dirty bed, Miss Bannister was lying; so the Hungry Boy reverently placed his poor badge of sympathy across her still breast and folded the limp and waxy fingers over the buds that could never bloom for her in life.

He had been a reporter for nearly a year and in that time he had grown used to such sights as this. Yet it hurt him to think of a story "breaking" on poor Miss Bannister. A dead woman in a two-bit lodging house! Worth fifty words on an inside page. He had worked with Miss Bannister and, though they were scarcely acquaintances, he knew she was worth a better end.

For some time he stood looking at her the while he pondered the philosophy of life from the rocky viewpoint of Miss Bannister's barren years, until it occurred to him that there was nothing more to do or say. Miss Bannister's copy was all in and the forms locked, so he got down on his knees beside the bed and looked for the bottle. He found it without trouble—cyanide of potassium—and was grateful for Miss Bannister's common-sense. He was afraid it might have been carbolic, which is slower and burns.

On the washstand beside the cracked pitcher he found a note, written on news copy paper. He held it to the light, read it and then made a copy of it. It was just the kind of note one might expect from a derelict like Miss Bannister and contained a message for no one in particular. She merely explained to the world—and seemed to have taken it for granted that the world would understand; which, of course, it would not—because nobody cared.

In a shabby handbag the Hungry Boy found her diary and, holding it close to the feeble gasjet, he read the story of the defeat of one single human soul, the agony of one frail human heart, the annals of a failure.

Poor old crippled heart! At last she had written a real sob story and the Hungry Boy choked with tears as he read it. When at length the tale was told he slipped the diary into his pocket, turned out the gas, softly closed the door behind him and departed for the office on what Wicks would call the newspaper trot. He was in such a hurry that he forgot the five-dollar bill he had placed in the envelope when he placed his Christmas greeting on the failure's pulseless heart. The coroner's deputies found it and marveled much that it should be there. They split it between them.

It was a little after nine o'clock when the Hungry Boy came into the local room and sat down at a typewriter. No need to hesitate for a proper lead now. It was his story, the last he would ever write on that paper—the last newspaper story he ever wanted to write; but no man should rewrite it for him. Human interest! Ah, he understood now what Wicks wanted, and into his alert and receptive brain there flashed the city editor's warning anent the adjectives and the split infinitives. Ah, the brute! He would show him now.

Every fiber of the Hungry Boy's being thrilled to the consciousness of a sudden, hitherto unguessed power as his long fingers swept down on the keys and the story flowed from the clicking typebars. Unknown to him, unbidden, he had sensed in one illuminating moment something of the tragedy of life, something of the pathos of broken hearts and shattered hopes, the bitter child of human despair; and into his hungry soul there crept something of that divine sense of power which is the forerunner of greatness.

He wrote the story as fast as he could pound the keys, for it seemed as if Wicks were standing over him growling for early copy. Occasionally he culled an excerpt from the diary. He was writing now, not trying to write. Some subconscious stratum of intelligence within him yielded up its hidden treasures and he told a human-interest story and clothed it in the simple language of majesty. His heart was in the work; and, unknown and unsuspecting, the Hungry Boy placed his feet upon the path that leads to the heights.

At eleven o'clock the story was finished and he took it over to Wicks.

"What is it?" inquired Wicks.

"Suicide," replied the Hungry Boy.

"Take it over and turn it in at the copy desk," said Wicks wearily. "I haven't time to wade through it."

So the Hungry Boy turned in his story to the head of the copy desk and forever

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departed from that local room. Like Miss Bannister, he said goodby to no one and no one said goodby to him—for nobody cared.

At two o'clock Wicks locked his desk and sent a boy downstairs for a copy of the "rabbit" edition. At five after two, with the paper tucked under his arm, he strolled up the street, bought copies of the other morning papers, hailed a taxi and went home. At three o'clock, just as the night editor was leaving, after putting the final edition to bed, his 'phone rang. It was Wicks.

"Willie," said Wicks, "who tore off that suicide story on P. 1? It's a rattling good yarn. Clean beat, too, Willie. We've scooped 'em all. Not a line about it in the other papers. Great story. Which one of the boys wrote it?"

"The Hungry Boy," replied the night editor.

"H—ll!" said Wicks.

"No; it was the Hungry Boy," corrected the night editor.

It was perhaps thirty seconds before Wicks spoke again.

"Willie," he said, "right over my desk you will find pasted on the wall a list of the local staff and their home addresses. Find out where the Hungry Boy lives and tell me, please."

. . . . . .

In a six by eight bedroom in a cheap lodging house in Mission Street the Hungry Boy turned over in bed and wished that he might have another blanket on cold nights. As he lay there shivering he heard quick footsteps coming down the passage. They stopped in front of his door, to be followed an instant later by a peremptory rap. The Hungry Boy sprang out of bed, lit the gas and opened the door. Wicks stepped into the room.

Had the proprietor of Hades presented himself instead of Wicks, the Hungry Boy could not have been more surprised. He sprang back under the blankets, while Wicks closed the door and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Good evening," said the Hungry Boy suspiciously.

"Good morning," corrected Wicks. He reached into his pocket and drew forth a five-dollar piece.

"Last night," he said, "I fired you—for incompetency. But last night you wrote the greatest newspaper story I have ever read; you scored a clean beat exclusive of a tip from the office, and you are justly entitled to the bonus of five dollars, notice of which was posted on the local bulletin board last night. I came here to give you the five dollars because you won it; and I was afraid you might jump out of town if I waited until the business office mailed you a check."

The Hungry Boy said nothing. He had nothing to say. Wicks resumed.

"Have you ever written fiction—short stories—serious stuff?" he inquired. "Ever dream about making your living that way?"

Something friendly, almost respectful, in Wicks' tones caused the Hungry Boy to warm to him in spite of himself. He pointed to his bureau.

"There's a drawerful of it there," he answered. "I never had the courage to send it out. I was afraid it would come flying back."

Wicks jerked open the drawer, reached in and drew out a handful of manuscript. Page after page of it he skimmed through, with the eye of the practiced copy reader, while the Hungry Boy sat up in bed and watched the fleeting expressions chase each other across the face of his late city editor.

For nearly an hour Wicks read. When he had finished he carefully replaced the manuscript and again sat down on the bed.

"How would you like to come back to work?" he asked presently. "I've been looking for you for years. I want somebody to do the heart-throb stuff. You're a failure as a news gatherer, but you can write when you want to. I'll pay you thirty-five a week."

"Sure," gurgled the Hungry Boy. "Thank you ever so much."

"Report Monday afternoon as usual," said Wicks. "Good morning."

Long after his footsteps had died away the Hungry Boy still sat up in bed, with the light turned on, trying to persuade himself that it wasn't all a nightmare. Convinced at length, from thoughts of his own success, his mind harked back over the events of the night to room 34 of the Brunswick Hotel, where lay what Defeat had seen fit to leave of the one whose light had been extinguished that his might shine with greater brilliancy.

"Poor old girl!" he murmured. "I'll go good for the undertaker's bill and see that she's buried like a Christian if it takes my last nickel."

From far down the hall the Hungry Boy heard again the sound of hurried footfalls. Swiftly they approached; there was the same peremptory knock and Wicks was standing in the doorway.

"You can't come back to work!" he burst out passionately. "It's no use. You can never work where I'm city editor. Understand? I have no room for your kind—and ——"

"Why?" said the Hungry Boy, horrified.

Wicks stepped into the room and threw both arms outward and downward. There was something desperately pathetic in that simple signal of surrender and for once in his life his dogged little soul was bare.

"Why!" he said gently—"Why! I'll tell you why, son. You're too good. It would be a damnable crime to let you do it. No; don't try to talk me out of it"—for the Hungry Boy's jaw had dropped and the old harried look was creeping back into his eyes—"because I won't listen. Hungry, you can write!—yes, you bet you can!—and you know how to put the human note into it. Some day you'll be a big man. You hate me now, but in years to come you'll remember that Wicks the slave-driver refused to lead you to the slaughter—and then you'll understand. Do you want to come back to work on a newspaper and see the treasures of your soul hashed out nightly to a world of Philistines who have forgotten the great stuff when breakfast is over and light the fire with it at luncheon? Do you want to go on and write stuff that will live for a day, Hungry Boy? Or will you take the advice of a failure and follow your destiny? Don't ask me to take you back, Hungry. Your heart is young and fresh still. Don't poison it; because there's still time to get away.

"Hungry, listen to me! Listen to a cynic with a shriveled soul! I've peeped behind the scenes and seen the strings pulled—and I lost faith in mankind. I stayed too long; and it's too late now. I could write once, Hungry Boy. I had hopes and dreams and ambitions, but I battered my immortal soul against the daily grind and—now it's too late! No home, no wife, no kids—no love!—nothing to renew the faith of my boyhood—nothing ——"

Wicks paused and his gimlet glance fell half sadly on the Hungry Boy, who quavered:

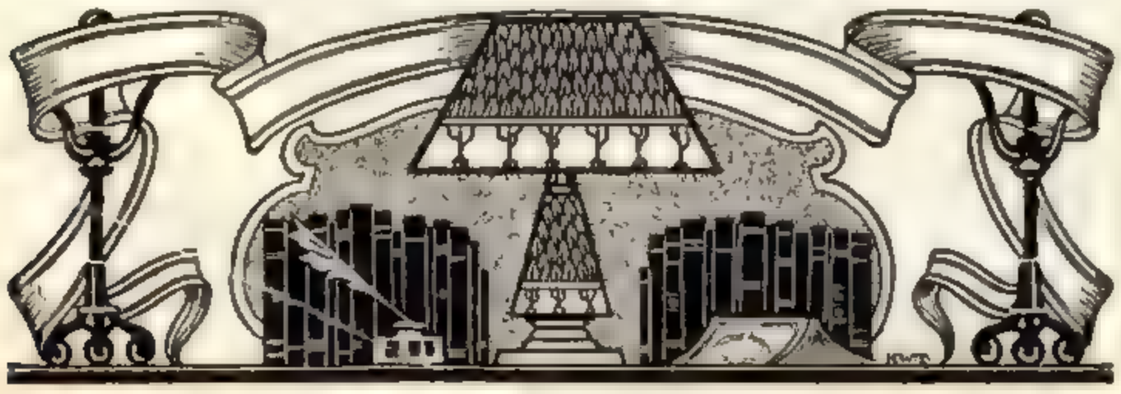
"But—but what—what shall I do?"

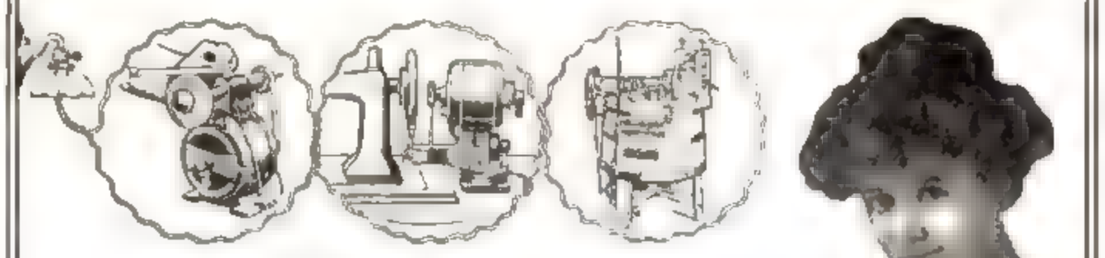
The old sardonic grin flickered around the corners of Wicks' mouth; his shriveled soul stood boldly forth in his mocking, scornful eyes.

"Do?" Wicks sneered—"Do! Why, starve, my son! Starve and be damned to you!"

He banged the door behind him and rushed out into the cold gray dawn of Christmas Day.

So now you will understand why it was that Miss Bannister came to be buried in the Potter's Field, why Wicks is still the city editor and why the Hungry Boy is back in New York—hungry no longer.





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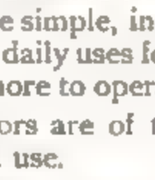

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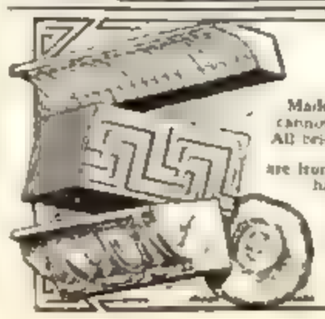

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PLANT COMPLETE, THEY SAY

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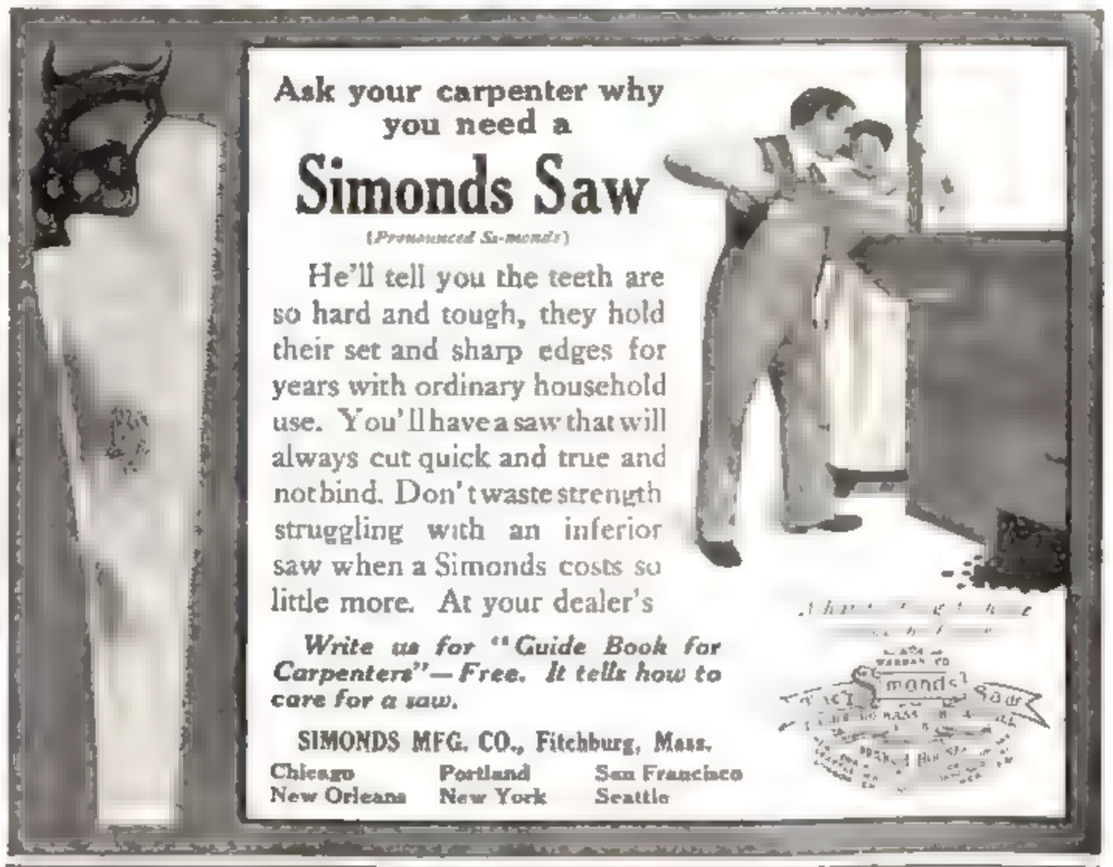
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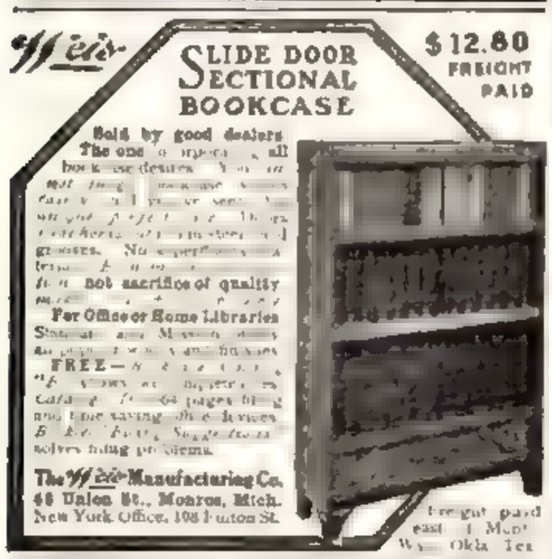

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 21)

patiently, feasting his eyes upon her delicate loveliness. At last she said:

"I accept."

He had anticipated an argument. This promptness took him by surprise. He felt called upon to explain. "I am taking a little flyer—making a gamble," said he. "Your father may turn up nothing of commercial value. Again, the company may pay big ——"

She gave him a long look through half-closed eyes, a queer smile flitting round her lips. "I understand perfectly why you are doing it," she said. "Do you understand why I am accepting?"

"Why should you refuse?" rejoined he. "It is a good business prop ——"

"You know very well why I should refuse. But"—she gave a quiet laugh of experience; it made him feel that she was making a fool of him—"I shall not refuse. I am able to take care of myself. And I want Father to have his chance. Of course I sha'n't explain to him." She gave him a mischievous glance. "And I don't think you will."

He contrived to cover his anger, doubt, chagrin, general feeling of having been outwitted. "No, I sha'n't tell him," laughed he. "You are making a great fool of me."

"Do you want to back out?"

What audacity! He hesitated—did not dare. Her indifference to him gave her the mastery. His teeth clenched as he said: "No—you witch! I'll see it through."

She smiled lightly. "I suppose you'll come to the offices of the company—occasionally?" She drew nearer, stood at the corner of the desk. Into her exquisite eyes came a look of tenderness. "And I shall be glad to see you."

"You mean that?" he said, despising himself for his humble eagerness, and hating her even as he loved her.

"Indeed I do!" She smiled bewitchingly. "You are a lot better man than you think."

"I am an awful fool about you," retorted he. "You see, I play my game with all my cards on the table. I wish I could say the same of you."

"I am not playing a game," replied she. "You make a mystery where there isn't any. And—all your cards aren't on the table." She laughed mockingly. "At least, you think there's one that isn't though, really, it is."

"Yes?"

"About your engagement."

He covered superbly. "Oh!" said he in the most indifferent tone. "Tetlow told you."

"As soon as I heard that," she went on, "I felt better about you. I understand how it is with men—the passing fancies they have for women."

"How did you learn?" demanded he.

"Do you think a girl could spend several years knocking about downtown in New York without getting experience?"

He smiled—a forced smile of raillery, hiding sudden fierce suspicion and jealousy. "I should say not. But you always pretend innocence."

"I can't be held responsible for what you read into my looks and into what I say," observed she, with her air of a wise old infant. "But I was so glad to find out that you were in love with a nice girl uptown."

He burst out laughing. She gazed at him in childlike surprise.

"Why are you laughing at me?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing," he assured her. He would have found it difficult to explain why he was so intensely amused at hearing the grand Josephine Burroughs called "a nice girl uptown."

"You are in love with her? You are engaged to her?" she inquired, her grave eyes upon him with an irresistible appeal for truth in them.

"Tetlow didn't lie to you," evaded he. "You don't know it, but Tetlow is going to ask you to marry him."

"Yes, I know," replied she indifferently.

"How? Did he tell you?"

"No. Just as I knew you were not going to ask me to marry you."

The mere phrase, even when stated as a negation, gave him a sensation of ice suddenly laid against the heart.

"It's quite easy to tell the difference between the two kinds of men—those that care for me more than they care for themselves and those that care for themselves more than they care for me."

"That's the way it looks to you—is it?"

"That's the way it is," said she.

"There are some things you don't understand. This is one of them."

"Maybe I don't," said she. "But I've my own idea—and I'm going to stick to it."

This amused him. "You are a very opinionated and self-confident young lady," said he.

She laughed roguishly. "I'm taking up a lot of your time."

"Don't think of it. You haven't asked when the new deal is to begin."

"Oh, yes—and I shall have to tell Mr. Tetlow I'm not taking the place he got for me."

"Be careful what you say to him," cautioned Norman. "You must see it wouldn't be well to tell him what you are going to do. There's no reason on earth why he should know your business—is there?"

She did not reply; she was reflecting.

"You are not thinking of marrying Tetlow—are you?"

"No," she said. "I don't love him—and couldn't learn to."

With a sincerely judicial air, now that he felt secure, he said: "Why not? It would be a good match."

"I don't love him," she repeated, as if that were a sufficient and complete answer. And he was astonished to find that he so regarded it also, in spite of every assault of all that his training had taught him to regard as common-sense about human nature.

"You can simply say to Tetlow that you've decided to stay at home and take care of your father. The offices of the company will be at your house. Your official duties practically amount to taking care of your father. So you'll be speaking the truth."

"Oh, it isn't exactly lying to keep something from somebody who has no right to know it. What you suggest isn't quite the truth; but it's near enough, and I'll say it to him."

His own view of lying was the same as the one she had expressed. Also, he had no squeamishness about saying what was in no sense true if the falsehood were necessary to his purposes. Yet her statement of her code, moral though he thought it and eminently sensible as well, lowered her once more in his estimation. "And I'd advise you to have Tetlow keep away from you. We don't want him nosing round."

"No, indeed!" said she. "He is a nice man, but tiresome. And if I encouraged him ever so little he'd be sentimental. The most tiresome thing in the world to a girl is a man who talks that sort of thing when she doesn't want to hear it—from him."

He laughed. "Meaning me?" he suggested.

She nodded, much pleased. "Perhaps," she replied.

"Don't worry about that," mocked he.

"I sha'n't till I have to," she assured him; "and I don't think I'll have to."

On the Monday morning following Tetlow came in to see Norman as soon as he arrived. "I want a two weeks' leave," he said. "I'm going to Bermuda or down there somewhere."

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Norman. "You do look ill, old man."

"I saw her last night," replied the chief clerk, dropping an effort at concealing his dejection. "She—she turned me down."

"Really! You?" Norman's tone of sympathetic surprise would not have deceived half-attentive ears. But Tetlow was securely absorbed. "Why, Billy, she can't hope to make as good a match."

"That's what I told her—when I saw the game was going against me. But it was no use."

Norman trifled nervously with the papers before him. Presently he said: "Is it some one else?"

Tetlow shook his head.

"How do you know?"

"Because she said so," replied the head clerk.

"Oh—if she said so that settles it," said Norman, with raillery.

"She's given up work—thank God!" pursued Tetlow. "She's getting more beautiful all the time—Norman, if you had seen her last night you'd understand why I'm stark mad about her."

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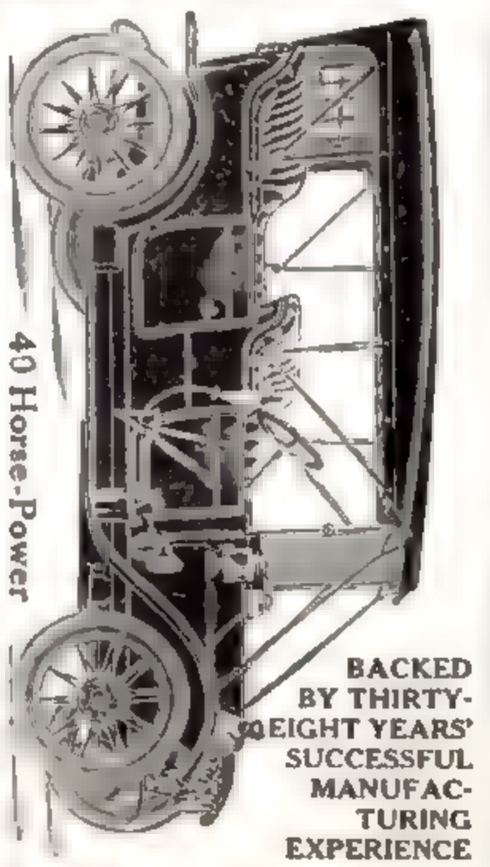

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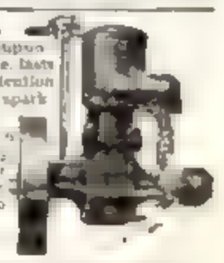

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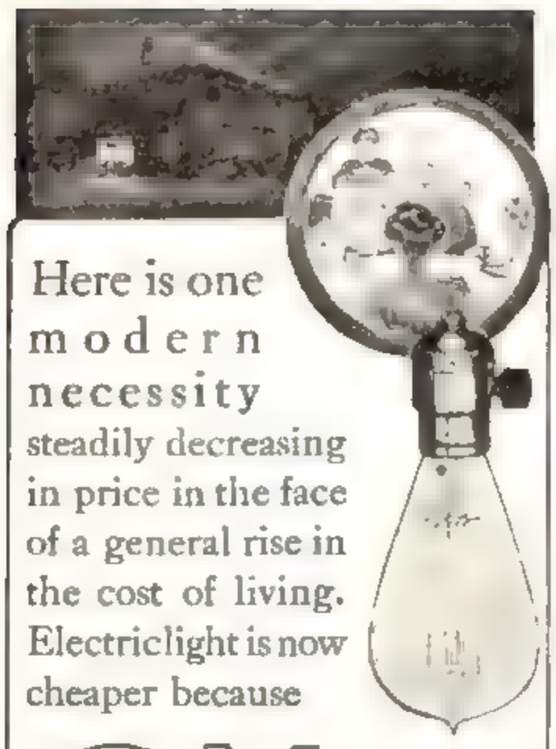

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Norman's eyes were down. His hands, the muscles of his jaw, were clenched.

"But I mustn't think of that," Tetlow went on. "As I was about to say, if she were to stay on in the offices some one—some attractive man like you, only with the heart of a scoundrel ——"

Norman laughed cynically.

"Yes, a scoundrel!" reiterated the fat head clerk. "Some scoundrel would tempt her beyond her power to resist. Money and clothes and luxury will do anything. We all get to be parasites here in New York. Some of us know it and some don't. But we all look it and act it. And she'd go the way of the rest. It's just as well she didn't marry me. I know what'd have become of her."

Norman nodded.

Tetlow gave a weary sigh. "Anyhow, she's safe at home with her father. He's found a backer for his experiments."

"That's good," said Norman.

"You can spare me for ten days?" Tetlow went on. "I'd be of no use if I stayed."

There was a depth of misery in his kind gray eyes that moved Norman to get up and lay a friendly hand on his shoulder. "It's the best thing, old man. She wasn't for you."

Tetlow dropped into a chair and sobbed. "It has killed me," he groaned. "I don't mean I'll commit suicide or die. I mean I'm dead inside—dead!"

"Oh, come, Billy—where's your good sense?"

"I know what I'm talking about," said he. "Norman, God help the man who meets the woman he really wants—God help him if she doesn't want him. You don't understand. You'll never have the experience. Any woman you wanted would be sure to want you."

Norman, his hand still on Tetlow's shoulder, was staring ahead with a terrible expression upon his strong features.

"If she could see the inside of me—the part that's the real me—I think she would love me—or learn to love me. But she can only see the outside—this homely face and body of mine. It's horrible, Fred—to have a mind and a heart fit for love and for being loved, and an outside that repels it. And how many of us poor devils of that sort there are—men and women, both!"

Norman was at the window now, his back to the room, to his friend. After a while Tetlow rose and made a feeble effort to straighten himself. "Is it all right about the vacation?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Norman, without turning.

"Thank you. You're a good friend."

"I'll see you before you go," said Norman, still facing the window. "You'll come back all right."

Tetlow did not answer. When Norman turned he was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WHEN Louis Ludlow, now a very capable and well-known Washington correspondent, came in from the farm in Indiana and got a job on an Indianapolis paper he was cautioned by his city editor never to let up on a story.

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"I should like to see the bishop," said Ludlow.

"He is not at home," the attendant replied.

"Very well," said Ludlow, his instructions fresh in his mind; "in that case I should like to see his wife."

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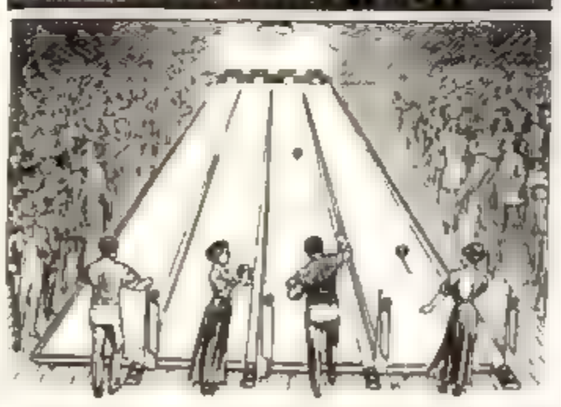

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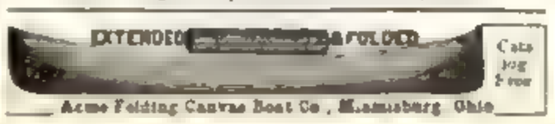

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From the Season's New Plays

(Concluded from Page 11)

looks the tack over and under with a clear eye. Still voluble in its praise he shifts about in the anxious seat. She at last declares the idea excellent. Thereupon his whole manner suddenly changes, and dropping the flim-flam he seizes the tack, holds it to the light and looks at it as if seeing it for the first time. In that bit of stage business the heart of the play and of the man lay revealed.

The last act shows on the backdrop the town of Battlesburg with all its lights and trolleys, after two years of prosperity. It also shows the former crooks after two years of reformation and their intended victims after two years of affluence. In unskilled hands this must have proved incredible bathos. With an almost consummate mastery of character sketching Mr. Cohan reveals the changes that wealth has wrought in each of his leading personages, from the Irish hotelkeeper who now frequents the millionaires' club to his former head waitress who cannot shake hands because of her rings. The biggest laugh of the evening is scored when the former crooks devise a novel plan to insure themselves against backsliding. Their old friend the enemy, in the person of a Pinkerton detective, turns up to look them over in their sanctity. They pay him a large salary to stay in Battlesburg and see to it that they keep their hands forever off the "boobs."

The farce is, in short, in the best tradition of Hoyt and George Ade. An interesting study of the confidence man and his dupes has gone by the board: but in place of it Mr. Cohan has caught the very spirit of our national love of happy audacity.

Arany's Artistic Temperament

The farcical heroine of The Blue Mouse, hardy playgoers will remember, excused the eccentricities of her conduct on the somewhat doubtful score of her "temper'-ment." The hero of The Concert, which is by far the most artistic and amusing of Mr. Belasco's legitimate comedy productions, has this advantage over her, that his author makes the same excuse for him, most subtly. Hermann Bahr is a reformed Viennese critic of the drama, whose reformation has, however, progressed only this far, that instead of writing seriously of art he writes comically of the artist.

The hero of this play—the first to reach America—is a Hungarian pianist, Arany by name, the idol of what in musical circles corresponds to the matinée girl. The opening scene shows him worshiped to distraction by a bevy of his pupils. His wife, as wise as she is charming, looks on with a manner at once bored and watchful, patient and distressed. She knows from experience that the assault of feminine adoration is not without danger to the artistic temperament. And so it proves. One of the adorers elopes with the master to his shooting box in the forest—which in Mr. Leo Ditrichstein's Americanized version becomes a bungalow in the Catskills. The excuse that Arany gives for his absence is that he is going to another city to give a concert.

His wife is not deceived, and presently Doctor Dallas, the husband of the charmer, appears to take counsel with her. They are both very modern, this deserted husband and wife. Like the heroines of What Every Woman Knows, Penelope, and A Woman's Way, they resolve to make the best of a painful situation, in fact to fight for the fidelity of their worser halves. They follow the elopers by the first express for the Catskills, and instead of making a scene they agree to pretend that they are themselves in love and eager for what some one has called the modern marry-go-round. The concert to which the title of the play refers is the marital quartet that ensues on their arrival at the bungalow.

A less original and authentic talent than Herr Bahr would have turned the situation to farcical effect. Indeed, less original talents have often done so. The virtue of The Concert lies in the fact that it remains true throughout to the intrinsic probabilities of the situation. At the age of forty-five Arany is no longer young. A critic has stabbed him to the heart of his vanity by describing him as "the still wonderful Arany." His hair, turning gray at the temples, requires now and again to be touched up—by his wife. At the present moment, after a season of public performances and private teaching, he finds himself just a little bored by the ecstasies of his inamorata. Mrs. Dallas, on her part, finds that instead of the wonderful emotional nature she has adored in his playing she has to do with an overwrought and exacting human being, a spoiled child who expects from her the maternal indulgences to which his wife has accustomed him. Being herself a spoiled child and a bit of a fool, she very naturally chafes at this. When the pursuers arrive, playing the comedy of their pretended infatuation, the romance of Arany's elopement breaks down completely before his instinctive conjugal jealousy and the obvious fact that this last state is worse than the first. The end is a triumph for fidelity and forgiveness.

The scenes in which all this takes place are quite remarkable for their power of divining the depths of human comedy and of moral truth in the commonplaces of daily life. Little by little Arany descends from the hectic pretense of youthful romance to the calming influence of a game of chess with his wife. While the vapid Mrs. Dallas glooms and glowers in the background, he sits comfortably in his chair, soothed by long silences, luxuriating in a comradeship so perfect that speech can only belittle it. As the curtain descends on this scene of soulful still life his face lights up with inward delight—at a clever play on the part of his opponent. And in this half-audible tribute to her understanding there is a deeper and stronger delight, one somehow feels, than in any possible flare-up of errant romance. When Dallas has departed with his now repentant wife Arany, an egotist to the last, says: "I have hungered so long to be here in the forest alone, and rest!" Demurely Mrs. Arany reminds him that he is not quite alone.

An Egotist to the Last

With a charm equal to his egotism he declares that they are one. They are, and he is the one. As the final curtain descends she settles him in an easy chair and sets about touching up the gray of his temples with the preparation she has been thoughtful enough to bring with her.

In the rich and quiet good taste of the stage setting Mr. Belasco has surpassed his very extraordinary best, and the deft finesse of his stage management is in the finest tradition of high comedy—a field in which he has not hitherto shone.

As the wife, Miss Janet Beecher has an extraordinarily persuasive and winsome part and plays it as it deserves. Together with her performance of the Swedish maid in Clyde Fitch's comedy The Bachelor, the performance gives her a high rank among our native comediennes. Mr. Ditrichstein's performance of Arany is a masterpiece of comic subtlety and force. He is a graduate of the German Theater in Irving Place and has abundantly profited by experience in what is beyond question the best school of modern comedy acting. His performance is deft and precise to a marvel, and is remarkable for personal charm.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Corbin on this subject.

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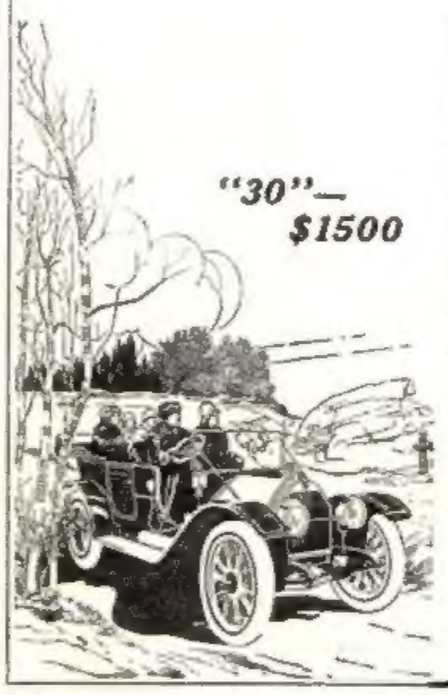

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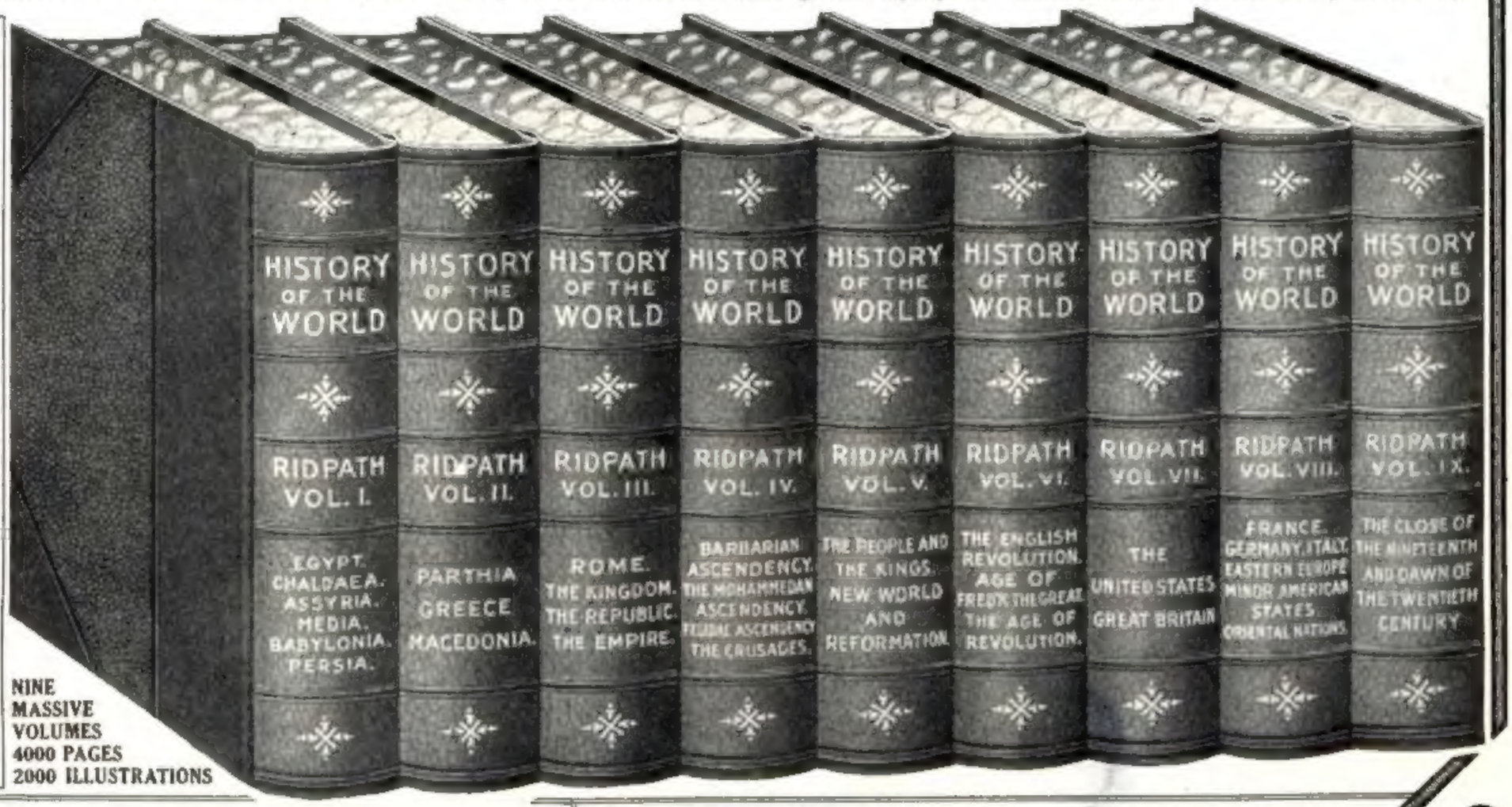
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